

THE  
NEW WORLD  
FAIRY BOOK.



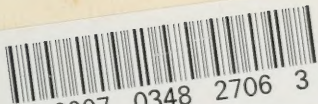
YUL



THE LIBRARY OF  
**YORK**  
UNIVERSITY

YUL

*Orana Wingate*  
2




3 9007 0348 2706 3

Date Due

RESERVE SHARING

APR 02 1997 SC EAS

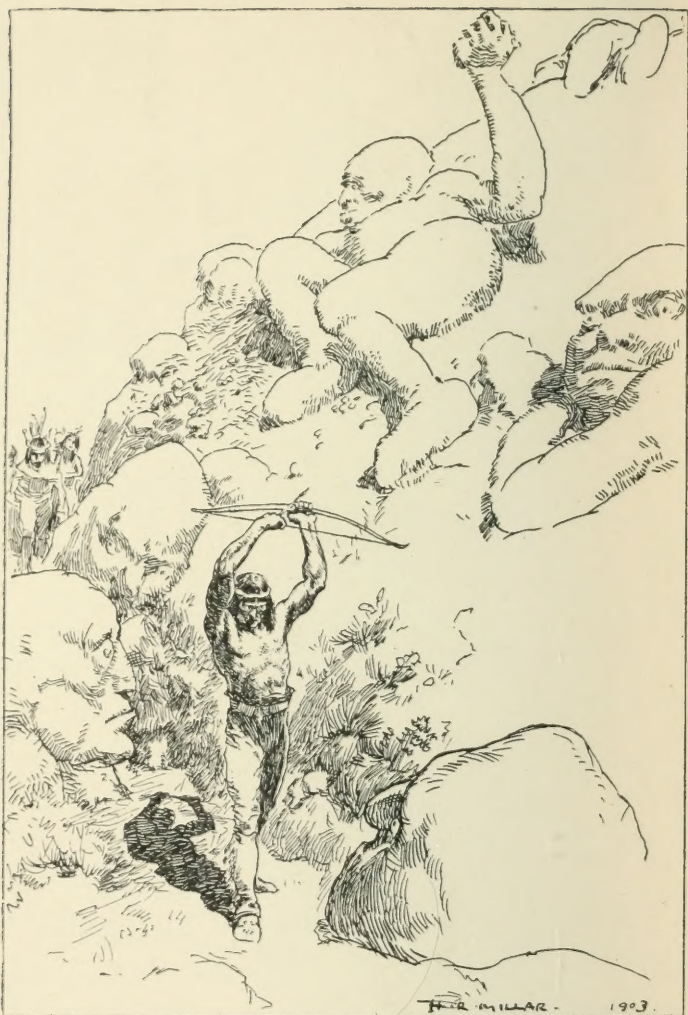


Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2009 with funding from  
University of Toronto

THE NEW WORLD FAIRY BOOK

*All Rights Reserved*





“When he saw a stonish giant, he shot the arrow without turning.”



THE  
NEW WORLD  
FAIRY BOOK

BY  
HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

BY  
H. R. MILLAR



1904  
LONDON

J. M. DENT & CO.  
29 BEDFORD STREET W.C.  
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.



# Contents

	PAGE
<i>The Three Wishes</i> . . . . .	I
How Goose-cap gave the Laughing-plant and the Hunting-flute to the two brothers; how the third brother cut off the Dragon's head and raced the Northern Lights, and how he married the Mohawk Chief's daughter.	
<i>The Ten Little Indians</i> . . . . .	10
How the Water Wizard kept the Teacher at the bottom of the river; how the children rode on fish-back and met different sorts of Wood-folk; and what the Otters and the Fishes did while they were friends.	
<i>The Thunderers</i> . . . . .	23
How old man Porcupine and the great Sea-snake got shrivelled up; and how there came to be three Thunderers instead of one.	
<i>The Stormy-Fool</i> . . . . .	35
How Puck-puck upset the Mountain-chickens and pulled out the Raven's tail; and how the Thunderer and Flying-night had a great chase.	
<i>Robin Redbreast</i> . . . . .	48
How a moony boy forgot; how his father wouldn't have it; and how the boy became an O-pe-che.	
<i>The Wolf Boy</i> . . . . .	58
How the old Indian took his children to live in the old Wolf's cave; how the two elder children went back where they belonged, and the young wolves got a new brother.	

	PAGE
<i>The Water-Wolves</i> . . . . .	71
How two young men wanted a great adventure and got it; how Sky-blue rescued White-cloud, and a lake became dry land; how the King-fisher got his colours.	
<i>Lightning Gold</i> . . . . .	89
How the Lightning coiled the gold round a tree, and the white man beat the Earth-spirits; how the storm came back, and the Earth-spirits beat the white man.	
<i>The Joker</i> . . . . .	105
How Lox made jokes but nobody else laughed; the danger of trifling with the Kulloo and wasting magic.	
<i>The Doctor Fish</i> . . . . .	114
The Fisherman's Daughter's tale; including the incidents of the bodiless head and the discontented Sea-serpent.	
<i>The Adventures of Chib</i> . . . . .	127
How the Water Spirit sent Chib on his travels; how the Imp met his master; how the jealous strong men got what they tried to give; and how Chib conquered the Giant Bear.	
<i>The Stonish Giants</i> . . . . .	142
The story that Ossawippi brought back from the Mountains of the West; how the magic arrow was found, and the curious way it had to be used; the killing of the last Stonish Giant; and how the killer paid the price.	
<i>The Giant with Nine Lives</i> . . . . .	153
Kickapoo's story; how the eight Head-men and their friends fought against the Giant, and how the Humming-bird had eight friends too; the magic of the man who was not a magician.	
<i>The Little Spirit of Massawunk</i> . . . . .	163
How the Massawunk Indians brought the Little Spirit from the desert; how they got too much of what they wanted; and how they had to go to Massawee.	

	PAGE
<i>The Star Wife</i> . . . . .	174
How the Star-maidens came down to the dancing-ring; how High-feather went to the Star-country after his wife; and how lucky it was that he took the red swan's wings.	
<i>The Enchanted Valley</i> . . . . .	187
How a young man grumbled and one side of the valley got lost; how the Goats and the Wolves did different things to different people; and how the side of the valley came back again.	
<i>Kweedass and Kindawiss</i> . . . . .	199
The story that Ossawippi brought back from the Jumping-off Place; how Kweedass married a wife of the Raven clan; how he saw a face in the river; and how the Deer and the Raven rescued Kindawiss from the Bear.	
<i>A Huron Cinderella</i> . . . . .	213
How very particular the two proud sisters were; and how Cinderella saw the invisible Chief.	
<i>The Great Serpent of the Hill</i> . . . . .	225
How the little Snake came to the island, and grew; how it swallowed up the people; and how the Tree gave up the bow and arrow, though it hurt ever so much.	
<i>The Battle that never was Fought</i> . . . . .	240
How the Wood Indians started out to fight the Hill Indians; what the Hill Spirit did; and why the Wood Indians never went back where they came from.	
<i>The Luck-Mouse</i> . . . . .	254
How Alabec rescued the White Mouse; how the Chief's daughter beat the tribe: how Alabec beat the Chief's daughter, and she was glad of it; and what happened to the young men that sat in the river up to their necks.	

	PAGE
<i>The Nymph and the Dryad</i> . . . . .	269
The story that came out of the pictures; how one Fairy came to be in an oak and another in the ocean; what they did there; and how they got another chance.	
<i>The Animal Fairies</i> . . . . .	285
How a small Scotch boy went to the great MacRabbit's Castle; and how the animal clans chose a new Chief.	
<i>The Rabbit and the Wild-Cat</i> . . . . .	299
How the Wild-cat went to fight the Rabbit; the curious people he met, and what they did to him; and how the Night-hawks fired the last shot.	
<i>Tintelle's Mother</i> . . . . .	308
The French-Canadian's story; how Tintelle's mother cried a great deal too much; how the Spirit-child had to carry the tears; and how the flowers grew on the wise man's floor.	
<i>The Giant of Flaming Mountain</i> . . . . .	316
How a young Giant got tired of porridge for breakfast; how he went to live in the mountain and hunted wickedly with the Flames; the trouble he gave the Salamander; and how the Flames went out once too often.	
<i>The Cold Princess</i> . . . . .	329
How the Princess of Freezeland could not stand the cold; how she lived by herself in the Valley of Summer; how two princes came and went away again; and how the princess changed her mind.	
<i>The Snow-Man's Bride</i> . . . . .	341
How she went tobogganing all day long; how the Snow-man pulled her toboggan up the hill every time; how she went off with him to the north country; and what happened when his enemy came.	

# Illustrations

	PAGE
<i>When he saw a stonish giant, he shot the arrow without turning . . . . .</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>The wizard put up his long snaky arm . . . and caught her by the neck . . . . .</i>	10
<i>The fishes carried them across the big river . . . . .</i>	13
<i>The old man threw the carcass over his shoulder . . . . .</i>	26
<i>A horrible serpent with three horns on its head came out of the foam . . . . .</i>	31
<i>The little Indian sat happily munching till all the biscuits were gone . . . . .</i>	48
<i>“Father, bring me food!” . . . . .</i>	55
<i>So Sky Blue painted him . . . . .</i>	83
<i>The great gold coil was twisting and squirming like a mad live thing . . . . .</i>	101
<i>The maidens all set upon the stranger and beat him . . . . .</i>	110
<i>A sea-quake happened . . . . .</i>	121
<i>The little boy got under the canoe and lifted it right out of the water . . . . .</i>	135
<i>He tore that great grizzly bear right into two pieces . . . . .</i>	140
<i>He sat with his back against the rock . . . . .</i>	151
<i>Kickapoo began to pluck the birds . . . . .</i>	153
<i>North-wind came whistling down . . . and the giant’s legs were frozen hard in the ice . . . . .</i>	159
<i>Before the Indians could run to their tents they were all bruised and bleeding . . . . .</i>	163
<i>The arrow-heads cut their canoes into pieces . . . . .</i>	169

	PAGE
<i>High-feather caught her by the arms</i> . . . . .	181
<i>The goats began to plough up the ground with their horns</i> .	195
<i>It was the face of his father</i> . . . . .	205
<i>The eldest daughter came out when he called</i> . . . . .	213
<i>There she saw a wonderful great chief</i> . . . . .	223
<i>The serpent gobbled up all the fish at a mouthful</i> . . . . .	231
<i>The serpent roared out, "Go and hunt, and don't keep me waiting"</i> . . . . .	234
<i>As soon as he spied the purple berries he jumped down</i> . . . . .	240
<i>The Nymph caught the Dryad in her arms</i> . . . . .	281
<i>The mother sat on the river-bank, crying</i> . . . . .	309
<i>In the middle of the hut, a clump of anemones had sprung up</i>	313
<i>A huge head, with the end of the pine-tree gripped hard between its enormous jaws</i> . . . . .	319
<i>The giant carried the tent right across</i> . . . . .	326
<i>The Cold Princess</i> . . . . .	329



## The Three Wishes.

THE boy that made Ossawippi tell him these stories was just an ordinary sort of boy, but there was not another like him in all Muskoma; because Muskoma was an Indian village and all the other boys were redskins. Their skin was not really red, you know, only ruddy-brown; and certainly the white boy's skin was not white, because the sun and wind had tanned it almost as ruddy-brown as an Indian's. What made him different from all the rest of the Muskoma boys was his hair; because it was red and curly, and theirs was black and straight.

There was another thing that made him different from all the Indian boys. They could sit still, and he could not, except when Ossawippi was telling him a story, and even then it wasn't what an Indian would call sitting still. The only time he was really still was when he was fast asleep in bed. When he was awake everybody else had to wake up too. That was why the Indians called him Little Sunrise; though perhaps the colour of his hair had something to do with it. His real name was Rennie. At least, that is what his father and mother called him, most times. They called him Reginald when they wanted to be very severe.

Rennie's father was a teacher; and when he was teaching white men's knowledge to the young redskins in the little log school-house, or making up lessons for them in his log study, his own small boy used to play among the litter of hickory shavings down on the bank of the big river and bother the Indian men and women who sat there making snowshoes and lacrosse sticks. They rather liked his bothering, even those who could hardly understand a word of his chatter; and the whittling and stringing never went on so merrily when Little Sunrise had to stay at home helping his mother about the house.

"Tell me a story, Ossawippi," commanded the curly boy, plumping himself down on a heap of shavings beside the Chief of the Reserve.

"Oh, go to old Mustabec yonder, and he'll tell you about his great fights long ago," said Ossawippi.

"No," said Rennie, "I'm tired of Mustabec's war-stories. Tell me an Indian fairy-tale."

If a grown-up pale-face had asked such a thing, Ossawippi would have pretended not to remember any of the old Indian tales; but Rennie was only a child, so it didn't matter.

"What do you call a fairy-tale?" said Ossawippi, as it would not do to seem too willing.

"Oh, any sort of story that couldn't really happen; at least, anything that couldn't happen now, you know."

"Well, if you stop fidgetting and sit still I'll tell you a story about Goose-cap."

"Who was Goose-cap?"

“Oh, he was a wise one. He was wisest of all. He looked so wise that it frightened people. That was why he wore a head-dress of wild-goose feathers and called himself Goose-cap. The Indians didn't know how to plant corn or make shell beads or snowshoes or toboggans or anything, till Goose-cap came and showed them. And even after that they didn't behave like good men, so he went away again. But he said that anyone might come and see him, and get a wish—just one wish, no more. He said he would give them anything they liked best.”

“That was fine. Did everybody go and see him?”

“No, it was too far. He lived on an island where the river becomes a lake, hundreds and hundreds of miles away. Plenty of people started, but only a few got there.”

“All right. Tell me about some of the people that got what they wanted.”

Then Ossawippi told this story:—

Once upon a time there were three brothers who set out on a visit to Goose-cap. They were seven years on the journey, climbing mountains that seemed to have no top, and scrambling through forests full of thorn-bushes, and wading through swamps where the mosquitoes tried to eat them up, and sailing down rivers where the rapids broke up their rafts and nearly drowned them. At the end of seven years they heard Goose-cap's dogs barking, so then they knew they were on the right road; and they went on for three months more, and

the barking got a little louder every day, till at last they came to the edge of the great lake. Then Goose-cap saw them, and sailed over in his big stone canoe and took them to his island.

You never saw such a beautiful island as that was, it was so green and warm and bright; and Goose-cap feasted his visitors for three days and nights, with meats and fruits that they had never tasted before. Then he said, "Tell me what you want, and why you have taken so much trouble to find me."

The youngest brother said, "I want to be always amusing, so that no one can listen to me without laughing."

Then the great wise one stuck his finger in the ground, and pulled up a root of the laughing-plant and said, "When you have eaten this you will be the funniest man in the tribe, and people will laugh as soon as you open your lips. But see that you don't eat it till you get home."

The youngest brother thanked him, and hurried away; and going home was so easy that it only took seven days instead of seven years. Yet the young man was so impatient to try his wish that on the sixth morning he ate the root. All of a sudden he felt so light-headed that he began to dance and shout with fun: and the ducks that he was going to shoot for breakfast flew away laughing into the reeds over the river, and the deer ran away laughing into the woods, and he got nothing to eat all day. Next morning he came to the village where he lived, and he wanted to tell his friends

how hungry he was; but at the first word he spoke they all burst out laughing, and as he went on they laughed louder and louder—it seemed so funny, though they couldn't hear a word he said, they made so much noise themselves. Then they got to laughing so hard that they rolled over and over on the ground, and squeezed their sides, and cried with laughing, till they had to run away into their houses and shut their doors, or they would have been killed with laughing. He called to them to come out and give him something to eat, but as soon as they heard him they began to laugh again; and at last they shouted that if he didn't go away they would kill him. So he went away into the woods and lived by himself; and whenever he wanted to hunt he had to tie a strap over his mouth, or the mock-bird would hear him and begin to laugh, and all the other birds and beasts would hear the mock-bird and laugh and run away.

The second brother said to Goose-cap, "I want to be the greatest of hunters without the trouble of hunting. Why should I go after the animals if I could make them come to me?"

Goose-cap knew why; still, he gave the man a little flute, saying, "Be sure you don't use it till after you have got home."

Then the hunter set off; but on the sixth day he was getting so near home that he said to himself, "I'm sure Goose-cap couldn't hear me now if I blew the flute *very* gently, just to try it." So he pulled out the flute and breathed into it as gently as ever he could—but as

soon as his lips touched it the flute whistled so long and loud that all the beasts in the country heard it and came rushing from north and south and east and west to see what the matter was. The deer got there first, and when they saw it was a man with bow and arrows they tried to run away again; but they couldn't, for the bears were close behind, all round, and pushed and pushed till the deer were all jammed up together and the man was squeezed to death in the middle of them.

The eldest brother, when the other two had set off for home, said to Goose-cap, "Give me great wisdom, so that I can marry the Mohawk chief's daughter without killing her father or getting killed myself." You see, the eldest brother was an Algonquin, and the Mohawks always hated the Algonquins.

Goose-cap stooped down on the shore and picked up a hard clam-shell; and he ground it and ground it, all that day and all the next night, till he had made a beautiful wampum bead of it. "Hang this round your neck by a thread of flax," he said, "and go and do whatever the Chief asks you."

The eldest brother thanked him, and left the beautiful island, and travelled seven days and seven nights till he came to the Mohawk town. He went straight to the Chief's house, and said to him, "I want to marry your daughter."

"Very well," said the Chief, "you can marry my daughter if you bring me the head of the great dragon that lives in the pit outside the gate."

The eldest brother promised he would, and went out

and cut down a tree and laid it across the mouth of the pit. Then he danced round the pit, and sang as he danced a beautiful Algonquin song, something like this—"Come and eat me, dragon, for I am fat and my flesh is sweet and there is plenty of marrow in my bones." The dragon was asleep, but the song gave him beautiful dreams, and he uncoiled himself and smacked his lips and stretched his head up into the air and laid his neck on the log. Then the eldest brother cut off the head, snick-snack, and carried it to the Chief.

"That's right," said the Chief; but he was angry in his heart, and next morning, when he should have given away his daughter, he said to the Algonquin, "I will let you marry her if I see that you can dive as well as the wild-duck in the lake."

When they got to the lake the wild-duck dived and stayed under water for three minutes, but then it had to come up to breathe. Then the eldest brother dived, and turned into a frog, and stayed under water so long that they were sure he was drowned; but just as they were going home, singing for joy to be rid of him, he came running after them, and said, "Now I have had my bath and we can go and get married."

"Wait till the evening," said the Chief, "and then you can get married."

When the evening came, the Northern Lights were dancing and leaping in the sky, and the Chief said, "The Northern Lights would be angry if you got married without running them a race. Run your best and win, and there will be no more delay."

The Northern Lights darted away at once to the west, and the eldest brother ran after them; and the Chief said to his daughter, "They will lead him right down to the other side of the world, and he will be an old man before he can get back, so he won't trouble us any more." But just as the Chief finished speaking, here came the Algonquin running up from the east. He had turned himself into lightning and gone right round the world; and the night was nearly gone before the Northern Lights came up after him, panting and sputtering.

"Yes, my son," said the Chief; "you have won the race; so now we can go on with the wedding. The place where we have our weddings is down by the river at the bottom of the valley, and we will go there on our toboggans."

Now the hill-side was rough with rocks and trees, and the river flowed between steep precipices, so nobody could toboggan down there without being broken to pieces. But the eldest brother said he was ready, and asked the Chief to come on the same toboggan.

"No," said the Chief, "but as soon as you have started I will."

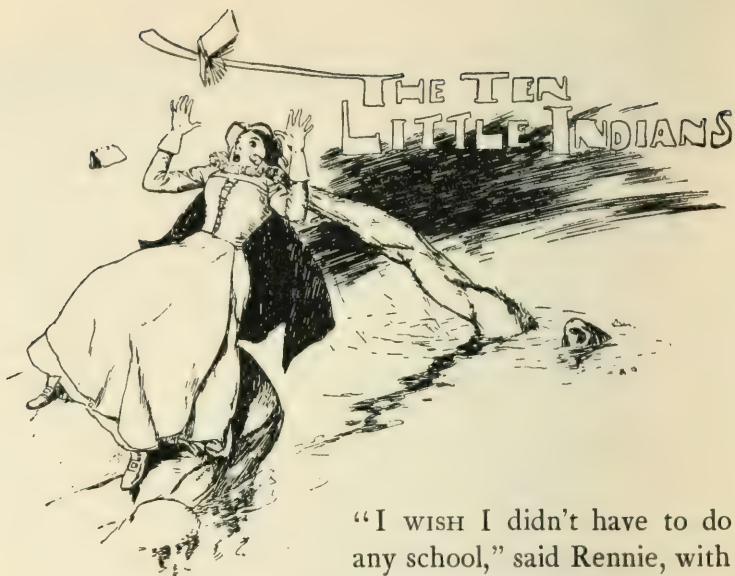
Then the Algonquin gave his toboggan a push, and jumped on, and didn't even take the trouble to sit down. The Chief waited to see him dashed to pieces; but the toboggan skimmed down the mountain side without touching a rock or a tree, and flew across the ravine at the bottom, and up the hill-side opposite; and the Algonquin was standing straight up the whole time.



When he got to the top of the mountain opposite he turned his toboggan round and coasted back as he had come. And when the Chief saw him coming near and standing up on his toboggan, he lost his temper and let fly an arrow straight at the young man's heart ; but the arrow stuck in Goose-cap's bead, and the Algonquin left it sticking there and took no notice. Only when he got to the top he said to the Chief, "Now it's your turn," and put him on the toboggan and sent him spinning down into the valley. And whether the Chief ever came up again I don't know ; but at any rate his daughter married the Algonquin without any more fuss, and went home with him and became my great-great-many-great-grandmother.

"That's fine," said Rennie ; "but where did Goose-cap go to?"

"Oh, who knows? Some say he went to England, and that's how they learnt to make books and steam-boats and things like that ; but they can't make snow-shoes and 'crosse sticks as well as the poor Indians at Muskoma—can they, little pale-face?"



“I WISH I didn’t have to do any school,” said Rennie, with his hands in his pockets, sauntering sulkily down to the river side.

Some of the snowshoe-makers looked sorry for him, but only those who couldn’t understand English, because they thought Rennie’s glum face meant something the matter with his little inside.

Ossawippi was not at all pleased. “You ought to be glad,” said he, “with a beautiful white lady teacher like that.” The beautiful white lady was Rennie’s own mother. She was the only teacher he had, except when his father gave him a lesson, which he didn’t like half so much, because then mistakes had serious consequences. “I nearly went to a beautiful white lady’s school myself,” Ossawippi went on, “and I wish I had.”

“Where did she live?” said Rennie.

“Up there,” said the Chief, waving his hand to the North Pole; “three days’ snowshoeing from here, on the Musquash River.”

“Was she very, very beautiful?”

“She must have been, because she was so good,” said Ossawippi.

“Oh,” said Rennie. “And where did she come from?”

“She came from down beyond; the same place your mother came from, I suppose. She had a little school-house all of her own, and she took little Indian boys and girls that didn’t have anybody to take care of them, and they all liked her so much that they never ran away.”

“Why didn’t you go to her school?” said Rennie.

“Because I had a father and mother,” said Ossawippi. “I wanted to go, and my mother wanted to send me, but my father said I was going to be a chief like him, and an Indian chief mustn’t grow up like a white man. He was a wise man, my father was, but he wasn’t wise enough, or he’d have sent me to school.”

“Didn’t you ever see her?”

“No; but an Indian story-teller that came to our lodge told us wonderful stories about her.”

Rennie brightened up at once. “Tell me one of them now,” said he. He ought to have said “please,” but Ossawippi generally did what Rennie wanted as if Little Sunrise was a prince. So Ossawippi told him this story:—

There were ten little Indians that lived in the

school-house on the banks of the Musquash River. Their fathers had gone hunting in the woods, and their mothers were dead; but the children were as happy as they could be, and enjoyed their schooling as much as you white children enjoy your holidays. The teacher was so good that they never even thought of being bad. At least, only two of them did: and they never got beyond thinking about it, as long as the teacher was with them.

Down at the bottom of the river, in a deep, deep hole, there lived a wicked wizard; and one morning very early he was prowling along by the shore, with just the tip of his nose above water, sniff-sniff-sniffing for the scent of anyone good to eat. Now it happened that that morning the teacher had got up very early, and was sitting on a stone by the river-side, trying to think of new story-lessons to tell the children; and the wizard put up his long snaky arm out of the water and caught her by the neck and dragged her down to his cave. Then he tied her hands and feet, and waited for her to drown; but drown she would not. So he thought she must have a Testament in her pocket to work like a charm. I suppose the Testament was really in her heart, and your father says that's a great deal better. So when the wizard saw she wouldn't drown, he was a little frightened, and offered to let her go if she would give him one of the children instead.

"You wicked wizard," said she, "not one of them shall you have!"

"We shall see about that," said the wizard; and

out he went, leaving the teacher tied fast at the bottom of the hole.



“The fishes carried them across the big river.”

Now, when the children came down, they were very much surprised to find no teacher; but they took their morning dip in the river, as she had taught them to do. Just as they were coming out to dry themselves, a great grey fish put his head out of the water and said, “Children, the wizard that lives in the hole has caught your teacher, and he’s coming to catch you.”

The children jumped out of the water in a great fright. “What shall we do? What *shall* we do?” they all began to cry.

“Put on your clothes,” said the fish, after he had gone down for a moment to breathe.

That was soon done, for they had very few clothes to put on.

“Now get on our backs,” said the great grey fish

who had come up this time with nine others as like him as could be. Then the ten fishes humped up their great grey backs, just keeping their heads under water to breathe with and their tails to swim with; and the ten children got on, and the fishes carried them across the big river in a twinkling.

“Now, children,” said the chief of the fishes, “strike into the wood as straight as you can go till you come to the old brown bear, and he’ll tell you the way to Fruity Hollow, where you’ll get your dinner; but don’t speak to the grizzly bear, for he’s the wizard’s son. Then go on till you come to the old grey wolf, and she’ll tell you the way to the otters’ cave; but don’t say a word to the red wolf with the squint, for she’s the wizard’s daughter.”

The fish was quite out of breath when he got to the end of his speech, and disappeared in a hurry.

Then the ten little Indians marched off into the woods, Indian file; and they all kept close together, one behind the other, except the two little boys that sometimes wished they didn’t have to do what they ought; and they dawdled behind. Pretty soon the children got to where the poplars end and the pine-woods begin, and there they saw the grizzly bear sitting on his haunches beside the path, with his arms folded across his chest and his cruel face trying to smile.

“Welcome, little darlings!” the grizzly bear said in a voice as sweet as honey. “Would you like me to take you to Fruity Hollow?”

The children shut their mouths tight, and went straight on, and the grizzly gritted his teeth, he was so disappointed; but when the two bad little Indians came straggling along he sat up again and put on his smirkiest smile, and said—

“You poor little dears! What a shame it was for the others to leave you behind! How hungry you must be! Would you like me to show you the way to Fruity Hollow?”

“That I should, indeed!” said one of the boys. And the grizzly bear sprang upon him, and caught him up, and hugged him till the breath was nearly out of his body, and marched off with him; and the other boy ran on as fast as he could to catch up his companions.

Meanwhile the eight little Indians marched steadily on till they came to the old brown bear; and he was so fast asleep they could only wake him by pulling his fur, but they took care to pull it respectfully.

“All right,” said the old brown bear in a mumbly voice, “I know what you want. First turning on the right, over the big tree that blew down last winter.” Then he went to sleep again before they could say “Thank you.”

When they came to a big tree lying with its roots in the air, but with its needles still green, they scrambled over it and followed a winding path down into a narrow valley just full of wild raspberry and gooseberry and currant-bushes, and they picked and ate and picked and ate till they couldn't eat any more.

Then they made baskets of big leaves and twigs, and filled them with berries for supper, and climbed back over the big tree and trudged along up the path.

Soon afterwards they came upon the squinting red wolf, straddling right across the track.

“Here we are, you sweet little redskins,” said she, with a grin two feet long. “The otters have asked me to show you the way to their cave.”

The little redskins turned almost white with fear, but they shut their mouths tight and pushed right on, and the wicked red wolf had to jump out of the way in a hurry, for she didn't dare to touch children who remembered and obeyed. Presently the dawdler came up, very hungry and tired—for the brown bear had been much too fast asleep to tell him about Fruity Hollow—and burst out at once without thinking, “Please can you tell me the way to the otters' cave?” Then the red wolf leapt upon him, and knocked him down, and picked him up by the back of his clothes and carried him off at a trot through the scratching bushes.

Just where the pinewoods end and the poplars begin again, the eight little Indians came upon the old grey wolf, curled up with her nose on her tail; and she put up her head for the children to scratch her neck. “Across the meadow and round the slough,” she said when she had been scratched enough; “and down the stony creek.”

So when they got to the edge of the wood they struck right across the meadow, wading knee-deep in



the long soft grass; and then they found a path leading through another patch of poplar wood to a wide green slough—half lake and half swamp; and they trod lightly round the narrow edge till they found the place where the water oozed out into a stony creek. Down the creek they went, with the stream purring beside their feet like your mother's kitten in the sun, and the mosquitoes humming over their heads, and the silly loose-leaved poplars rustling all around them, wind or no wind.

"Listen!" said the biggest little Indian. And through all the purring and humming and rustling came the long low swishing sound of a big river. Then the eight little pairs of feet climbed out of the creek-bed, and crossed a corner of land till they stood almost on the edge of the river's earthen cut-bank.

There was a bustling and a scurrying under foot, and then a row of furry brown little heads popped up from the edge of the bank. "Come in!" barked all the otters together; and, scrambling down the bank, the children followed the otters into their cave. There was plenty of room, though the door was rather small, and a big bed of prairie hay was spread on the floor.

"We've been expecting you, you see," said the mother otter, when the eight little Indians were squatting on their hunkers and eating berries. "The fishes told us to look out for you about this time."

"Have you made friends with the fishes, then?" asked the biggest boy.

“No, we’re not exactly friends, only allies. We hate the wizard more than we hate each other, so we’ve joined to fight him. But I wish it was all over, so that we could go fishing again. Rabbits are dreadfully dry food, and they do burrow in such dusty holes.”

After supper the eight little Indians lay down in a row, and all the little otters spread themselves out into a big fur blanket to keep the children warm. But the big otters sharpened their teeth as soon as it was dark, and swam down and down and down with fiery eyes, till they came into the Musquash River; and then they swam up and up and up, till they came near the wizard’s pit; and there they climbed out and hid just under the edge of the bank.

Presently they felt a heavy silent somebody tramping over the grass from the wood, and they knew that the grizzly bear was coming; and one of them slipped down to the water’s edge to tell the great grey fishes, who were lying just inside the river.

“Well,” said the greatest of the fishes, “what do you want us to do?” For he knew that the otters must take the lead when fighting had to be done.

“You must pretend to be the wizard,” said the otter, “and tell the grizzly to come into the river up to his waist. We can fight much better in the water, you know.”

So the fish put up his head, and called out, imitating the wizard’s voice as well as he could, “Is that you, my son?”

“Of course it’s me,” grumbled the bear; “and a

precious hard run I've had with this little wretch. I'd a good mind to stop on the way and eat him myself."

"Never mind, my dear," said the sham wizard. "I'll pay you well. Just bring him in, will you? The water won't come above your middle."

The grizzly grumbled something about the water being cold, and he thought his father might as well have come ashore; but he waded in, all the same, and the otters dived and swam after him. And when the water was up to his middle the fishes swam in between his legs and nibbled his toes, and hit him hard on the legs with their great tails, and toppled him right over; but still he held on to the boy with one arm, while he clawed savagely at the fishes with the other. Then the otters sprang at his shoulders, and bit right through the fur and the flesh, so that he dropped the boy in the water; and the fishes and otters kept up such a splashing and a jumping and a biting that the bear couldn't see a foot in front of him, and the boy dashed back to the shore and huddled shivering under the bank.

"Help, help, help!" yelled the grizzly. "They've stolen the boy! They're cutting off my toes! They're tearing off my ears! They're flaying me alive!"

Then the wizard awoke, and leapt out of his hole, and came flying to the rescue, raking the water and the air with his long snaky arms, and screeching horribly. But before he got to where the grizzly was rolling over and over in a whirlpool of mad otters and fishes and foam, he heard the voice of his daughter, the red wolf, who had just arrived and was calling out (as well as she

could with a little Indian's clothes in her mouth) to ask what was the matter.

"If I've lost one, I'll make sure of the other," the wizard thought; and he seized the boy from his daughter's mouth and plunged down into the pit, leaving his grizzly son to look after himself.

"We must save the boy!" cried the head otter.

"He's not worth saving," said the fishes; "haven't we done enough for one night?"

The otters didn't say anything, but swam hotly after the wizard, and the fishes followed without another word, leaving the grizzly to hobble ashore and lick his wounds.

None of the otters had ever dared to go down into the wizard's pit before, and none of the fishes had ever dared to come within a hundred feet of it; but now the otters' blood was up, and they dived like a flash, and caught up the wizard before he got to the bottom, and fastened on his heels, and dug their teeth into his calves. The wizard flung himself round and gripped an otter in each hand; but they gnawed his wrists till their teeth met in the sinews, and the rest of the otters swarmed round his neck and cut his head right off.

"The boy is drowned, all the same," said the head fish, who swam bravely down into the pit when he heard the otters' scream of victory.

"Not a bit of it," said the head otter; "it's only his badness that's drowned; the boy will be righter than ever if you hurry ashore with him."

So the fishes pushed him up to the air and rolled him

ashore; though it was rather difficult, as he hadn't the sense to hold on, and they had no arms to hold him by.

But the otters went down to the very bottom of the pit, and bit through the teacher's cords; and she kissed their wet foreheads and left her dark prison, and the sun rose to welcome her as she stepped out on to dry ground. The squinting wolf shut her eyes and howled, and galloped into the wood with her tail between her legs.

The eight little Indians were having a fine romp with the little otters when the big otters came back, tired and wounded, but proud with the glorious news. As soon as the story was told, the head otter said, "Now, children, it's time to go home, and the fishes are waiting. No going through the woods this time!"

As he spoke, the fishes humped up their great grey backs, and the children took their seats, and the procession never stopped till it came to the little school house, where the beautiful good teacher stood smiling at the door and two shamefaced little Indians pretended to be very busy at their sums inside.

Then there was a great hugging and kissing and laughing and crying for joy, while the little otters turned flying somersaults over the desks and played catch on the grass outside, and the fishes looked on through their water-window, till the children were tired of play and begged for lessons to begin.

"If I'd been that teacher, I'd have whipped those two boys," said Rennie very decidedly.

“So would I,” said Ossawippi; “only I suppose she thought they’d had such a fright they wouldn’t be bad any more.”

“And were they?”

“The story didn’t say,” said Ossawippi.

## The Thunderers.

“FATHER says it looks like thunder,” said Rennie, as he pranced down to the river bank, and stood like a Grand High Chief in the middle of the snowshoe makers.

“Your father knows all about some things,” said Ossawippi; “but white men can’t read the clouds like Indians, any more than Indians can read books like white men. There won’t be any thunder to-day.”

“I’m sorry for that,” said the curly boy. “I like to hear thunder. It sounds almost as fine as a menagerie. But mother’s frightened.”

“I don’t know what a menagerie is,” said the Chief; “but the Thunderers are good, and nobody ought to be frightened of them—only the bad people, at any rate.”

“Tell me who the Thunderers are,” commanded Rennie.

“The people that make the thunder,” answered Ossawippi. “At least they used to make it before the white men came. Now, your father says, the clouds make thunder by banging against each other, or the lightning makes it by boring holes through the clouds, or something like that; but I don’t see how. The clouds are too soft.”

"I'll ask father about it," said Rennie, for the Chief's objection seemed sensible enough. "The Thunderers were ever so much more interesting, anyhow—weren't they, Ossawippi?"

"Perhaps they were; I don't know."

"Well, tell me a story about them, anyhow."

And then Ossawippi told this story:—

Once upon a time there were three braves who set out for the war against the Indians who lived a long way off, far down in the south. Just before they got there one of the braves had his leg broken by a tree falling on it.

"What shall we do?" said one of the others. "By the law of our tribe we must carry him home, but it's a long way. Let us kill him and say the bears took him."

The other man said, "No, that would be too wicked." But after they had carried the broken man one day they were both very tired, and they threw him into a dark pit, and went home and said he had been eaten by bears. His mother was a widow, and she had no other son, so she cried a very long while. But her son wasn't so dead as she thought him. When he fell on the bottom of the pit his broken leg hurt him, and he cried aloud. Then he saw an old man come out of a hole in the side of the pit, and the old man had long hair sticking straight out all round his head.

"What can I do for you, my son?" said the old man.

"You can mend my broken leg, if you're clever enough," said the Indian.

"My medicine is great," said the old man. "I could



mend you if you were broken in seven pieces. But what will you give me for it?"

"Anything you like," said the Indian, "if you mend me at once."

"Then promise that you will live with me, and hunt for me, and bring home the game by yourself."

The young man promised, and the old man bent down and touched the broken leg with the hair of his head; and the young man sprang up and danced as if nothing had happened.

They lived together all the winter, and the young man went out every day and brought back deer and bears and wild geese and fish, enough for a week's big feasting; but after he had eaten his supper and gone to sleep the old man ate up all the rest, so that there wasn't even a bone to pick for breakfast. One morning the young man went out, and wandered far into the woods without seeing a live thing. There was not a sound to be heard except the dripping of the trees, for spring was coming and the sun was hot, and the snow was soft, and all the trails were melted out. All of a sudden he spied a monstrous bear. The bear saw him, and began to climb a tree; but the young man strung his bow hard and let fly an arrow, and the bear tumbled down. The snow was soft, but when the big bear fell on it there was a crash like the ice breaking up in the river. The hunter pulled out another arrow, and looked round to see where the noise came from.

"Put down your bow," said a voice right over his head, like the voice of a great chief.

The hunter looked up, and there was a big white bird perched on the top of the tree; and the bird flew down, and when it touched the ground it was a tall man with a shining face, and he was wrapped in a blanket like a soft white cloud.

“Don’t be afraid,” he said; “I am the Thunderer, the protector of men and the enemy of their enemies. The old man of the pit is not a man at all, and you must help me to kill him.

As long as he stays underground he is safe, so you must get him out.”

“I will try,” said the Indian; and he went back and said to the old man, “I have killed a monstrous bear, as fat as if it was only the beginning of winter, with enough meat on him for a month of feasting. But I can’t drag him



—The old man threw the carcase over his shoulder.”

home by myself, so you must come and help.”

“Never!” said the old man, and his hair bristled up like bodkins. But in a few minutes he began to lick his lips, and said, “Go out and see if there’s a speck of cloud in the sky.”

The young man went up to see. “Not a speck,” he

called out. Then the old man climbed up—it was wonderful the way he climbed, for an old man—and the two of them tramped away through the woods. The old man went so fast, though the snow was soft and deep and he had no snowshoes, that the young man could hardly keep up with him; and when they got to where the dead bear lay, the old man threw the carcass over his shoulder as if it was only a musk-rat, and started walking home again faster than ever. But as he went a little speck of cloud appeared in the sky, and got larger and larger; and the old man walked faster and faster. Then the cloud got so big and black that you would have thought the sun was setting before noon; and the old man screeched, and dropped the bear-meat, and turned into what he was — a horrid speary porcupine.

The cloud opened in the middle, and down flew the white Thunderer, shining so bright that you couldn't look at him; and he flew at the porcupine. The porcupine shot out all its spears at him, but they only stuck in the Thunderer's woolly coat, and the naked porcupine was scorched and shrivelled up to a cinder.

The Thunderer was so pleased that he gave the young Indian a white dress and wings like his own. The young man went home to tell his mother he was not dead; but after he had lived in the lodge for a week he said a fortnight of that sort of life would be seven days more than he could stand. So he said good-bye, and put on his wings and became a Thunderer himself.

“That *was* jolly,” shouted Rennie, getting up and dancing a war-dance among the shavings. “And did they go about together hunting porcupines?”

“Ho!” said Ossawippi contemptuously. “Porcupines were nothing to what they hunted. They would as soon hunt fleas as porcupines, now there were two of them. Besides, *the* porcupine was dead, and the others didn’t count. Why, they hunted the great Sea-snake himself.”

“Tell me about it! Tell me about it!” cried Rennie; and with one last kick of delight at the shavings he threw himself down at Ossawippi’s feet and listened with eyes and ears and mouth to this story:—

Once upon a time there were two brothers who went off for a big hunting and put up a wigwam in the forest; and one of them was fine and foolish, but the other was ugly and wise. Next morning the fine one said,—

“Will you hunt to the east?”

“Yes,” said his brother.

“Then I will hunt to the west,” said the fine one, and off he went. In the evening he came home with not so much as a squirrel, and his arrows all clean and dry in his quiver. He ate some of his brother’s buck-meat and went to sleep without a word. Next day the same thing happened. So on the third day his brother only pretended to go hunting to the east, and turned round and followed him behind the trees to the west.

Presently the handsome hunter came to a lake, and he left his bow and arrows on the bank and dived in and swam across; and his brother ran round the edge calling to him, but he didn't seem to hear. Then he came out of the water and went on, running like a deer, and his brother followed his track till it stopped on the edge of the sweet-water sea, and there was neither sight of him, nor sound, nor scent. The wise brother waited till evening, and then the fine one came out of the sea, and began to run back into the woods. His coat and leggings were dry, but the sea was in his eyes. His brother called him, but he didn't turn or answer, and then his brother caught hold of him; and the sea went out of his eyes, and he awoke and trembled.

"What did you go into the sea for?" asked his brother.

"The great Sea-snake invited me; and he shows me wonderful things, more beautiful than dreams. Every day he shows me something fresh, and feasts me on strange animals that taste a hundred times finer than venison with honey."

"But what price do you pay?" said his brother, in great fear.

"Nothing at all. I only have to watch when the great Sea-snake comes out of the water, to see if there are any clouds in the sky. Now I am going back to him; but if ever you want to see me, just lay a new pipe and fresh tobacco on the shore, and call out, 'Where is my brother?'"

The wise hunter was going home very sadly through

the woods, when suddenly he came to a high white wigwam, and two white-coated chiefs were sitting beside a fire that burned without a stick of wood.

“Sit down at the fire,” said the tallest chief.

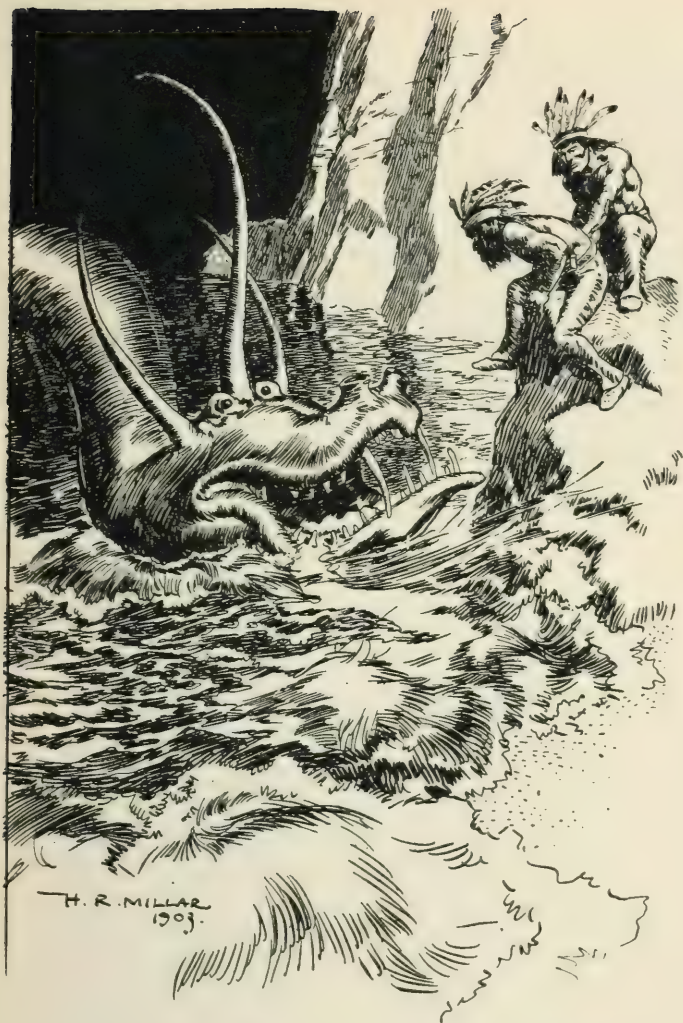
The young man sat down and wondered, and said nothing. Then the white chief spoke again.

“Your brother has been caught by a great water-wizard, the Sea-snake. He thinks he sees wonderful things and eats delightful feasts—it is all nothing but a dream. He sees nothing and eats nothing, and in a few days he will starve to death, and the wizard will pick his bones. You must help us to kill the monster.”

Then one of the chiefs gave the young man a new pipe, carved in the shape of a serpent, of bright red pipestone; and the other gave him fresh tobacco in a beautiful buckskin pouch, with a serpent embroidered on the side with strips of porcupine quill. The young man took the gifts and laid them by the edge of the sweet-water sea, and called out, “Where is my brother?” And his brother put his head out of the water and saw the pipe, and came and sat on a rock and smoked the tobacco, and talked of the wonderful things the Sea-snake had shown him.

“I don’t believe there is any Sea-snake,” said the wise brother. “Bring him up and let me see him.”

The foolish brother whistled, like the hissing of the wind when the branches are bare. The water began to rock as if there was a storm blowing under the sea, then broke up foaming, and a horrible serpent with



“A horrible serpent with three horns on its head came out of the foam.”





three horns on its head came out of the foam and crawled up on the beach.

“Why do you call me?” asked the Sea-snake.

“I want you to tell my brother about the wonderful things under the sea.”

“Yes,” said the wise brother, “for I should like to see wonderful things myself. Let us get back into the shade of the woods, and sit and talk there.”

“Are you sure there are no clouds in the sky?” said the wizard.

“Not a speck,” said the brother.

So they sat and listened on the edge of the wood while the cruel monster told lying tales about the wonderful sights and feasts; and while he talked the Thunderers came flying over the wood.

“It is getting dark,” said the wizard. “There is a storm coming.” And he slid through the grass and over the beach, and was just slipping into the water when the Thunderers pounced upon him. Then he began to burn and shrivel; and he leapt up in the air, burning and wriggling, and fell dead in the water; and the water boiled and hissed and smoked when he touched it, and threw him up on the dry land, and there he lay and burned till there was nothing left but a black thing like a burnt stick.

“Now come and hunt with us,” said the Thunderers to the wise brother; and they gave him a white blanket and wings like their own. So ever since then there have been three Thunderers instead of two.

“But what became of the other Indian?” asked Rennie.

“Oh, you don’t suppose I can remember everything all at once,” said Ossawippi. “Run home to your dinner, and let me get on with my work.”

## The Stormy-Fool.

THE small boy raced down from the white folks' house, roaring and screeching "like a runaway engine-lion," dashed in among the snowshoe makers and began a furious war-dance, to show off. A few of them stopped work for a moment to look on, without a smile, but most of them only glanced under their eyelids at the little stamping feet, and Ossawippi wouldn't even do that. The coolness of his audience froze up Rennie's excitement; a war-dance without anyone caring seemed silly; and he stopped short, nearly crying.

"G-g-guess what I am," said he to Ossawippi.

"A little white boy making a big black dust," said the Chief.

"Wrong!" said Rennie, "I'm the Thunderers."

"The Thunderers never made a fuss like that," said Ossawippi. "They rode on the clouds and made the thunder; but it was Puck-puck that made the storm and did the mischief."

"I never heard of him," said Rennie. "Tell me all about him."

"That would take too long," said the Chief, "because he was making mischief for thousands of years before he was stopped."

“Then tell me how he got stopped,” said Rennie.

So Ossawippi, going steadily on with his work all the time, told this story:—

He was a dreadfully mischievous fellow, Puck-puck was; he couldn't keep his hands off anything. Some people called him the Stormy-fool, because he made such a noise and mess and was so silly about it; but his real name was Puck-puck, or something like that. He used to steal round after the Thunderer,—that was when there was only one Thunderer—and he used to hide behind the cloud, and when the Thunderer thundered Puck-puck used to start shrieking and dancing up and down and round and round, kicking up the dust like a little white boy, and blowing the birds' feathers inside out and upsetting their nests, and making the trees so giddy that they tumbled down and couldn't get up again.

“You'll come to a bad end if you go on with your mischief,” said his mother one day. His mother's name was Mrs Whirlwind.

“Pff! Pff!” said Puck-puck, pouting out his lips. “What do you go on with your own mischief for?”

“Because I can't help myself,” said his mother. “I was made that way, and I can't stop. I wish I could.”

“And I was made that way and can't stop, and I *don't* wish I could,” said Puck-puck, “because it's great fun tearing things up and teasing people.” And off he whisked out of his mother's cave in the mountain, to tease the mountain-chickens.

Now the mountain-chickens were the Thunderer's great pets, and he loved to stroke their feathers and scratch them on the head and make them sing their purring-song on his shoulder when he came home tired.

Puck-puck began by dropping stones down the little mountain-chickens' throats when they opened their mouths and shut their eyes thinking he had come to feed them; and then, while they were spitter-sputtering to get the nasty stones out again he turned the nest upside down and the poor little mountain-chickens tumbled down on the ground. Then the mother of the mountain-chickens heard them crying, and came flitter-fluttering through the trees to find out what the matter was.

"It's Puck-puck," said all the little mountain-chickens at once, coughing and sputtering on the ground. "He put nasty stones into our mouths, and then he tumbled us out like this, and hurt us so much we can't get up again."

"Never mind, my dears," said their mother, picking them up and putting them carefully back into the nest, "I'll go and tell the Thunderer."

So away she flew, over the river and over the meadow and over the foot-hills; and then she rose higher and flew over the birch-wood; and higher still, and flew over the pine-woods that grow where the hills end and the mountains begin; and when she had rested a minute on the top of the tallest pine-tree she flew straight up into the sky for ever and ever so far.

"It's about time I could see the top of the mountain,"

said she to herself. And so it was, only the Stormy-fool had pushed a big heaping cloud on to the top of the mountain so that it was all covered up. The mother of the mountain-chickens didn't like getting wet, but she was very brave. "Never mind," she said to herself, "I'll fly right through the cloud. I think I can fly straight, even if I can't see my own nose in front of me." And straight at the cloud she flew.

When the cloud saw her coming so bravely it was afraid of that sharp beak of hers, and began to get up and move off.

"Sit still, you stupid thing!" shrieked the Stormy-fool. "Closer! Closer! Sit down heavy and thick and smother her."

The cloud didn't quite know what to do. It was more afraid of Puck-puck tearing it to rags than it was of the mountain-chicken's beak; but it was more afraid of the Thunderer than of both of them put together, and the Thunderer was just over on the other side of the mountain—so while it pretended to lie still it really went on rising, very very slowly, till there was just an inch or two of blue sky showing between it and the mountain top. The mountain-chicken darted in and squeezed her way underneath; and, though she scratched her feet on the sharp rocks and got her back feathers very wet with the edge of the cloud, she got through all right and flew down the other side of the mountain to where the Thunderer was lying asleep in the bottom of his beautiful valley.

"Hush! Hush! Hush!" sang the other mountain-

chickens perched on the Thunderer's shoulder. "Don't wake him up; he's just come home very tired."

"I'm very sorry," said the mother, "but that rascally Puck-puck has been tormenting my little ones, and if he isn't caught quick he'll kill them."

"Oh," said the perching mountain-chickens, "if it's to save the little ones, I daresay he won't mind."

"Of course he won't," said the Thunderer himself, getting up and shaking himself, and spilling the mountain-chickens into the air. Then he put on his big white wings and flew up to the top of the mountain.

When the cloud saw him coming it jumped up in such a hurry that it broke in two, and one piece rolled off one way and the other piece another way, and they both rolled so far that they never found each other again but got melted into nothing by the old Sun. And when the Stormy-fool saw the cloud roll away in such a hurry he flew off in a terrible hurry himself and perched on the North Pole, and there he sat shivering and shuddering with fear till the North Pole waved about like a tree in the wind.

The Thunderer flew up and sat on the top of the mountain, and called out, very loud and angry,—  
"Where's the rascal that's been teasing my mountain-chickens?"

All the birds heard the thunder roar, and stopped short in the middle of what they were singing; and all the beasts heard it and crouched down as close to the ground as they could flatten themselves; and all the fishes heard it and poked their cold noses up out

of the water to see what the matter was. But Puck-puck didn't say a word, though he shivered and shuddered so hard that the North Pole cracked, just like the sapling your father put up on the school-house last Queen's Birthday.

"Come here!" shouted the Thunderer.

If he hadn't gone, the North Pole would have shaken him off, for fear he would break it with his shivering and shuddering. But he went; oh yes, he went, for he didn't dare disobey with such an order rattling in his ears. He came very slowly, and when the echo of the order died away he stopped and looked round as if he wanted to escape. But the Thunderer just said "Come," and Puck-puck went on in a hurry till he came to the hills looking down into the mountain-chickens' valley; and then he sat down on a rock and waited, shivering and shuddering all the time, because he was afraid he was going to be whipped. He loved tormenting other creatures, but he couldn't bear the least thing himself, he was such a coward.

"Don't you dare touch my mountain-chickens again," said the Thunderer, calling out across the valley.

"I w-w-won't," said the Stormy-fool between his chattering teeth.

So the Thunderer flew back into his own valley and went to sleep again.

Puck-puck thought he was very lucky to get off without having his ears boxed. I think if I'd been the Thunderer I'd have boxed his ears till his head



came off. But the Thunderer was very tired, and wanted to get to sleep again as quick as he could.

“So that’s all!” said Puck-puck, chuckling to himself. “Well, I suppose I’ve got to leave his mountain-chickens alone; but I’ll be revenged—I’ll be revenged!” And he got up and danced on the hill till he’d trampled all the grass into the earth and stripped all the leaves off the trees. Then he hopped across the valley, trampling down a thousand flowers at every hop, and hopped up the mountain side, pushing a little cloud in front of him. When he got near the top he crept into the middle of the cloud and rolled along inside it. It wasn’t very comfortable for him, because it was just like rolling along inside a barrel; and it was very uncomfortable for the cloud, for it felt like the wolf that swallowed the crab; and the cloud was so heavy that it got all its edges torn by scraping against the rocks. But they rolled on together till they got half-way down into the Thunderer’s valley, and then they rolled into a hollow and hid there till the Thunderer got up.

The Thunderer slept a long time, weeks and weeks, he was so very tired. Puck-puck got soaked through and dreadfully cold, but he didn’t dare come out. At last the Thunderer yawned, got up, and shook off the mountain-chickens; and they perched on the nearest trees they could find and went fast asleep that minute, because of course they’d had to keep very wide awake and watching out all the time the Thunderer was taking his nap. Then he put on his

big white wings and came flying up the mountain side.

“O dear!” said Puck-puck, “he’s coming to find me!”

But he wasn’t. He was just going to feed his pet raven, Flying Night, who lived in a cave in the cliff.

The raven flew out of his cave and perched on the Thunderer’s shoulder and rubbed his head against the Thunderer’s chin. “Take me with you,” he croaked. “Take me with you! I’m afraid something’s going to happen!”

“No,” said the Thunderer, “I’m not going to take you this time. You make the sky so *very* dark; and I’m not going to make big thunder to-day.”

The raven whimpered a little, but he knew better than to say another word when the order had been given; so he hopped back into his cave and went on with his dinner, while the Thunderer flew away to the south.

“Now’s our chance,” said Puck-puck to his cloud. “Roll down in front of the raven’s cave and block it up.”

So the cloud rolled down and stuffed up the mouth of the cave. The raven thought it was getting very dark, but it wasn’t till he had finished his dinner that he looked up and saw what had happened. He ought to have gone to sleep again as soon as he had eaten his dinner, and he didn’t really want to go out at all, but as soon as he saw he couldn’t he wanted to very much. He turned his head first to one side and then to the

other, till he nearly twisted it off; and he flew up to the top of the cave door and then down to the bottom, but the cloud blocked it all up, every bit.

“Now roll right in and cover him up,” said Puck-puck to the cloud, “and I’ll catch him and wring his neck before he can bite so much as a pinch of skin.”

“I daresay he can’t bite you,” said the cloud, “but every time he snaps his black jaws he’ll be biting me; and it’s bad enough having a Stormy-fool like you in my inside without having a snappy raven too.”

“Get in, I tell you!” said Puck-puck, kicking with both legs at once.

The cloud squirmed, and pushed in as quick as it could.

When the raven saw the cloud rolling in, he gave a great frightened croak and dashed out through the middle of it. The Stormy-fool clutched at him as he passed, and caught hold of his tail; and all the tail feathers came out in his hand—but the rest of the raven flew croaking down into the valley to where the mountain-chickens were snoozing on the trees.

“Wake up!” croaked the raven. “Something dreadful’s happened.”

“What *is* the matter,” said one of the mountain-chickens when it had got one eye half open.

“There’s a nasty cloud in my cave,” said the raven, “and he’s pulled out my tail feathers.”

“I’m only dreaming,” said the mountain-chicken to himself, “because clouds don’t really do such things.” And he went fast asleep again.

“Lazy things!” croaked the raven: only as he couldn’t wake any of them up he went to sleep himself, sitting on a stump right in the middle of them, where he was pretty sure no robber cloud would dare to come.

In the evening the Thunderer came flying home from his travels, and perched on the mountain top looking down into his valley.

“All fast asleep,” said he to himself, “and Flying Night in the middle. What does that mean, I wonder?” So he plunged down into the air.

As soon as the mountain-chickens heard the flapping of the Thunderer’s wings they began to flap their own wings, dreaming; and then they woke up and sang the welcome-song. The raven woke up too, and tried to sing it; but he was too hoarse. Besides, he was so miserable about losing his tail that he couldn’t have done anything but croak, even if he’d been used to singing.

The mountain-chickens hopped on to the Thunderer’s broad shoulders and purred in his ears, just like a comfortable cat. The raven tried to fly up too, but he couldn’t steer himself very well without his rudder, and he tumbled about in the air till the Thunderer put out a hand and caught him.

“Flying Night,” said the Thunderer, “what have you done with your tail?”

“A dreadful catching cloud came into my cave,” croaked the raven, “and when I flew through it to get out it caught hold of my beautiful tail feathers and pulled them all out.”

The Thunderer frowned terribly. "I know what that cloud was," he said. "Which way did it go?"

"I didn't see it go at all," said the raven. "I was in such a hurry to go myself. I didn't look behind me once."

The Thunderer didn't say a word; but he shook off the mountain-chickens, and told the raven to sit on his shoulder and hold tight, and flew up to the cave.

Now Puck-puck had come out of his cloud and stretched himself in the sun for a nap when the raven had flown away; but when he heard the Thunderer flying up over the trees he awoke and jumped up into the air like a lacrosse ball. The Thunderer reached out a hand and caught him by the hair; but Puck-puck jerked himself away and left his hair in the Thunderer's hand and jumped clean over the mountain.

The Thunderer was in no hurry; he knew the wicked one would be caught sometime or other, this side of the mountains or the other side. He looked round for Flying Night's tail, but the Stormy-fool had carried it off.

"Never mind," said the Thunderer, "we'll make him punish himself." So he rolled the Stormy-fool's hair in his hand, and turned it into the longest and strongest black feathers that you ever saw; and he stuck some of them into the raven's poor stump of a tail, so that it was ever so much finer than before; and he stuck the rest into the raven's wings, so that they were bigger and stronger than an eagle's. Then he flew away over the mountains, and the raven flew along under his feet like a flying black cloud.

They flew all night, and they flew all day, and all the next night too, till they'd left the mountains all behind and saw the great flat plain stretching away below them, and there was Puck-puck scudding away in front as fast as his mischief could carry him. The Thunderer flew faster and faster, and stretched out a hand and caught hold of one of the Stormy-fool's prickly wings; but Puck-puck jerked himself away, and left his wing in the Thunderer's hand and dropped like a stone on to the plain, and kicked up such a storm of dust that the Thunderer had to stop and sneeze and wink the dust out of his eyes; and when the dust was gone, Puck-puck was gone too.

"I see him!" said the raven, twisting his neck round quick. "He's gone back to the mountains."

So the Thunderer flew back to the mountains too, and the raven flew under his feet.

When Puck-puck saw them coming after him again he knew it was no use trying to escape, but he tried all the same. He couldn't fly, with only one wing, but he could run like a thousand rabbits; and he ran till he came to the first maple tree on the foot-hills, and climbed up the tree, stripping off the bark with his horrid sharp fingers as he went; and hid among the leaves, shivering and shuddering. But he made the leaves tremble and flutter so much that the raven saw them and told his master.

The Thunderer flew straight at the top of the tree; but when he saw the poor tree bleeding sap from all its wounds he stopped, and turned the Stormy-fool's

wing into strips of bark and mended the tree with them. Before he had finished, Puck-puck had jumped out of the tree and hopped away up on to the rocky mountain top; and there he stamped and stormed and stormed and stamped, and broke the rocks into splinters at every step, and sent them rattling down on the trees below.

Then the Thunderer flew up to catch the Stormy-fool. The poor broken mountain cried out as he passed,—"Stop and mend me, Thunderer! you mended the tree down there, stop and mend me too!"

"Yes," said the Thunderer, "I'll mend you too."

But he didn't stop; he flew faster and faster, and stretched out his great hand and caught Puck-puck in it as I would catch a fly, and gave him one squeeze—and there was nothing left of Puck-puck but his bones. Then the Thunderer turned the bones into monstrous rocks and mended the mountain top with them, so that it was ever so much finer and rockier and higher than before; and that mountain has been called Puck-puck's Tombstone ever since.

So you see what happens to people that storm and stamp, Little Sunrise.



LITTLE Sunrise was in such a state of excitement, the day his cousins came to Muskoma, that his father said he was like a volcano just going to blow up. The cousins' names were Toby and Tilda,—at least that was what people called them, except at school—and they had just come all the way from England. Rennie had never had any white children to play with before, so no wonder he was excited and stayed awake late that night. He didn't wake up till ever so late next morning; but when he did wake he wasn't long pulling on his clothes, I can tell you. If his mother hadn't reminded him three or four times he would have gone downstairs without washing his face; and, as it was, I don't think it was much of a wash. He threw the towel behind him, hoping it might catch on the towel-rack,—which it did not—and flew downstairs as if he wanted to break his neck. When he got into the room where his cousins were he was as shy as anything, just because they came all the way from England.



“What a great big robin!” said the English boy, looking out of the window.

“Oh!” said his sister, “everything’s big here. The country’s three thousand miles wide, and the river’s a mile and a half across, and—O dear! what’s that?”

She had leaned out of the window as she spoke, and there, squatting on the ground and listening to all their conversation, was a bundle of rags with a long black head of hair sticking out at the top.

Toby and Tilda drew back in a hurry from the window, said Good-morning to Rennie when they saw him, then stole quietly out of the back door, and came peeping round the corner of the house, as if they were half afraid the bundle of rags would bite. Rennie followed without a word.

A pair of black eyes and a very dark brown face showed them that the black head of hair belonged to a little Indian girl, and the face was a kindly one; so Toby and Tilda, instead of darting back, as they meant to do, went bravely on and stood in front of the stranger, staring as if it were a new kind of pet monkey. The little stranger stared back, without even a wink, till Toby and Tilda were half ashamed, and Toby whispered over his shoulder to Rennie, “I wonder if she can speak English?”

“Of course I can,” said the little Indian girl.

“Oh!” said Toby and Tilda together; and that was all they could think of to say, though they were very much interested. At last, when they had stared

at the stranger for a minute or two, getting more shy and uncomfortable all the time, and wishing the little Indian would start the conversation again, Rennie spoke up.

“Would you like a biscuit?” he said.

It was a happy thought. There never was a child, with a white face or a brown face, or any other kind of face at all (so long as there was a mouth in it), that did not like biscuits.

“Yes,” said the little Indian, jumping up; “two or three.”

Rennie scampered off in a great hurry, and raced back in about two seconds with his hands full. The little Indian sat happily munching till all the biscuits were gone; the two English children looking on with delight, as they used to do when the lions were fed at the Zoo. Then the brown-faced girl looked up and said,—

“What sort of robin do you have in the country you came from?”

“Oh!” said Toby, “a tiny little bit of a thing.”

“Was it a tiny little bit of a boy, before it became a bird?”

Toby and Tilda looked at each other and laughed out loud.

“Of course not, you silly,” said Toby. “How could a boy become a bird?”

“I’m not silly,” said the little Indian. “The first robin that ever was in this country used to be a boy.”

Toby and Tilda looked at each other and laughed again, but not so loud this time. It was certainly a very different country from England, this New World that they had got to, so possibly the things that only happened in fairy tales at home might happen really and truly here. At any rate, both Toby and Tilda were eager to hear the story.

“Tell us all about it,” said Tilda.

So the little girl began to tell her story, just as she had heard her grandfather tell it, on a long winter evening, beside the crackling fire in the little log-house by the rapids. She said:—

There was once a hunter who had only one son, and when his son grew up he said to him, “My son, I am growing old, and you must hunt for me.”

“Very well, father,” said his son, and he took his father’s bow and arrows and went out into the woods. But he was a dreamy boy, and forgot what he had come for, and spent the morning wondering at the beautiful flowers, and trees, and mosses, and hills and valleys that he saw. When he saw a bird on a tree, he forgot that he had come to shoot it, and lay listening to its song; and when he saw a deer come down to drink at the stream he put down his bow and arrows and began to talk to the deer in the deer’s own language. At last he saw that the sun was setting. Then he looked round for his bow and arrows, and they were gone!

When he got home to the wigwam, his father met

him at the door and said, 'My son, you have had a long day's hunting. Have you killed so much that you had to leave it in the woods? Let us go and fetch it together.'

The young man looked very much ashamed of himself, and said, "Father, I forgot all about the hunting. The woods, and the sky, and the flowers, and the birds, and the beasts were so interesting that I forgot all about what you had sent me to do."

His father was in a terrible rage with him, and in the morning he sent him out again, with new bow and arrows, saying, "Take care that you don't forget this time."

The son went along saying to himself, "I mustn't forget, I mustn't forget, I mustn't forget." But as soon as a bird flew across the path he forgot all about what his father had said, and called to the bird in the bird's own language, and the bird came and sat on the tree above him, and sang to him so beautifully all day that the young man sat as if he was dreaming till sunset.

"O dear!" said the young man, "what shall I do? My father will kill me if I go back without anything to eat."

"Never mind," said the bird; "if he kills you, we shall give you feathers and paint, and you can fly away and be a bird like ourselves."

When the young man reached the village he scarcely dared to go near his father's wigwam; but his father saw him coming, and ran to meet him, calling out in

a hurry, "What have you brought? What have you brought?"

"I have brought nothing, father; nothing at all," said the boy.

His father was angrier than ever, and in the morning he said, "Come with me. No more bow and arrows for you, and not a bite to eat, till I have taught you to be a hunter like any other good Indian." So he took his son into the middle of the forest, and there built for him a little wigwam, with no door, only a little hole in the side.

"There!" said his father, when the young man was inside, and the wigwam was laced up tight. "When you have lived and fasted in this wigwam for twelve days, the spirit of a hunter will come into you."

Every day the young man's father came to see him, and every day the young man begged for food, till at last, on the tenth day, he could only beg in a whisper.

"No!" said his father. "In two days more you can both hunt and eat."

On the eleventh day, when the father came and spoke to his son, he got no answer. Looking through the hole, he saw the lad lying as if he was dead on the ground; but when he called out aloud his son awoke, and whispered, "Father, bring me food! Give me some food!"

"No," said his father. "You have only one day more to wait. To-morrow you will hunt and eat." And he went away home to the village.

On the twelfth day the father came loaded with meal and meat. As he came near to the wigwam he heard a curious chirping sound, and when he looked through the hole in the wigwam he saw his son standing up inside, and painting his breast with bright red paint.

“What are you doing, my son? Come and eat! Here is meal and meat for you. Come and eat and hunt like a good Indian.”

But the son could only reply in a chirping little voice, “It is too late, father. You have killed me at last, and now I am becoming a bird.” And as he spoke he turned into the o-pe-che—the robin redbreast—and flew out of the hole and away to join the other birds; but he never flew very far from where men live.

The cruel father set out to go back to his wigwam; but he could never find the village again, and after he had wandered about a long time he lay down in the forest and died; and soon afterwards the redbreast found him, and buried him under a heap of dry leaves. Every year after that, when the time of the hunter’s fast came round, the redbreast perched on his father’s empty wigwam and sang the song of the dead.

“Our robins used to cover up little children with withered leaves,” said Toby, thinking of the babes in the wood; “but I don’t think they’d have taken the trouble with a wicked, cruel man like that.”

“Grandfather says that everybody was cruel in those



“Father, bring me food!”





days before the missionaries came," said the Indian girl. "And he said it served the boy right for moony-mooning about in the woods, instead of doing what he was told."

"Your grandfather's a sensible man," said Rennie's mother, who had come to the window to listen.

The little Indian girl jumped up, for she was rather afraid of grown-up white folk, and scurried away through the maple grove to the little log-house by the rapids.

Whenever Rennie lets his wits go wool-gathering now his mother holds up a finger and says, "Now, Rennie, remember the moony-mooning boy that got turned into a robin—and such a great big gawky robin, too!"

## The Wolf Boy.

“SAY, Ossawippi!”

The Chief heard the big shout long before the little boy it belonged to rushed into the circle of snowshoemakers and planted himself on the shavings.

“Say, Ossawippi, ’d you ever hear about the Indian boy that got turned into a Robin Redbreast?”

“Heard it and told it before you were born or thought of,” said Ossawippi, stringing the gut from side to side of the shoe-frame. “Who’s been telling it you?”

Ossawippi often talked as if he didn’t want to be bothered telling stories, but I think he was really jealous if anyone else gave Little Sunrise that sort of treat.

“Oh, it was a little girl that came to our house to see Toby and Tilda; Mother Shawnegan’s little girl, you know.”

“She ought to have been at school,” said the Chief, “and learning something better than all that old nonsense.”

“But there wasn’t any school, because it was before breakfast,” argued Rennie; “and besides, it isn’t nonsense or you wouldn’t tell it yourself, Ossawippi.”

Ossawippi wasn't going to be caught like that. "I never told *you* about Robin Redbreast," said he; "and it's nonsense compared to the boy that got turned into a wolf."

"Oh, did he?" cried Rennie. "Tell me about him right now, Ossawippi!"

"Where are—those other children?" said the Chief.

"They're coming along.—Hi, Toby, hurry up!"

Tilda was rather scared of real grown-up Indians after what Mother Shawnegan's little girl had told about the dreadful father that starved his son; but Toby dragged her along with him, and when she saw that the terrible Red Men were sitting quietly making snowshoes,— "just like a lot of cobblers mending boots," as she said afterwards—she sat down between Toby and his cousin on the shavings and listened while Ossawippi told this tale:—

Once upon a time there was a very bad tribe of very bad Indians, and they lived beside the old beaver dams on the Little Snake River. It wasn't called the Little Snake River because there were any little snakes in it; but it wound about and about like a little snake itself. There was good corn ground, but the Indians never grew any corn. They were all bad, all except one old man, and when he went away they were all bad, everyone, quarrelling and fighting among themselves, and stealing everything they could lay their hands on, and killing their friends as well as their enemies.

The good old Indian had two little boys and one

little girl. They were too little to be very bad ; only their father knew they would get to be just like the rest if they lived in that tribe, so one night he woke them up and told them he was going to take them away. He didn't want anyone to follow them or to know where they were going, so he knew he mustn't make any tracks on the ground or in the grass ; and the only thing you can walk on without leaving a track is water. He came out, and laced up the door of his lodge, and put the big mark on the door that meant he had gone hunting and nobody was to come in till he got back. Then he carried his children down to the river, all three of them, so that there shouldn't be more than one track in the dust, and he walked backwards, and wiped out his own foot-marks as he went. He put his three children and the blankets into his birch-bark canoe ; and because the canoe was heavy and the water was shallow he didn't get in himself but waded up the river pulling the canoe behind him.

Up the river he waded, and up and up and up, till it got so shallow he couldn't pull the canoe any farther. Then he lifted the children out, and the blankets, and hid the canoe among the bushes that hung over the stream.

The old Indian climbed the hill side, with the blankets in his arms and the baby on his back, and the other boy and girl close behind. At first the old man had to keep bending low and shutting his eyes, because he had to make a new path through the bushes where nobody had ever gone before, and the bushes swished

his face ; but pretty soon he came upon a wolves' track going up the hill.

“Quiet now, children!” said the old man. And though they'd been quieter all the time than any white man's children I ever saw, they went so quietly up the track that you couldn't have heard them any more than if they'd been going through soft snow in moccasins.

At last they heard a dreadful noise of barking and yelping ; and when they came to where the bushes were just going to end and the open mountain-side of rocks and grass was going to begin, the old man stopped short, and put down the baby, and told the children to hide all together while he went on to see what the matter was.

He lay down on the ground when he came to the edge of the bushes, and peeped out, and saw three wolves fighting. Two of them were grabbing and tearing at the other one, and the other one was grabbing and tearing at them, and they were all tumbling over and over among the rocks ; and the two wolves would have torn the other one to pieces if they hadn't wasted time barking and yelping. The other wolf saved his breath and did nothing but bite. Still, he would have got beaten and eaten in the end, if the old man hadn't rushed out with his tomahawk, yelling at the top of his voice, and killed the two wolves before they could run away.

The wolf that wasn't killed would have run away too, only he was too much bitten to run fast, so he stayed where he was, panting and bleeding. When he saw

that the old man had put the tomahawk back into his belt, the wolf began to crawl up the track; and the old man followed, calling to his son and daughter to bring their little brother and the blankets.

The wolf went crawling up the mountain to a great cliff, and when he came to a hole in the side of the cliff three little wolves came out to meet him, and began licking his wounds.

“I know what this is,” said the old Indian to his children. “The mother wolf is dead, and the father has to take care of the young ones,—just like ourselves. We won’t hurt them, and they won’t hurt us.”

The baby Indian laughed when he saw the baby wolves, and began patting their soft fur. The father wolf growled a little, but the baby Indian only laughed more and went on playing with the baby wolves; and when the father wolf saw that his young ones liked to be played with he made friends with the little Indian and licked his hands.

So the four Indians and the four wolves lived together in the cave; and the old man and the old wolf went hunting together, so they got plenty of deer-meat; and they shared it together equally, except that the Indians gave all the bones of their own share to the wolves.

Seven years they lived and hunted and ate together. At first the old man went out alone with the old wolf, and the six young ones stayed at home. The little boy played with the little wolves, rolling them over and over among the rocks; they liked being rolled over,

when he did it, and never bit him in anger, and when they bit him in play he never cried. But the other children used to pinch the little wolves and pull their hair, so the little wolves bit them in anger, and then there was quarrelling and scolding, so that nobody could get any peace.

The little wolves grew much faster than the little Indians, and presently the father wolf took them out and taught them to hunt for themselves.

“You are not big enough to hunt yet,” said the old Indian when his elder son begged to go with them; “but you are big enough to be useful. You and your sister can gather pine branches for our beds in the cave; and you can dig up the ground between the rocks and you can grow corn there,—because you are not wolves, and deer-meat is better with corn-meal for men; and your sister can embroider skins with strips of porcupine quill, because our blankets are worn out, and if we wear skins without embroidery we shall be like wolves ourselves.”

But the boy and girl were lazy, and used to play among the rocks till they were tired and then go to sleep; so there was very little corn for any of them. And though they would trap the porcupines they were too lazy to split up the quills, so the skins were never embroidered. Their little brother had nobody to play with, and they often forgot to feed him when he was hungry; and when he cried for food they whipped him, so he had to stay hungry till his father came home with the wolves and the hunting.

When the old Indian got too old to keep up with the wolves, and had to stay at home, his little boy had enough to eat; but the other children were so lazy that the old man had to grow the corn and grind it himself; so the little one still had nobody to play with him. It was harder for the old Indian to make those children do anything than it was to do it himself; and he was glad when the boy got big enough to go off hunting with the wolves. But the wolves were not glad, because the boy used to scold them for not hunting right, though they knew a great deal more about hunting than he did. And if they hadn't been afraid of what their wolf-father would do to them when they got home they would have turned on that boy and eaten him in the woods.

At last the time came when the old Indian had to die; and he lay at the door of the cave, and looked at his little boy lying asleep with his head on the old wolf's fur, and called the two big children and said to them,—

“My children, I am going to die, and you will have to be father and mother to that little brother of yours. Take good care of him, and teach him to be brave and strong and honest. If you stay here, where the wolves have been so kind to us, be kind to them. If ever you want to go and live among other men, don't on any account go back to the wicked town in the valley that we came from, because in this valley the men are like wolves, though the wolves



are like men. But turn your back on the valley and climb over this mountain and go down the other side till you find real men to live with."

Then he died; and the wolves howled for grief. But the son and daughter, when they had buried their father, cared no more about what he had said.

That night the elder brother said to himself, "Why should I live alone here on the mountain with a girl and a baby and a pack of wolves? I will go and live among men; and because it is hard to climb a steep mountain with a girl and a little boy to help, I'll go by myself. Wolves' company is good enough for them."

So in the morning, when he had gone off hunting with the young wolves and got out of sight of the cave, he said to them, "I'm going up the mountain to pick wild raspberries; you can go on without me."

They were glad enough to do that, because he had such a bad temper, and he was very little use in the hunting. So away they ran down into the forest, and away he climbed up the mountain-side. But the mountain was so steep that he soon got tired of climbing. He sat down on the top of a rock, and looked over the forest and down the valley, with the river showing white every now and then where it broke in the rapids; and far down the valley he saw the smoke of the town where he was born.

"What's the use of climbing any longer?" he said

to himself. "It's much easier going down than going up. I will go back to my father's people, and enjoy myself. I will play lacrosse with the tribe and hunt with the hunters, and live in my father's lodge, and get a wife to work for me."

Down he went through the woods, and he found the old birch-bark canoe and paddled lazily down the river till he came to the town where he was born. He pulled the canoe up the bank, and walked into the town till he came to his father's lodge. The mark was still on it, but the door was open and everything his father had left had been stolen.

As he stood at the door, the other Indians came round, and began to jeer at him.

"Here's the son of old Fly-to-the-Sky," they said, "who didn't think us good enough for him!"

The young man was a coward, and he was ashamed to defend his father. He said,—

"My father was foolish to go away; and now that he is dead I have come back, to be wise and stay among my own people."

"That's right," said they; "come and marry and live among us, and play and steal and kill with us."

So he lived in his father's old lodge, and went playing and hunting and stealing and killing with the rest, and cared nothing for the sister and little brother he had left on the mountain.

Now as soon as she saw that her brother was not coming back, the sister began to get restless; and she

got very cross with her little brother, and scolded him all the time for nothing, and ate the best of the meat and gave him the bones to gnaw.

"It is a shame for you to play about here all the day idle," she said. "If I were a boy I would go and hunt, instead of eating what the wolves bring."

"Then give me a bow and arrows," said the little boy, "and I will go and hunt for myself."

His sister wanted to get rid of him, but she was too lazy to make bow and arrows for him; so he made a poor little bow and some poor little arrows for himself and went off to hunt with the young wolves. Of course he couldn't keep up with them, and if they hadn't left him behind not one of them would have caught anything. When the little boy got back to the cave he was tired and hungry, and he called out,—

"Sister, I have got nothing. When I shot an arrow the birds and the deer laughed at me, because I had never learnt to shoot."

But there was no answer; and when he looked into the cave, it was empty. For as soon as he had gone off with the wolves his sister folded her blanket round her and slipped away down the valley till she came to her father's village. And there she lived, and played, and stole, like the rest of the wicked tribe.

When the wolves came home from hunting they found the little Indian looking very glum and miserable.

"What are you miserable about?" said the father wolf.

"Because my brother and sister have gone off and left me," said the boy.

“Why,” said the father wolf, “that ought to make you glad instead of sorry,—they treated you so badly. It makes *us* glad, I can tell you.”

The little Indian couldn't help being sorry, no matter how badly his brother and sister had treated him; because they were his brother and sister after all, and not wolves. However, he was very fond of the wolves, and they were very kind to him; and they taught him to hunt, and one of them always stayed behind to keep him company when he couldn't keep up with the rest; and they gave him the best of the meat. By-and-by he stopped thinking of his brother and sister, and almost forgot that he wasn't a wolf himself.

One day the elder brother, after living five years in the wicked tribe of his father, happened to go hunting alone up the valley till he came nearly to the cave in the cliff.

“Brother! Brother!” he heard a voice calling away up on the mountain-side.

The hunter looked up, and there he saw his little brother, high up among the rocks,—only he was not a little brother any longer, but a fine big strapping young Indian.

“Dear me,” said the elder brother; “how you have grown! Why not come back with me down the valley and live in our village, and hunt, and play, and steal with the rest of us?”

So they went down to the village together. But the Indians were cruel to the boy and made fun of him because he used to speak the wolves' language when

he wasn't thinking and used to bark like a wolf when they made him angry. They were so unkind to him that after a few days he slipped out of the lodge in the middle of the night, and ran up the valley through the woods, and climbed up the mountain-side, and got to the cave just as the wolves came home from their hunting.

They were all very glad to see him, and he was so glad to get back that he said he would never leave them any more. "Because," he said, "in this valley the men are like wolves and the wolves are like men."

The next year, the elder brother went hunting up the valley again; and when he came near the cave he saw the boy up on the mountain-side, not standing upright but crouching on all-fours on the top of a rock.

"What are you crouching like a wolf for?" said the hunter.

"I didn't know I was," said his brother, and he stood up on his legs; but he felt so uncomfortable that way that he dropped on all-fours again. "I'm afraid I'm becoming a wolf," he said.

Sure enough, when the elder brother looked closer he saw that the young one's legs and arms were thin and hairy and sinewy, and had paws instead of hands and feet. As the hunter stood and looked, his brother's head grew long and pointed and hairy, and at last the boy leapt up into the air and came down a real wolf.

The elder brother ran home as quick as he could, and told his sister; and they both said to each other

that they were sorry; but they didn't really care, and in a week they forgot all about it. They just went on playing and stealing for the rest of their lives.

"And did the wolf-boy live happily ever after?" said Rennie, as the Chief seemed to have nothing more to say.

"I don't know," said Ossawippi. "You know, he wasn't an Indian any longer, when he had become a wolf."

"It was a good thing he wasn't a wicked Indian like the rest of his father's tribe," said Toby.

"Yes," said Ossawippi; "but he might have been a good Indian if he had climbed over to the other side of the mountain."

"Only that wasn't his fault," said Rennie, "was it?"

"No," said Ossawippi, "I don't suppose it was. Only it will be your fault if you're late for dinner; so run away before your mother calls you."

## The Water-Wolves.

“THOSE were jolly decent wolves,” said Toby, arriving early next morning, “and I daresay the boy had a pretty good time hunting with them after all.”

“But all wolves are not like those,” said Ossawippi; “some are good, most are bad, and the water-wolves are worst of all.”

“Water-wolves?” said Rennie. “You never told me there were any.”

“Neither there are,” said Ossawippi, “but there used to be.”

“And where did they live?” said Rennie.

“They lived in Lake Nakwak.”

“I never heard of that either,” said Rennie.

“There are a good many things you never heard of, little pink-face,” said Ossawippi, “but I don’t wonder you never heard of Lake Nakwak, because there isn’t any.”

“What do you mean?” said Toby.

“There isn’t any now,” Ossawippi explained, “but there used to be.”

“Then where was it?” said Rennie.

“Oh, away over beyond somewhere,” said Ossawippi vaguely, waving his arm round from east to west.

“Then what became of it?” asked Rennie, stamping with impatience to get to the bottom of the mystery. “What is it now if it’s not a lake, and how did it get to be what it is?”

“And what became of the water-wolves?” said Toby. “Did they get turned into something when the lake got turned into something else?”

“Ossawippi sat quiet for a few minutes, going on very busily stringing his snowshoes, as he always did when little pale-faces wanted to hurry him.

Rennie knew it was no use bothering, so he squatted on the litter of shavings that covered the ground, and sat as still as he could, and Toby squatted and sat waiting with him till the Chief condescended to open his lips. And this is the story that Ossawippi told:—

The water-wolves were the worst people that ever walked on four legs, or yet on two. There was a giant once that was as bad, but he couldn’t do such mischief as the water-wolves because they could run faster and there were more of them. The Indians that lived near Nakwak Lake had to build a high wall all round their town to keep the wolves out. They couldn’t grow any corn, because the water-wolves came up out of the lake at night and galloped over the corn, to and fro, till they trampled it all down—not because they wanted the corn, for they never ate anything except what they could kill. They just trampled it down because they loved to tear things to pieces; because they hated men and wanted to do anything



they could to spite them. If the Indians wanted to go hunting, they had to go all together, for if the water-wolves caught one man by himself they would pull him down and tear him to pieces and eat him up till there was not one single scrap of his bones left. The Indians couldn't go fishing in the lake, because the water-wolves would lie in wait just under the water, and spring out and catch them and drag them down and drown them. Besides, it was no use trying to catch fish in that lake, because there were no fish to catch; the water-wolves had eaten them up every one.

One night two strange Indians came to the town. They went all round the wall trying to get in, but there was only one gate and it was shut tight, so they called out,—

“Open the gate and let us in!”

The Indians heard them calling, but they were afraid to open the gate for fear the strangers were water-wolves in disguise. They ran and told the Chief, and the Chief came down to the gate, and said,—

“Who are you, and where do you come from?”

“We come from over the hills in the east,” said one of the strangers, whose name was Sky Blue.

“We have come in search of adventures,” said his brother, whose name was White Cloud.

“You have come to the right place if you want adventures,” said the Chief, “only we don't know what kind of people live over the hills in the east, so we don't

know whether you are good or bad. But if you wait a few minutes we can soon find out."

So he went back to his lodge, and got a bowl of water, and shut the door tight so that it was quite dark, and looked into the bowl, and blew upon the water, and the ripples that his breath made took the shape of two faces. They were good faces; so he went out of his lodge, and told his people to open the gates of the town. Then the two strange Indians walked in, and the Chief took them into his own lodge, and they sat up all night telling stories and passing the peace-pipe round. At last they all lay down together on the blankets and went to sleep. When the sun was high next day the Chief woke, and saw Sky Blue and his brother getting ready their fishing lines.

"Where are you going to fish?" said the Chief.

"In the lake, of course," said White Cloud.

"You would fish all day and all night, and never catch anything," said the Chief, "because there is nothing to catch."

"I never saw a lake that had no fish in it," said White Cloud, "where have all the fish gone to?"

"There is no room for water-wolves and fish in the same lake," said the Chief.

"Water-wolves!" said White Cloud. "What sort of animals are they?"

"They are the worst things that ever ran on four legs, or yet on two," said the Chief.

"This is just what we wanted!" shouted White Cloud and Sky Blue. "We have had all sorts of

adventures, and we have killed some pretty wild beasts and some very bad giants, but we haven't found the worst things yet."

"You must be brave men," said the Chief, "if you think of hunting the water-wolves; but we are brave ourselves, and we will go with you and help you."

"O no," said White Cloud, "that's not the sort of adventure we want, going with a crowd to hunt, no matter how dreadful the water-wolves are. We must do it all ourselves or else we shan't do it at all."

"If you must, you must," said the Chief; "but if you go by yourselves you won't come back."

"We shall see about that," said White Cloud. "You let us build a lodge in your town, and we will see if we can't hunt the water-wolves till there is not one left, and then you can live in peace."

"Here is a place right in the middle of the town," said the Chief, "where you can build your lodge; and if you kill the water-wolves, you shall be the chiefs and I will be your head-man till I die."

So the two brothers built a little lodge of birch bark in the middle of the town. It was White Cloud that put up the poles and covered them with birch bark, and it was Sky Blue that daubed the cracks with pitch and then painted the lodge all over with big brown wolves racing round and round the walls and climbing over the roof. When the lodge was finished the whole tribe gathered together in the middle of the town and had a grand war dance, singing "Death to the water-wolves!

Death to the water-wolves! Honour to the braves that kill the terror of the lake!"

The two brothers were sitting in the middle of the dance all the time, and when it was over they asked the Chief to bring two straws so that they could draw lots.

"What are you going to draw lots for?" said the Chief.

"To see which of us shall go and hunt the water-wolves," said White Cloud.

"You must be brave men indeed, and foolish ones too," said the Chief, "if one of you will hunt the water-wolves without the other."

But they laughed at his fears, and he brought them two straws.

Each of them drew a straw, and it was White Cloud that drew the short one. Then White Cloud leaped into the air and shouted for joy, and sang the death song of the water-wolves all by himself.

"Good-bye, brother," he said; "stay here and work your magical spells to help me."

"That I will," said Sky Blue, "and I will not sleep till you come back. But don't forget to take this charm with you in case my magic is not strong enough."

So White Cloud put the charm in his pouch and tucked the pouch inside his blanket. It was a wonderfully strong charm, because it was made of the scalplocks of all the wicked giants that they had killed, plaited together.

All the people went with White Cloud to the gate, singing songs of victory to cheer him up; but he didn't really want any cheering up, and he went out of the town alone singing for joy because of the great adventure before him.

He walked along and along, many miles along the lake-side, until he came to a great hill, and then he sat down on a rock and called to the water-wolves to come and fight. When they heard him they put their noses up out of the water to see who was calling; but when they saw him stringing an arrow to his bow and smelt the strong magic of the charm in his pouch, they dived down again, and not one of them would come and fight, for all their shouting.

"Very well," said White Cloud, "if you won't come on shore and fight I shall wait here and see that you don't come on shore at all."

Now when the water-wolves saw that he didn't go away, they had a great council of war; and they talked very big and brave, but they didn't seem to want to do anything more than talk. At last the father of all the water-wolves, who slept in the deepest hole at the bottom of the lake, woke up and asked what the noise was all about. When they told him, he put his nose up above the water, but as soon as he smelt the strong magic of White Cloud's pouch he came down again and said,—“It's no use trying to kill a mighty hunter like that with our teeth and claws, any more than he can kill us with his bow and arrows; he has come to fight us with magic, and we must fight him with magic too.”

So he went down to the deep hole and dug and dug in the bottom of it till he came to the cave where the Spirit of the Lake himself lived.

Now the Spirit of the Lake was a great enchanter, but he was lazy. He was very angry when the father of the water-wolves woke him up. "Didn't I tell you," he said, "when you asked leave to live in the lake, that you could stay here as long as you let me sleep and ate the fishes that kept waking me up?"

"Yes," said the father of the water-wolves, "but we only woke you up to save you. There is a terrible magician coming to hunt you, and he has sworn to fight you if he has to dry up the whole lake to do it; but we are your friends and we are willing to help you,—only you must help us too, because he will be angry with us and we shall all die together."

"What shall I do, then?" said the Spirit of the Lake, rubbing his eyes, for he was half asleep still.

"Freeze up the water all along the edge," said the water-wolf, "or make it look as if it was frozen, and then trust me to do the rest."

So the Spirit of the Lake breathed a cold blast up through the water, and the water along the shore grew still and smooth like ice.

"Winter is coming early," said White Cloud to himself.

Just then he noticed a great wolf scampering over the ice. White Cloud strung an arrow in his bow and let fly, but the wolf had gone too far, so White Cloud went out on the ice after him.

The wolf galloped out over the ice towards the middle of the lake, turning his ugly head and looking over his shoulder every now and then to make sure the hunter was following.

“The ice must be thin out there,” said White Cloud to himself, “but if it will carry a wolf as big as that it will carry me.” So on he ran, treading as lightly as he could, but just as he got within bow-shot of the wolf and stopped to pull the bow-string the ice disappeared, and down he went to the bottom of the water. The wolf howled for joy and plunged down after him.

When White Cloud sank to the bottom the water-wolves came flying round him, but before they could get near enough to bite him the magic in his pouch stung their noses just like fire, and they jumped back again pretty quick; not one of them dared to touch him. So the father of the wolves ran away and fetched the Spirit of the Lake again. “We have caught him,” he said, “we have caught him, but we cannot touch him because of his magic.”

The Spirit of the Lake was angrier than ever at being woke up, and he said, “What can I do?”

“Come with your magic and kill him,” said the water-wolf.

“My magic is not strong enough,” said the Spirit of the Lake.

“Then come and bind him down to a rock so that he cannot get away,” said the water-wolf.

Then the Spirit of the Lake took off his belt made of woven weeds, and came and tied White Cloud's hands

and his feet together with it, and tied him down to a great rock at the bottom of the lake.

Now Sky Blue was very anxious when night came without his brother. But he did not mourn; he got a bowl of water and took it into the darkness of his lodge and looked into it. He saw nothing. He looked, and he looked, and the water grew dim and thick as if it was frozen, but that was all he could see.

“What does it mean?” he said. “I shall soon find out.”

So he took one of White Cloud’s old arrows that he had left behind and held it upright with its feathers down in the bowl of water, and said, “If your master is alive, grow!”

The point of the arrow split in the middle, and out of the crack grew two green leaves.

Sky Blue waited patiently till morning, and then as soon as the gates were opened he said good-bye to the Chief and followed his brother’s footsteps along the shore until they stopped. Then he took the arrow that had sprouted into two green leaves and shot it straight up into the sky. He shot it straight up, but it turned in the air and flew out over the water till it was so small he couldn’t see it at all.

“Oh!” said Sky Blue to himself, “my brother has gone down into the lake, and perhaps the water-wolves have taken him prisoner; but he is not dead and I must think how I can rescue him.” So he sat down on the rock to think.

Presently he took another of his brother’s arrows,



and stuck it into the shore so that it slanted out over the edge of the water. "Now grow!" he said to the arrow. And the arrow grew into a great tall pine tree, taller than you ever saw in the forest, and it grew slanting out over the lake as if it had been blown down by the wind.

Then Sky Blue whistled a beautiful song; and the King-Fisher came flying down from the hill, and when he saw the pine tree bending over the lake he flew and perched on the very end of it and peered down into the water, tilting his head first on one side and then on the other, to see if there were any fish he could catch.

"There are no fish here," said the King-Fisher at last. "What did you call me for, Sky Blue?"

"Look again into the lake," said Sky Blue, "and tell me what you see."

"I cannot see anything," said the King-Fisher.

"Keep on looking till you do see something, and let me know what it is," said Sky Blue.

But the King-Fisher could see nothing, and got angry, and he was just going to fly back to the hill.

"Look closer," said Sky Blue; "and if you tell me what you see I will paint your feathers such beautiful colours that the very humming-birds will be ashamed of themselves beside you."

Now you know the King-Fisher in those days was a very dowdy, dull brown bird, and would have given anything to be as beautiful as the humming bird; so he

dived into the lake, further than he had ever dived before, and when he came up out of the cold water and sat shivering and shaking at the end of the pine tree Sky Blue called out to him,—“Have you seen anything?”

“I saw something,” the King-Fisher said, “but I could not make out what it was.”

“Dive again,” said Sky Blue. “Dive deeper, and I will paint you with all the colours of the rainbow.”

The King-Fisher shivered again, but he drew a long long breath and dived so deep that before he came up again he was nearly drowned; and he sat shivering and shaking on the end of the pine tree and gasping for breath.

“What did you see? What did you see?” said Sky Blue.

And when the King-Fisher had got his breath he said,—“I saw a man sitting tied to a rock at the bottom of the lake, and a crowd of wolves snapping and snarling all round him.”

“Dive again,” said Sky Blue. “Dive right down till you see the father of all the water-wolves, and stab him on the head with that long sharp beak of yours.”

“I cannot,” said the King-Fisher.

“Then I cannot paint you,” said Sky Blue, “and a dowdy brown bird you will be for the rest of your days.”

“I will go, I will go,” said the King-Fisher, “only you must paint me first.”

So Sky Blue painted him all the colours of the rainbow, and the King-Fisher drew a long long breath and dived far down into the lake and stabbed the father of all the water-wolves three times on the head. The father of all the water-wolves leapt up and shot through the water to catch the bird, and all the water-wolves shot through the water after him.

When Sky Blue saw them coming up to the top of the water he turned himself into a tree-stump by the edge of the lake, thinking "They will never notice me here." But when the King-Fisher came



"So Sky Blue painted him."

up, panting for breath, he flew straight to where Sky Blue had stood, crying, "Save me from the water-wolves! Save me from the water-wolves!" And when he found nothing but a tree-stump he perched upon it to rest. The wolves came howling and splashing through the shallow water after him, and the King-Fisher had only just time to fly away up the hill or they would have caught him.

When the father of all the water-wolves came to the

tree-stump he said,—“There was no stump here last night; there must be magic in it.”

So all the water-wolves sprang at the tree-stump and scratched it with their claws and gnawed it with their teeth and tried to drag it up by the roots.

Sky Blue could hardly keep from screaming with pain, but he kept still and quiet, though the teeth and claws hurt dreadfully.

“It’s all right,” the father of all the water-wolves said at last. “It must be a real tree-stump after all, though we never noticed it before.”

So they went on racing up the hill after the King-Fisher; and the King-Fisher flew away from rock to rock and from tree to tree, flashing like green lightning in the sun, till he led the water-wolves right over the hill and out of sight.

Then Sky Blue took his own shape again, and began to croak like a frog. A brown old toad came hopping down to the shore to see who it was that sang so beautifully.

“Lend me your skin, old toad,” said Sky Blue; “lend me your skin for just a few minutes, and I will give it you back again.”

“O no!” said the toad. “It is the only skin I have, and if I take it off the sun will shrivel me all up.”

“If you lend me your skin,” said Sky Blue, “I will give you a new one, a beautiful bright green skin, as green as grass and all covered with red spots, so that all the frogs and the toads will envy you.”

So the toad gave up his skin, and Sky Blue gave him a new one, as beautiful as the prairie dotted with red flowers, and crept inside the old brown skin and dived down to the bottom of the lake. He soon found his brother tied to the rock. Sky Blue bit the weed ropes in two, and then fled up with his brother to the shore. But before they could get away home to the Indian town the water-wolves came rushing back down the hillside,—for they dared not stay long out of water or the air would drown them.

When they saw Sky Blue and White Cloud running along the shore, the water-wolves plunged into the water and screamed out to the Spirit of the Lake,—“The hunter has got loose again! The conjuror has stolen him! Catch the conjuror! Hunt the hunter! Hurry! hurry! hurry and drown them!”

The Spirit of the Lake woke up angrier than ever,—he was just swelling with rage and anger,—and the lake swelled up and rushed over the land to catch the brothers. When they saw they couldn't get to the town they turned and ran up through the woods to the very top of the hill; and the water rose and rose till it covered the top of the hill, and the two brothers had to climb to the top of the highest tree. And still the lake rose, till it covered everything but the top of the tree where the brothers were clinging; and the water was foaming and the wolves were snapping and snarling all around them.

“Higher! higher!” screamed the wolves.

“I cannot,” moaned the Spirit of the Lake. “Their

magic is so strong I cannot touch them. Go out now and catch them yourselves."

"We cannot," cried the wolves. "Their magic is so strong, they have bewitched the tree, and when we touch it our paws are burnt and our teeth ache dreadfully."

"At any rate, we can keep them prisoners till they starve," said the Spirit of the Lake.

So the water roared and the wolves snapped and snarled till darkness fell.

Then Sky Blue whistled loud and long for the King-Fisher, and the King-Fisher came flying through the air with all his tribe, like a scurrying cloud.

"Fly at them!" said Sky Blue. "Fly at those wretched water-wolves and stab them with your long sharp beaks, and I will paint every one of you with all the colours of the rainbow, so that you will be the most beautiful birds in the air."

And the King-Fisher and his tribe flew at the wolves, and stabbed them and speared them till the wolves fled howling out into the lake.

Then Sky Blue sang the croaking song; and the beautiful toad came swimming up with all his tribe.

"Fetch me some earth," said Sky Blue. "Fetch me some good brown earth from the roots of the tree, and I will paint you all as beautiful as the green prairie spotted with red flowers."

So the toad and his tribe dived down to the roots of the tree and came up again each with a little ball of mud between his fore paws.

Sky Blue took all the mud in his hands, and squeezed it and rolled it together till it was dry, and then took the scalp-locks of the giants out of his pouch and mixed up the mud and the giants' hair, and threw the whole lump as far as he could, out into the lake.

As soon as it touched the water the lump turned into a little island, with thorny bushes growing on it; and the island grew and grew, wider and wider, and up into the air and down into the water till it took root at the bottom of the lake. And still it grew, wider and wider, till the lake was only a big ring of water all round it. And still it grew and grew, till the water was so shallow that it wasn't deep enough to hide the wolves' backs. And still the island grew, till all the water was dried up and the whole lake itself was turned into dry land, with thorny bushes growing all over it.

The water-wolves fled howling to and fro on the dry land, and the thorns caught them and tore their fur, and the king-fishers pecked their noses, and the toads bit their feet, and at last the water-wolves fell down and died among the thorny bushes because the air had drowned them. And since that time the people who know everything say there has not been a water-wolf seen in all the world.

The two brothers marched back to the Indian town, and all the people came out to meet them and sang a song of joy,—the death song of the water-wolves,—and gave the brothers a great feast.

When the feast was over the Chief said to Sky Blue and White Cloud,—“Now stay with us and be our chiefs, and I will be your head-man, and we will all do what you tell us.”

But the two brothers said,—“No, because there may be more adventures for us.”

When they had slept two days and two nights, and were well rested, they left their painted lodge and said good-bye to the Indians and set out on their travels once more; and where they got to, or what adventures they had after that, nobody that I ever met could tell.



## Lightning Gold.

THE night was very hot and still and close, as if something was going to happen. Rennie's father and mother came out of the house and sat on the verandah, it was so hot. The wild vine that covered the verandah was fast asleep, it was so hot, and not a leaf stirred.

Ossawippi generally went by without stopping, but this time he stopped, because he felt all over as if something was going to happen, and he wanted company. He sat down on the step, and waited for somebody to speak.

"Is there a storm coming, Ossawippi?" said the white man.

"Yes," said the Chief, "a storm is coming."

A little boy who was supposed to be in bed leant out of a window in the roof and called out,—“Is that you, Ossawippi?”

"Yes," said his mother, "Ossawippi's here; but why aren't you asleep?"

"It's so hot," said Rennie; "and it feels like something's going to happen, and—and I don't want to stay up here all alone. Can I come down?"

"Yes," said his father, "you can come."

So two little white feet came patting down the stair, and Rennie rushed out and climbed on to his father's knee and curled up close to be out of the way of anything that was going to happen.

The grown-ups sat very quiet, as if they had to listen for what was coming. At last Rennie couldn't bear it any longer, and he whispered,—

“Do get Ossawippi to tell a story!”

“There's a storm coming,” said Ossawippi.

“But it hasn't come yet,” said Rennie. “Do tell me one!”

“There's only one story for storm-coming time that I know,” said Ossawippi, “and I've told it you already, Little Sunrise.”

“I heard a wonderful story about a storm-coming time,” said Rennie's father, “when I was up the Ottawa.”

“Do tell it!” said Rennie. “You want him to, don't you, Ossawippi?”

“I don't know how Ossawippi would like it,” said the white man. “It's a curious sort of story, half Indian and half white.”

“An Indian story is good,” said the Chief, “and a white story is good; but who can tell what a half-Indian half-white story is till he has heard it?”

The white man laughed. “You are wise, Chief: you never prophesy unless you know. Well, I'll tell Rennie the story, anyhow.”

And he said:—

When the story begins, the maize was nearly ripe.

There was not much of it, for this was Rob Cameron's first year in Canada, and he had only had time to put up a rough log hut and plant about an acre of wild meadow between the woods and the river. In the winter he meant to sharpen his axe and enlarge the farm by clearing off a bit of the forest behind. Just now the sun was doing all the farm work, and throwing so much heat into the task that the farmer was glad to sit still on his doorstep and do nothing. There he sat, with his back propped up against the doorpost, his broad-brimmed hat well down over his nose, and a gun across his knees—for the maize was quite ripe enough for a brown bear's taste—and he was just dropping into a comfortable doze, when a silent something came between him and the sun, and the coolness of his hands awoke him with a start. "Bang" went the gun, for he had kept a finger on the trigger, but as the muzzle was pointing to the side of the house nobody was hurt. The shadow did not move, and Robin, shaking his eyes clear, found that it belonged to a tall and bony Indian. He was dressed in the cast-off clothes of some French-Canadian farmer, and so far as features went he might have been an *habitant* himself; but his skin was three or four shades browner.

"I am hungry; will you give me anything to eat?" said the Indian, in very good English with a French accent.

"All right, old fellow," said Robin, without getting up, "step in and help yourself," and he pointed to a pot half full of cold porridge on the iron stove. The

Indian gave a grunt, which might mean either "Thanks" or "Is that all?" and the porridge-pot was scraped clean in two minutes. Then he came out, squatted in the sun, pulled out a home-made pipe, and asked for tobacco. Rob, still comfortably fixed on the doorstep, filled his own pipe and threw the pouch into the red man's lap. When the pipes were smoked out the Indian said,—“Let me sleep here this night?”

“I don't mind,” said Robin, “but there's only the floor to sleep on.”

“Plenty hard work and little money,” observed the Indian, with a nod at the maize-patch and another nod at the hut.

“That's true,” said Robin.

“You like plenty of money and no hard work?”

“Rather!” said Robin.

“If I tell you how to get it, you give me half?”

“Oh, yes,” said Robin, laughing, “*if!*”

“Listen,” said the red man, not laughing at all, but in solemn earnest. “This is my country, the country of the great Indian magic, the country of the Hurons. You see that little hill across the river? There is nothing there, only trees and rocks, and a cranberry swamp down below; but the Huron town was there, long ago. And the Great Spirit loved the Hurons, and one time when the Lightning struck the town and burnt it up he was angry, and told the Lightning to go to the Iroquois country and leave the Hurons at peace. The Lightning said he couldn't help it, he did it without thinking. Then the Great Spirit said that the Lightning

should never strike the Huron country without leaving a man's weight in gold where it struck. The Lightning promised; and in the old summers before the white men came the Hurons used to find long bands of gold twined round blasted trees, or veins of gold filling big cracks in the rocks, after every thunderstorm. The Hurons used to beat it out and twine it round their necks and arms, and the very walls of their houses were yellow with gold. But when the white men came, all hungry for gold, the Indians sold it to them for fire-water; and since then the Great Spirit has made the earth spirits carry off the lightning gold before it cools, and scatter it through the earth so that men shall have to work hard before they find it."

"That's a likely tale," said Rob; "and supposing it was true?"

"You like sitting still and getting money without working. That's the way to catch the gold, sitting still and waiting long enough when the thunder's crackling, for the chance of the lightning to strike before your eyes. Then up and catch the gold before the earth spirits can get it. But I never knew any white man that could sit still long enough."

"How long did you ever try it yourself?"

"As long as the storm lasted; and every storm this summer; but the lightning never struck near enough, and when I got to the place there was nothing but a burnt black mark where the gold had been."

Robin laughed again. "Well," he said, "you are

welcome to all the gold you can get by sitting out in a storm."

"You are white, but foolish," replied the Indian, very seriously. "There's another storm coming now," he added, glancing at the sky. Then he rose, slipped past the end of the corn patch, and crossed the river, leaping from rock to rock.

Robin lazily filled another pipe, smoked it out, and was falling into another doze when he started wide awake in an instant. Whether he heard it or only felt it he could not have said; but he was certainly aware of a distant rumbling away off in the south, and he knew there was no railway within fifty miles. "It's thunder, for sure," he said to himself. "There might be something in the man's yarn, after all. I daresay some time or other the lightning split up a rock where there was gold, and the Indians came round afterwards and found it. Suppose there *should* be gold round here, eh?"

The very idea put life into his limbs. He struggled to his feet, stretched himself, and made for the river. It was hard work jumping from rock to rock, and the water went with a steady rush that unsteadied his nerves; but he got across at last, and ploughed through the cranberry swamp, and plunged into the forest that covered the hill. The live trees stood so close together that their tangled branches shut out the sky, and the dead trees lay soft and rotten on the ground so thick that there was scarcely any ground to be seen, and not a trace of a path. Robin was tired out when he got to

the top of the hill—the round, flat hill-top, where the soil was rocky and the trees stood far apart and had room to grow stout and strong as well as tall. There were two that had grown stouter and taller than all the rest. One was on the north edge of the hill-top, close to where Rob stood panting. The other was on the south edge, a hundred yards away—and there, too, stood the Indian, looking out over a sea of tree-tops to watch the fleet of storm-clouds sailing up from the south. Everything was still as death. Robin stepped a little to one side, so as to be hidden by the big tree near him if the Indian turned round.

The pine-needles began to quiver, with a ghostly sound, as they felt the first breath of the storm-wind; and then the pine-tops began to wave uneasily from side to side in a helpless way, as if the trees were afraid of something and couldn't tell what; and the hulking clouds sailed on through the darkening sky, and the distant flash and rumble of their guns grew near and bright and loud; and the wind that filled their bellying sails rushed down upon the hill and tried to blow it over and tear it into dust. The old hill paid no heed; but panic seized the trees, and they flung their arms about, and wept a hail of cones and dry dead twigs, and strained and tugged at their roots, and wished their roots were legs to carry them away into hiding.

Then the storm-wind blew his whistle, and at that shrieking signal all the guns of the cloud-fleet blazed out at once, with a roar as if the globe had burst; and the old hill shuddered in its sleep.

Robin wished he was somewhere else; he was half blinded by the blaze and half deafened by the roar; but as he had come out on purpose to meet the storm he made up his mind to sit it through.

Before he could have turned to run, if he had wanted to, a spear of blinding fire split through the clouds and whizzed down on Robin's big tree. It seemed to pause an instant among the topmost boughs, and then wound itself with magic speed round and round the trunk till its head was buried in the earth—no longer a spear, but a yellow, curving streak of liquid gold, about a hand's breadth wide, clinging close, like golden ivy, in a groove it had burnt in the bark.

There was another crash when the lightning fell, and the rain came down as if the bottom had fallen out of the sky; but Robin scarcely seemed to hear or feel. He was all eyes, staring greedily at the yellow band around the tree, and wondering if he really saw it or if it was only the image of the lightning that would take a minute or two to fade out of his sight. Then he sprang forward, shouting,—

“It's the gold!”

He sprang forward and touched it; then cried out and wrung his hand, for the gold was blazing hot.

Then, for the first time, he looked round—and turned white with fear. At the last great thunderclap the earth had shivered till it cracked in a hundred places, all over the top of the hill. Out of every crack a little curly whiff of whitey vapour rose, not beaten down by the rain like mere smoke, but rising and spreading



smoothly and calmly, and moulding itself into the shape and size of a man—a man in shape and size, but thin and grey as a half-formed morning mist.

The storm-wind fled shrieking away to the north; and the cloud-fleet scurried away with him, grumbling and muttering; and the rain swept over the swamp, and raked up the surface of the river, and beat down the corn-patch, and rattled on the log-house like a kettledrum, and was gone in a minute. But Robin noticed nothing except a hundred ghostly shapes closing in upon him in a ring, gliding along as if blown by a gentle breeze, and stretching out their shadowy arms to seize him. At least that was what he supposed they meant, for he could think of nothing but his own safety. For a moment he stood as if turned to stone; then, with a yell of fright, he made a dash to break through the ring of shadows. They neither broke nor flinched, and he felt himself flung back as if he had hurled himself against a wall of solid indiarubber. As he stood at bay, with his back to the tree, he was relieved to see that the advancing ring of spirits had paused as if perplexed. It was only for a few seconds—here they came again with their long shadowy fingers stretched out to grasp their prey; but, just as Robin was turning faint with despair, he heard a cheering shout from outside the ring,—

“Do it again! Do it again! Stop them again! Keep them off till the gold cools!”

It was the Indian, who had come dashing through the wood at the sound of Robin's yell.

Robin pulled himself together, put up his shoulder, and dashed his whole weight against the advancing shades. Again he was flung back; again there was a hesitating halt—though neither doubt nor feeling of any sort was visible on the expressionless shadowy faces—and again the figures began their steady advance.

“Keep it up! keep it up!” shouted the red man, dancing with excitement outside the ring.

Robin kept it up for a few minutes longer; but every blow he gave was weaker than the last, and every time there was less room to get a good start in, till the outstretched shadow hands were within a foot of the tree. Then Robin crouched down in a hollow among the roots, and wondered if he was going to be crushed or trampled to death. The shadow fingers touched the gold and began to pick at it; but by this time it was hard and cold, and they could not even make a scratch on its shining surface. Without a sign of anger or disappointment, but evidently aware that their power was gone, the earth spirits drew back, and dwindled and melted into little wreaths of mist, and curled away down into the cracks they had come from.

Robin scrambled to his feet, muddy and wet and tired, but joyful, and stretched out his hand to the Indian, saying, “Shake!” And the Indian shook it, and they danced like wild boys round the tree with its golden girdling.

“Now come home and have supper,” said Robin; “and in the morning we’ll bring tools and strip off

the old tree's bracelets, and be rich. Why, we're as rich as kings!"

"Better not wait till morning," said the Indian; "the air is thundery still: the lightning might come back."

"You don't mean to say——" began Robin. "Well, we've got to fetch the tools, anyhow."

So they went down through the wood and across the river. The corn crop was lying beaten down upon the ground, a mass of green leaves and mud.

"Hullo!" said Robin; "that's bad—but never mind, the storm has left more than the price of a patch of corn to pay for it."

Then they snatched up a pick-axe and crowbar and a few ends of rope, and hurried up the hill again. They were very much relieved and rather surprised to find the gold just as the lightning had left it, a thick solid band twining round and round the trunk, like a snake, with its head lost among the roots and its tail hidden among the topmost branches.

Setting to work with pick-axe and crowbar, the two men soon wrenched loose the lower end of the golden band. Then they both took hold, and found they had only to walk round and round the tree, pulling pretty hard, to unwind the golden snake like a coil of rope; and even its tail, entwined among the branches, came slipping down when they pulled with all their might.

There it lay at last, a long, twisted, tapering yellow fortune on the ground at their feet; and they bent over

and felt it and fondled it, too amazed and delighted even to think of the grand rich lives they would live when it was broken up and melted down and turned into sovereigns."

"The sun is low," said the Indian at last. "Let us get it away."

So they dragged the precious thing through the wood and across the swamp, and hauled it through the river by the ropes; and when the metal rang on the rocks Robin said it sounded as fine as the bagpipes. They dragged and squeezed it into the log house; and there it lay, coiled up like a great spiral spring, the big end pressing against one end of the house and the little end against the other. They sat long after supper talking of the gay times they would have, and then they lay down and dreamed luxurious dreams,—till suddenly a frightful crash sent them leaping to their feet. The house was in a blaze, and the great gold coil was twisting and squirming about the floor like a mad live thing, and it scorched their clothes and burned their feet as they fled past it and out of the door—out into the swishing rain and the screeching wind. The rain and the wind passed by, and the lightning, well content with the night's revenge, lit up the clouds in their flight with harmless gleaming smiles. But the fire raged on, and the springy gold grew limp and soft, and ceased to dance, and sank in a molten yellow puddle on the floor.

"Look!" said Rob Cameron. "The very earth is on fire."



“The great gold coil was twisting and squirming like a mad live thing.”



Sure enough, little wreaths of whitish smoke were rising from a hundred little cracks in the ground between the two dejected men and the burning house. But the Indian whispered, "That's not smoke—those are the earth spirits."

"They've come for the gold!" shouted Robin, and he would have dashed into the middle of them if the other had not held him back.

"It's no use now," said the Indian; "it's too late now."

The mist-wreaths took the shape of men, though not the size this time; and floated into the burning house as if sucked in by a gentle draught. Thin and misty as they were, it was quite easy to make out their little whitish figures in the midst of the darker smoke. Neither pausing nor hurrying, the dwarfish ghosts lay down on the floor and bathed in the pool of liquid gold, rolling slowly from side to side; then softly rose and glided out, spangled all over with tiny round droplets like golden dew—glided out into the air, and sank away into the earth. Not a drop of that golden pool was left.

At the first glimmer of day Rob Cameron left the ruins of his home, and set off on a gloomy hungry ten-mile tramp down the river to the nearest settlement; and there he hired himself out and worked hard all winter to save money for a fresh start in the spring. As for the Indian, he made a cold meal off unripe ears of maize and went back to the hill-top with the pick-axe and crow-bar, saying, "Next time

I catch the lightning gold I won't rest till I get it out of the Huron country and down to the white men's town, where there's no magic." And perhaps he is waiting on the hill-top still.

Before the story was done, little puffs of wind were waking up the vine on the verandah, and the stars had all shut their eyes tight and the sky was black as black could be; and the storm came roaring up out of the south. The white folk got up in a hurry and Ossawippi went in with them, and they shut the door and sat and listened to the crashing of the thunder and the swishing of the rain; and the window was a picture of sharp black vine-leaves on a square of fiery quivering sky. But the storm hurried away to the north, and Rennie fell asleep on his father's knee; and the dripping vine was fast asleep too when Ossawippi opened the door and went home.



## The Joker.

THE snowshoe-makers were all very busy at their whittling and stringing when a small boy came tip-toeing down to the river bank. When he got close behind Ossawippi he gave a great shout and sprang on to the Chief's shoulders.

"Get off at once," said the Chief, not loud, but so that Rennie could tell he was angry, plain enough.

"Come round here and sit down in front of me."

The small boy came round and sat down on the ground, looking very scared. He was glad the other children had stayed at home that morning.

"I am going to teach you a lesson," said Ossawippi.

Rennie got ready for a good scolding; and he looked so miserable that Ossawippi couldn't stay angry.

"You might have made me cut my finger," said Ossawippi. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes," said Rennie, "I'm very sorry, Ossawippi."

"Are you sure it's very?" said the Chief.

"Yes," said the small boy, "it's really very, and I won't do it again. Please don't teach me a lesson, Ossawippi."

The Chief thought a minute, trying to think of a

way out. Then he said, "I told you I would, and I've got to. It's something like a story, but you mustn't call it one, because it's a lesson."

And this is the lesson that Ossawippi taught:—

It's about Lox. He called himself the joker, and he was very proud of his jokes; but nobody else could see anything in them to laugh at.

One day he came to a wigwam where two old Indians were taking a nap beside the fire. He picked out a burning stick, held it against their bare feet, and then ran out and hid behind the tent. The old men sprang up, and one of them shouted to the other,—

"How dare you burn my feet?"

"How dare *you* burn *my* feet?" roared the other, and sprang at his throat.

When he heard them fighting Lox laughed out loud, and the old men ran out to catch the man who had tricked them. When they got round the tent they found nothing but a dead 'coon. They took off its skin, and put its body into the pot of soup that was boiling for dinner. As soon as they had sat down, out jumped Lox, kicking over the pot and putting out the fire with the soup. He jumped right into the 'coon's skin and scurried away into the wood.

In the middle of the forest Lox came upon a camp where a party of women were sitting round a fire making pouches.

"Dear me," said Lox, looking very kind. (He had put on his own skin by this time.) "That's very slow

work! Now, when I want to make a pouch I do it in two minutes, without sewing a stitch."

"I should like to see you do it!" said one of the women.

"Very well," said he. So he took a piece of skin, and a needle and twine, and a handful of beads, and stuffed them in among the burning sticks. In two minutes he stooped down again and pulled a handsome pouch out of the fire.

"Wonderful!" said the women; and they all stuffed their pieces of buckskin and handfuls of beads into the fire.

"Be sure you pull the bags out in two minutes," said Lox. "I will go and hunt for some more buckskin."

In two minutes the women raked out the fire, and found nothing but scraps of scorched leather and half-melted glass. Then they were very angry, and ran after the joker; but he had turned himself into a 'coon again and hidden in a hollow tree. When they had all gone back to their ruined work he came down and went on his mischievous way.

When he came out of the wood he saw a village by the side of a river. Outside one of the wigwams a woman was nursing a baby, and scolding it because it cried.

"What a lot of trouble children are," said Lox. "What a pity that people don't make men of them at once, instead of letting them take years to grow up."

The woman stared. "How can a baby be turned into a man?" she asked.

“Oh, it’s easy enough,” said he. So she lent him her baby, and he took it down to the river and held it under the water for a few minutes, saying magical words all the time; and then a full-grown Indian jumped out of the water, with a feather head-dress, and beaded blankets, and a bow and quiver slung over his back.

“Wonderful! Wonderful!” said his mother, and she hurried back to the village to tell her friends the secret. The last thing Lox saw as he hurried away into the wood was a score of mothers drowning their children.

On the path in front of him Lox spied a couple of maidens, and they were trying to reach the fruit that grew on a wild plum-tree. The joker stepped on one side and broke a twig off another plum-tree and stuck it in his hair. The twig sprouted fast, and grew into a little plum-tree with big plums hanging from its twigs. He went along the path, picking and eating the plums as he walked, till he came up with the girls.

“Wonderful!” said they. “Do you think we could get plums like that?”

“Easily,” said he, and he broke off two little twigs. “Stick these in your hair, and you will have head-dresses like mine.”

As soon as the twigs were stuck in their hair the little plum-trees began to grow, and the maidens danced with joy, and picked the juicy plums and ate them. But the trees went on growing, and the roots twisted in among the maidens’ hair and clutched their heads like iron fingers. The girls sat down, for they couldn’t carry

all that weight standing. And still the trees grew, till the girls lay down on the ground and screamed for someone to come and rescue them. Presently their father came along, and he pulled his axe out of his belt and chopped off the trees, and tugged at the roots till they came off—but all the maidens' hair came off too. By this time Lox took care to be scampering away through the wood in the shape of a 'coon.

When he came near the next village Lox put on a terrified face and began to run; and he rushed into the middle of the village, shouting, "The plague is coming! The plague is coming!"

All the people flocked out of their wigwams, crying, "Where is it coming from? Which way shall we fly?"

"Stay where you are and make your minds easy," said Lox. "I have a charm that will keep off all the plagues under the sun. As soon as I have spoken the words, every man must kiss the girl nearest him." Then he stretched up his hands towards the sun and said some gibberish; and when he stopped and let his arms fall, each man made a rush and kissed the girl who happened to be nearest.

But there were not quite as many girls as there were men, and one old bachelor was so slow and clumsy that every girl had been kissed before he could catch one.

"Never mind," said Lox cheerfully. "You go to the next village and try again."

So the old bachelor set out, plod, plod, plodding through the woods. But Lox turned himself into a 'coon again, and scampered from tree to tree, and got

first to the village. When he told the people the plague was coming, and they asked how they could



“The maidens all set upon the stranger and beat him.”

avoid it, he said,—“When I have spoken my charm, all the girls must set upon any stranger that comes to the village, and beat him.” Then he flung his arms up and began talking his gibberish. Presently the old bachelor came up, hot and panting, and stood close to the handsomest girl he could see, all ready to kiss her as soon as the charm ended. But as soon as Lox

finished, the maidens all set upon the stranger, and beat him till he ran away into the woods.

Then the people made a great feast for Lox; and when he had eaten his fill of deer meat and honey, he marched off to play his tricks somewhere else. He had not gone very far when he came to the Kulloo's nest. Now the Kulloo was the biggest of the birds, and when he spread his wings he made night come at noonday; and he built his nest of the biggest pine-trees he could find, instead of straws. The Kulloo was away, but his wife was at home trying to hatch her eggs. Lox was not hungry; but he turned himself into a serpent, and crept into the nest and under Mrs Kulloo's wing, and bit a hole in every egg and ate up the little Kulloos. When he had done this, he was so heavy and stupid that he couldn't walk very far before he had to lie down and go to sleep.

Presently the Kulloo came home.

"How are you getting on, my dear?" he said.

"Not very well, I'm afraid," she said. "The eggs seem to get cold, no matter how close I sit."

"Let me take a turn while you go and stretch your wings," said the Kulloo. But when he sat down on the empty eggs they all broke with a great crash.

The Kulloo flew off in a terrible rage to find the wretch who had eaten up the eggs, and very soon he spied Lox snoring on the grass.

"Now I've caught him," said the Kulloo; "it's Lox, the mischief-maker."

He pounced down, and caught hold of Lox by the

hair and carried him a mile up into the sky, and then let go. Of course, Lox was broken into pieces when he struck the earth, but he just had time as he fell to say his strongest magic:—

“Backbone! Backbone!  
Save my backbone!”

So as soon as the Kulloo was out of sight the arms and legs and head began to wriggle together round the backbone, and then in a twinkling Lox was whole again.

“I shouldn’t like that to happen very often,” he said, looking himself over to see if every piece had joined in the right place. “I think I’ll go home and take a rest.”

But he had travelled so far that he was six months’ journey from his home; and he had made so many enemies and done so much mischief, that whenever he came into a village and asked food and shelter the people hooted and pelted him out again. The birds and the beasts got to know when he was coming, and kept so far out of his way that he couldn’t get enough to eat, not even by his magic. Besides, he had wasted his magic so much that scarcely any was left. The winter came on, and he was cold as well as hungry, when at last he reached a solitary wigwam by a frozen river. The master of the wigwam didn’t know him, so he treated him kindly, and said, when they parted next morning, —

“You have only three days more to go; but the



frost-wind is blowing colder and colder, and if you don't do as I say you will never get home. When night comes, break seven twigs from a maple tree and stand them up against each other, like the poles of a wigwam, and jump over them. Do the same the next night, and the night after that if you are not quite home; but you can only do it thrice."

Away went the joker, swaggering through the woods as if nothing had happened to him, for now he was warm and full. But soon the wind began to rise, and it blew sharper and sharper, and bit his face, and pricked in through his blanket.

"I'm not going to be cold while I know how to be warm," said he; and he built a little wigwam of sticks, and jumped over it. The sticks blazed up, and went on burning furiously for an hour. Then they died out suddenly. Lox groaned and went on his way. In the afternoon he stopped again, and lit another fire to warm himself by; but again the fire went out. When night came on he made his third fire wigwam; and that one burned all night long, and only went out when it was time for him to begin the day's march.

All day he tramped over the snow, never daring to stop for more than a few minutes at a time for fear of being frozen to death. At night he built another little wigwam; but the twigs wouldn't light, however often he jumped over them. On he tramped, getting more and more tired and drowsy, till at last he fell in his tracks and froze. And that was the end of Lox and his jokes.

## The Doctor Fish.

THE evening after the big storm Ossawippi stopped in front of the white folks' house again. Rennie and his English cousins were playing "follow my leader" all over the verandah, and under it too, but they stopped when they saw the Chief.

"There's no storm coming to-night," said Ossawippi.

Rennie's mother came to the door when she heard the Chief's voice, with her knitting in her hand. "No," she said, "it doesn't look as if there was ever going to be a storm again. But won't you sit down, Chief?"

That was just what he wanted.

"The teacher is reading and writing very hard, isn't he?" said Ossawippi, when he had sat silent on the step for some time.

"Yes," said the teacher's wife, "he's very busy to-day. I wish he wasn't—it's such a beautiful evening."

"That was a good story he told last night," said the Chief. "He said it was half Indian and half white, but I think it was a white man's story. Do you know a white woman's story?"

"Dear me," said Rennie's mother, "I don't exactly know what sort a white woman's story is."

“A white woman’s story is the sort of story a white woman tells,” said the Chief.

“Well,” said Rennie’s mother, “if you think you’d like it, I’ll tell you a story my mother used to tell me when I was a girl, down by the sea at Cape Breton.”

“That is sure to be good,” said Ossawippi. The children settled themselves down on the verandah steps to listen, with their elbows on their knees and their chins on their hands ; and Rennie’s mother told this story, knitting all the time :—

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Hefty, and she lived where the land ends and the sea begins, with only a ragged edge of rocks between. On a Monday morning early, when she had washed up the breakfast dishes and her father had sailed so far out in his fishing boat that he looked no bigger than a seagull, Hefty left the little log cottage and sat down on a rock with her brown legs dangling in the water. She was very busy knitting herself a pair of stockings, but she kept one eye on the fishing rod lying by her side, and every two or three minutes she had to put down her knitting and pull up one of those stupid fat bass that came swimming up to be caught. Presently there was a long pause—all the bass in the sea seemed to have been stowed away in Hefty’s basket—but at last a trembling little tug came at the line, and this time it was a graceful grey pollock she pulled out. It was so pretty, and begged so

hard for its life, that Hefty took the hook out of its mouth as gently as she could, and dropped the little fish back into the water.

Then a strange thing happened. As Miss Pollock darted away in a great fright, too frightened at first to feel the toothache that the hook had given her, a long lithe fish flashed out from under a rock like a streak of red lightning. Its scales were all a shining ruddy gold colour. This gorgeous creature swam round and round the poor little grey fish, stroking its sides and fondling it like a mother for an instant; then they darted away together out to sea, and Hefty dived in and swam after them. Hefty quite forgot that she had a frock on, but it was a common everyday frock, such as little girls constantly forget all about on dry land when they want to climb trees like their brothers and make mud pies for their dolls. What surprised her more when she came to think about it afterwards was that she forgot almost everything she had ever remembered. She just felt as if she would like to go where the golden fish was taking the grey one, and go she would, and go she did. Now Hefty had known how to swim ever since she was smaller than small, and she had often tried to see how long she could stay under water. Generally she had to come up to breathe in about a minute; but this time, somehow, she just swam on and on without wanting to come up at all.

“It’s very funny,” she thought at last. “I wonder whether I’ve turned into a fish. But then I’d have

fins instead of arms. Perhaps I'm a mermaid." And she looked back over her shoulder to see if her feet had turned into a tail. No, there were her two brown little feet and her ten brown little toes, all complete.

Just then Mr Gold stopped and waited for Hefty to catch him up. "I wouldn't dawdle behind, if I were you," he said, in a smooth, deep voice, "because some of the big ones bite." Then she noticed that a whole crowd of fishes were swimming along beside them—and behind them and above them and below them, too—fishes of all shapes and sizes; some nearly as fat and round as balls, and some nearly as thin and long as pencils; some gentle and innocent as Miss Pollock herself, and some so great and greedy-looking, with so many horrid teeth, that she knew at once they must be sharks.

"Keep close by me, my dear," Mr Gold went on, "and none of them will touch you. We're almost there."

"Where?" asked Hefty.

"The Sea Hospital," said the fine gentleman; and in another minute he was swimming into the mouth of a beautiful coral cave. It was much lighter in here than out in the deep sea they had been swimming through, for about a thousand millions of sea-glow-worms were dotted over the walls and roof and floor, and shining just as hard as ever they could shine; and sometimes they shone red, and sometimes blue, and sometimes yellow, and sometimes green, and sometimes purple, and

sometimes all the colours of the rainbow together, just like fireworks.

It was not just one big cave, but a lot of caves, big and little, leading out of each other in all directions, so that Hefty never could have found the right way if she had not kept close to Mr Gold as he turned and twisted to right and left and up and down and in and out. She noticed that each cave she passed through was full of a different kind of fishes, mostly floating still in the water, but some lying on the sandy floor with their eyes shut; and in each cave a handsome big fellow like Mr Gold was swimming busily about as if he was taking charge of all the rest.

“Now then,” said Mr Gold, giving Hefty a nudge with his tail, “we’ll be at the Doctor’s in two strokes. Lie as flat as you can, and hide your hooks and eyes, and don’t speak when you’re spoken to.”

“Why not?” asked Hefty.

“Because they might ask who your father is, and you mustn’t tell a lie, and you’d better not tell the truth, that’s all!”

Then he whisked away so fast that Hefty didn’t catch him up till he was swimming out through a red coral arch. “Oh! oh!” said Hefty; “I never did!” If she meant that she had never seen anything like it, she was right, for nothing like it had ever been seen before by any little girl that ever lived. See was in a great big basin like the crater of a volcano, or a Roman amphitheatre. The sides were all made of white coral fretwork, with a bright green flame of seaweed waving

from every corner. All round the edge, at the top, grew trees of seaweed blazing golden red; and glowing sprigs of the same colour sprang up around the hundred archways through which a hundred great golden fish were leading processions of patients to see the doctor. Yes, and there, floating in the very middle of the illuminated water, was the Doctor Fish himself. He was dressed like Hefty's friend, only his burnished red-gold scales shone twice as bright, and he looked ever so much wiser, and he was quite ten times as big.

The Doctor Fish looked at a list that was written on the back of a crab, and then called out with a voice like a musical waterfall,—“Arctic Ocean first!”

“Please, sir,” said Mr Gold, “they're all whales and walruses, and they will frighten the others.”

“That won't do,” said the Doctor; “I'll take the little fish first and get them out of the way before the sharks are admitted; and monsters must wait till the last. Now then, Number Two!”

The crab scuttled away and buried itself, and another crab heaved itself out of the sand, and swam zig-zagging up till its back was in front of the Doctor's eye.

“Atlantic Ocean next!” said the Doctor.

“Well, my dear,” he went on as the little grey pollock came up to be examined, “you are suffering from angular maxillary laceration. Rub your cheek twice on my second left-hand fin, and then repose for three days in Pollock Ward. In future, when you see a wrinkle without a shell hanging to the end of a string, have nothing whatever to do with it, my dear.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Miss Pollock in a silvery rippling voice; “and I should like to thank this young lady, too, for taking the horrid sticky wrinkle out of my mouth and putting me back into the sea.”

Hefty blushed as red as coral, for she knew how the hook got into Miss Pollock’s mouth.

“Don’t blush quite so red,” said the Doctor; “you make us all look pale. I know what you are thinking of; but our motto is, ‘One good turn wipes out a bad one.’ Now, young lady, though you are not fortunate enough to be a fish, just tell me what’s the matter and I’ll try to cure you.”

Hefty was just going to say there was nothing the matter with her, but she remembered Mr Gold’s advice and held her tongue.

“I see,” said the Doctor; “it’s a case of dumbness. What you need is a good shock. One of my bodyguard will oblige you presently. Next patient!”

“Who are his bodyguard?” whispered Hefty when she got back to Mr Gold.

“Electric eels,” said he; “and when they touch you you feel as if you had been turned inside out and then blown to pieces—like him.”

“Like which?” Hefty began. “Oh, poor fellow!” she went on. “Where has his body gone?”

By this time the Doctor had disposed of all his Atlantic patients, and crab No. 3 had come up with “Pacific Ocean” in raised letters at the top of the list on his back.

“Where have you left the rest of yourself?” the



Doctor said, as a big moony face floated up with no neck or body behind it.

“I was running up the mouth of a river in China,” the face replied, “because the big floating-irons were banging away so loud that the mermaids couldn’t hear each other gossip; and I met a stiff proud fellow, something like one of your worship’s bodyguard, and as soon as I rubbed noses with him, a sea-quake happened and he burst in pieces; and so did I, but I didn’t make anything like so much noise about



“A sea-quake happened.”

it. And ever since then I’ve been so hungry, no matter how much I eat; so I’ve just come to ask your worship for a new body.”

“Very well,” said the Doctor Fish. “Call down the sharks.”

Up went Mr Gold like a blazing rocket, till he was out of sight; and all the little fishes began shivering and shaking, so that the water trembled like hot air. And when Mr Gold plunged down again from the upper

sea with a regiment of sharks behind him, showing their teeth like Cheshire cats, all the little fishes turned tail and vanished into the red coral archways.

"Which of you has eaten most men?" asked the Doctor Fish.

And all the sharks but one shouted "ME!"

So the Doctor Fish questioned each of them in turn, and he found that none of the shouting sharks had eaten nearly so many people as the one that said nothing. And the reason he said nothing was that he had eaten three men and a boy that very day, and they belonged to the navy and wore brass buttons, and that was why he had had to come to the doctor.

"Call the head Sawfish!" said the Doctor. And the head Sawfish darted in and raced up to the greedy shark, and "buzz" went the saw and off came the shark's head in a twinkling. Then the moony face stuck itself on to the shark's body, and looked uncommonly foolish and happy for a minute, and after that it looked very miserable indeed.

"I'm much obliged," said the face; "and it's a very nice body, I'm sure, but there seems to be something the matter inside it."

"Indigestion," said the Doctor. "Can't be helped, you know. It will pass off in a week or two."

The melancholy face was swimming awkwardly away with its overloaded body, when suddenly all the sharks turned their eyes up, and their teeth began chattering with a sound like "crackerackerack." There was only one beast that could frighten them as they frightened

the other fishes, and that was the Great Sea Serpent himself; and here he was—or rather here was one end of him, the end where the mouth was that could swallow ten sharks at once. From the way he was hanging, head downwards, Hefty supposed his tail must be waving near the top of the water, three miles up.

The Doctor Fish neither winked nor turned a scale, for nothing could frighten him. “Now then,” he said, quite roughly, “what’s the matter with you, coming here again so soon? Wounded vanity, I suppose. Nobody talking about you just now, eh?”

“Nobody,” grumbled the Great Sea Serpent; and the sound was like a big lake bubbling in a giant’s saucepan. “And it’s all your fault, telling me to keep out of people’s sight for fear I should scare them. I tell you I’m going to show myself just whenever I like. What do I care about doctor’s orders?”

The Doctor said not a word, but he gave one sharp little wag of his tail. At that sign his whole bodyguard of electric eels, who had been hovering just below him like a black cloud in the water, swarmed up like a flight of angry bees and stung the disrespectful sea serpent till he yelled out that he would be good and do exactly what he was told.

“Be off with you, then,” said the Doctor Fish, “and keep at least five miles under water till I send for you. You’ll find a valley near Kamschatka that is just about deep enough.”

The Great Sea Serpent, looking very glum, began to back out of the terrible presence without a word; but

he had hardly gone twenty feet when he gave a start and a yell as if the bodyguard had attacked him again. "Oh, my poor tail!" he screamed; "*please* tell them to leave it alone."

"Clumsy creature!" said the Doctor. "I suppose you've left your tail waving up in the air and some poor ship has run against it. Curl yourself down out of sight, and if you dare to go near the surface again I'll tie you up in such a tangle of knots that you can't undo yourself in a hundred years."

Just at that moment a sea-snake came whizzing down from the upper waters, as straight and quick as an arrow. "If you please, Doctor," it said in a frightened whisper, "Old Clumsy's tail has upset a ship, and ever so many men are coming down here."

"That won't do at all," said the Doctor Fish. "Up with you, snakes, and carry them back."

"Yes, Doctor," said the sea-snake, "but the sharks have got the start of us." And so they had, every greedy one of them.

Then the Doctor got dreadfully angry, and lashed out with his glowing tail till the water seemed on fire. The bodyguard sprang up with a rush, and were out of sight in a moment. Hefty followed them as fast as she could. Before she got half-way up she heard a tremendous squealing, and saw the sharks tumbling down through the water, rolling over and over with their tails between their fins, and the electric eels butting and shocking them most savagely.

The captain of the bodyguard stopped the chase

when he saw Hefty, and said, in a friendly way, "They won't want to eat anything but seaweed for a week, after that. Don't you think it was rather neatly done, my dear? Oh, but I forgot you were dumb. Let me give you the Doctor's prescription, miss."

Hefty jumped back. "Oh, please don't!" she said. "I'm not *very* dumb, you know, *really*."

"Well," said Captain Eel, "that's curious. You look exactly like the dumb things that come floating down whenever the air is rough. And here they are—dozens of them."

Sure enough, here came the people from the ship that Old Clumsy's tail had upset—floating down, down, down. But here came the sea-snakes to meet them, and a couple of snakes twined their tails round the arms of each man, and pulled him up, and up, and up.

"Dumb as jelly-fish," the captain went on, "and fast asleep."

Hefty was terribly frightened, for she knew what that kind of sleep was. "Won't you, please, try and wake them up?" she asked.

"I don't mind trying," said the captain, "but we've often tried before, and it's no use; at least, not down here."

So the bodyguard went on and up, close behind the snakes; and when they got to the top, and the snakes let go, the electric eels gently touched the men's hands, and the men began to move; and then the eels touched them again, and the men coughed the water out of their mouths and shouted for help. Then people came

in boats from a big steamer that was passing, and took the men on board, and when they spied Hefty they wanted to take her on board too; but she dived out of sight in a great hurry, so they went back to the ship and said they had nearly caught a mermaid.

The reason why Hefty was in such a hurry was that she had caught sight of the sun, and it was nearly setting; and she suddenly remembered that her father would be coming home soon for his supper. So without looking for the sea-snakes or the bodyguard, or trying to say good-bye to the golden fish, she swam home as fast as ever she could. She had nearly reached the shore when she saw a dark something swishing along overhead, and she knew it was her father's boat by a new patch close to the keel, where she had put on the paint herself.

"Rather late for a swim, isn't it, little daughter?" said her father, when Hefty swam up alongside and climbed on board. "But it has been a hot afternoon, hasn't it? So after supper we'll sit out on the rocks, and you can spin me a yarn."

And this is the yarn she spun.

## The Adventures of Chib.

“SEE how strong I am, Ossawippi!” shouted the small white boy, struggling to balance an oar on the palm of his hand. The oar had hardly got upright when it went down again with a swish and a bang, and nearly hit Ossawippi on the shoulder.

“I didn’t mean to do it, Chief,” said Rennie, in fear and trembling.\*

“No,” said Ossawippi, “but you did it all the same, and not meaning wouldn’t put my arm together again if you broke it in pieces. Just sit down and let things alone, or—and I’ll tell you a story of a little boy that was *really* strong.”

“Could he balance a big oar like that on one hand, Ossawippi?”

“He could balance an oar as big as that pine tree if he wanted, but he didn’t want to do anything so foolish. He’d got something better to do with his strength. If you don’t interrupt, I’ll tell you all about it.”

So Rennie sat as still as he could, and Ossawippi told this story:—

There was once a poor Indian woman who lived among the mountains of the west. One day her husband went

to hunt the grizzly bear ; but while he was looking for the bear in a dark jungly place the bear sprang out of hiding, and hugged him to death before he could shoot his gun. Then the bear went to the poor woman's wigwam, and tore it down, and carried off the poor woman and her little boy Chib, and kept them prisoners in his great cave in the mountain. They had nothing to eat but the bones that the grizzly bear threw them, and he never let them go out of the cave. All the water they had to drink was from a deep dark pool at the very back of the cave. Whenever the grizzly bear came home without killing a man or a deer, he was very cross, and tried to strike the poor woman, saying it was all her fault ; and though she jumped out of the way pretty quick she often got a nasty scratch.

One day when Chib was about seven years old he was lying beside the deep dark pool, looking into the water, and as he looked down he saw another face looking up at him from underneath the water ; and as he looked he saw the lips move, and heard a soft, watery, bubbly voice say,—“What is the use of a boy that cannot fight for his mother?”

The little boy said, “How could I fight a great grizzly bear?”

The bubbly voice answered, “You can never grow strong by lying still in a cave. You can only grow strong by going out into the world and doing strong things.”

“But how can I get out?” said the boy. “The



grizzly bear's twelve sons watch all day and all night at the door of the cave."

"Which door?" said the Water Spirit.

"There is only one door," said Chib, "and that goes out on to the hillside, they say, though I never got near enough to see."

The watery voice laughed a bubbly laugh, and said,—  
"I call *this* the door, and you can go out the way I came in." And with that the face vanished.

The little boy ran back to his mother and told her what he had seen and heard. Then she began to cry.

"What are you crying about, mother?" said Chib.

"Because you have got to leave me, my boy," she said.

"I won't," he said.

"But you must," she said. "That must have been the good Water Spirit, because he told you that boys ought to fight for their mothers; you must do whatever he says."

"But how can I go through the water without being drowned?"

"I don't know," said his mother, "but if he said you could, you can. You go back to-morrow and see if he comes again to tell you how."

When night came, in pranced the grizzly bear, shaking with anger. He had not caught a single animal all day. "A pretty life to live," said he, "with nothing but miserable berries and roots for dinner, and more roots and berries for tea."

"I only wish *I* had a few berries and roots to eat,"

thought the poor woman, but she was so frightened that she only shrank back without a word. This made the bear angrier. "It's all your fault," he began to cry. "You are a witch! You have bewitched the woods so that the animals have all run away from the valley. You have bewitched the water so that all the fishes have swum out of the river." And he raised himself up on his hind paws to strike her.

Then brave little Chib rushed at him, crying out, "You shan't hurt my mother!"

The bear was so surprised that he stood for a moment with his mouth wide open, and his cruel claws raised high in the air,—the cruel claws that would tear a boy to pieces in the twinkling of an eye. The mother dragged her son back and pushed him out of the monster's reach, but the bear made a rush after him. Chib dashed back into the cave as fast as his little legs would go, but the grizzly bear had nearly caught him up when—splash! Chib stumbled on the edge of the dark deep pool, and fell into the water.

"I've got you now," said the grizzly bear, making a grab at him, but the next moment he drew back his dripping claws with a howl. He was a great coward, like most bullies, and the water hurt. "Yow," he cried, "they are killing me! They have stuck my hands full of pins!" and he began to suck his ugly paws and dance with pain.

If it had been common water, like the river there, of course Chib would have been drowned; but he

wasn't. The Water Spirit was waiting for him, and took him by the hand and swam with him, down and down, and down, and out at the back door of the cave. The next thing the little boy knew was that he was sitting on the bank of the river, looking up at the sky, and winking like anything,—he had not been out in the light for six years. If it had been common water his clothes would have been sopping wet—you know what happens every time you fall into the water—but Chib didn't have any clothes except the brown suit he was born in, and that didn't take long to get dry, you may be sure.

As the little boy sat there winking and blinking till his eyes got used to the light, he heard a bubbly voice under his feet, and when he looked down he saw his water friend looking up with a very sad face.

“I wish I could come up into the air like you,” said the bubbly voice, “but I can only live in the water. You will have to go through the world yourself and get strong so that you can go back and save your mother and kill the grizzly bear; but if ever you are in trouble, come running to the river and call for me, and I will do what I can to help you.”

So little Chib went on his travels down the river bank, and he had not gone far when he saw a man lifting a great canoe out of the water and starting to carry it along the shore to make a portage.

Don't you know what a portage is? Well, when you are paddling up the river, and come to where the

smooth water ends and the river is nothing but rocks and foam, you lift your canoe up and portage it along the shore till you can launch it in smooth water again. Only it takes two to carry a canoe over a portage unless you are very strong; and Chib knew that, though he had never seen a river before, because, you see, he was a little Indian boy and not a little pale-face that doesn't know anything.

Chib went up to the man, and said, "Let me help you."

The man looked down at him and laughed, but he said, "All right, you take that end and I'll take the middle."

So they turned the canoe upside down, and the man put his head and shoulders into the middle, and the little boy put his little head and shoulders under one end, and off they marched. At first Chib thought the canoe was dreadfully heavy, but it seemed to get lighter and lighter. At last the man stumbled over a stone, but the canoe did not fall, and the little boy found he was carrying it all by himself. Very soon they came to the smooth water and launched the canoe, and then the man and little Chib paddled on together down the river.

Every now and then the man stopped and went ashore to hunt. First he brought back a beaver, and threw it into the bottom of the canoe; and the next time he stopped, he brought back a mountain sheep, and threw it into the canoe; and then he stopped and went ashore again, and brought back a

big bearded goat, and threw it into the canoe; and then he stopped again and shot a black-tail deer and threw it into the canoe. Then they came to more rapids.

“It’s a long portage this time,” the man said, “and the canoe is heavily loaded; I wonder how we are going to carry it.”

But the little boy just got under the canoe and lifted it right out of the water by himself, and carried it right up on to the shore and tramped away with it,—as you would carry a basket of chips on your little curly head.

They went paddling on together till they saw another man, sitting on a great rock by the side of the river, and the man called out to them to stop and see him carry the rock up the hill,—he was so strong, and so proud of it. Chib’s man shook his head, and said it couldn’t be done; the rock was too heavy. But Chib jumped ashore and put his back against the rock, and pushed, and pushed, and rolled it up that hill as if it was as light as your football.

The man with the rock was very much taken down, and said, “I never saw such a boy in my life! Let me go with you on your travels.”

Away they went, all three of them together, paddling down the stream, though now the canoe was so heavily loaded that the water nearly came in over the edge.

After a time they came to a meadow where there was a wigwam, and they went ashore and looked

into the wigwam. There was nobody there but a little sickly child, lying in a heap of blankets on the ground, and when it saw them the child cried out for something to eat. Strong little Chib carried up the goat from the canoe, and lit a fire to cook it for dinner.

When the goat was well cooked, it smelt so good that the child threw off its blankets and rushed at the meat, and gobbled it all down before you could say "Ossawippi." The two strong men were very much frightened, for they thought it was not a real child at all but a greedy ghost, so they ran away to the canoe, and jumped in, and pushed off to the middle of the river and waited to see what would happen. But Chib ran after them and made them give him the black-tail deer, and carried it up to the wigwam on his shoulders, and lit another fire and cooked the deer. When the meat was cooked, the little imp made a rush to gobble it up as he had gobbled up the goat, but Chib was on the watch, and grabbed him by the arms and tried to throw him down.

It was dreadfully hard work, because the little imp's magic was very strong. They fought and they wrestled, and they wrestled and they fought, till at last little Chib got the imp down on the ground and held a big stick over him and was going to kill him. But the imp begged very hard for his life, and said,— "I have never been beaten before; I didn't think there was anybody so strong as you in the world. How did you get your strength?"



“The little boy got under the canoe and lifted it right out of the water.”





"I'm sure I don't know," said the little boy.

"Well," said the imp, "now you've got it, what are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to save my mother from the grizzly bear."

"Ah," said the imp, "then that is how you got it, and no one can take it away from you as long as you don't forget what you are going to do with it. You must be my master, and I have got to come with you and help you all I possibly can."

So little Chib went back to the river, and the imp perched himself on the bow, and they paddled away and away, all four of them, till the river ran into a narrow valley with great high precipices on both sides. Then the men began to shiver; and they said,—  
"Let us go back! This is the terrible valley without an end; we shall never be able to get ashore."

They tried to turn the canoe round and go back, but the river ran so fast that they couldn't paddle up the stream; and they couldn't stop, so they had to go on. At last the valley widened out into a lake, but still the precipices went towering up from the water to the sky, straight and smooth and dreadfully high.

When they had paddled all round the lake, and found no place to land on, the men said,—  
"We will climb up the cliff and make a rope and let it down to you, and pull you up with the canoe." So they climbed up the cliff, and made a rope of the creepers they found at the top, and let it down; and Chib

was going to tie the rope on to the canoe and let them pull him up with it.

“Don’t do that,” said the imp; “those men are jealous of you because you are stronger than they are; and when they have got you half-way up the cliff they will cut the rope, so that you will fall and be killed.”

Then Chib tied a rock on to the end of the rope, instead of the canoe, and shouted to the men to pull. The men began to pull, and they pulled and they pulled till the rock was half-way up the precipice—and then, sure enough, they cut the rope, and the rock fell down with a crash. Then the little boy climbed up the cliff; and when he got to the top, the men fell on their knees and begged for mercy.

Little Chib didn’t even hear what they said; he couldn’t think of anything but the wild raspberries and wild strawberries and blueberries and gooseberries that covered the top of the cliff. The berries were so sweet and juicy that he forgot even his mother and the grizzly bear. He ate and ate till he felt so stupid and weak that he couldn’t eat any more; and he couldn’t walk, and he couldn’t stand up, so he lay down on the top of the cliff and went to sleep.

Then the two strong men rushed upon silly Chib, and tied his arms and his legs together with a rope, and threw him over the cliff into the lake, saying,—“Now we shan’t have a boy for our master any more.”

But as soon as Chib fell into the water he came to

his senses, and cried out for the good Water Spirit, and the Water Spirit came and nibbled at the rope till he cut it through, and little Chib promised never to forget any more what he had set out to do. Then the Water Spirit dived with him, and swam down, and down, and down, till they came to the hole where the water flowed out of the lake and under the mountain: and they swam in the darkness for three days and three nights, till they came to a place where they saw two stars shining down through the water. Then they swam up, and up, and up, and at last the little boy scrambled out of the deep dark pool into the grizzly bear's cave. The lights that he had seen were his mother's eyes, for she had been watching for him there ever since he set out.

When Chib sat down to tell his mother all about his adventures, he heard a tremendous roar; for the grizzly bear had just come home, and he was angrier than ever.

"Thunder and lightning!" said he, he was so angry, "there is not a beast or a bird or a fish for a hundred miles round! You witch, I brought you here for good luck and you have brought me nothing but bad luck, and I am going to kill you this time!"

Then the monster roared and rushed at the woman; but little Chib dashed in front of her and jumped up and seized the bear's head, snout in one hand and jaw in the other, and tore that great grizzly bear right into two pieces before the wicked old fellow could give him a scratch. When the grizzly bear's twelve sons heard the roaring they came rushing into the cave; and when

they saw their father was killed they rushed upon Chib. As he couldn't fight them all at once, he ran back to the other end of the cave and jumped into the water. In their rage they jumped in after him, and the good Water Spirit drowned them all in a bunch.



“He tore that great grizzly bear right into two pieces.”

Then little Chib led his mother out of the cave and built a beautiful little lodge of birch-bark for her on the shores of the river. And the little imp came and made a nest for himself in a sugar-maple tree beside the wigwam, because little imps are very fond of sucking the sweet sap out of the sugar-maples; and the Water Spirit made a water-nest for himself in a deep dark pool of the river close by. And the strong little boy took

care of his mother, and hunted for her, while she embroidered goat-skin with porcupine quill; and they lived together as happy as queens and princes till she died.

“And what did little Chib do then?” asked the curly-haired boy.

“There’s your mother calling you to dinner,” said Ossawippi. “And one story’s enough at a time, anyhow.”

## The Stonish Giants.

“WOULDN’T you like to see those wonderful mountains where Chib’s valley was, Ossawippi?” said Rennie one day when he had tired himself out playing Chib—with Toby for the imp, Tilda impartially for Chib’s mother and the Water Spirit and the two strong men, and a branchy cedar sapling for the bear.

“I have seen them,” said Ossawippi.

Rennie opened his eyes very wide. “Where were they?” he said; “and how did you get there?”

“It’s where the sun sets, or nearly; and I followed the sun, only I went on the great railway part of the time, and rode the rest of the way on a cayuse.”

“What’s a cayuse, Ossawippi?”

“Oh, just an Indian pony. Not much to look at, but good to ride. It was as comfortable as sitting still, loping along all day on that little cayuse. And he was so clever he never once put his foot in a hole, though the prairie was full of holes where the gophers and foxes lived. And he didn’t want a bit or a bridle; if I wanted him to turn to the right, I patted him on the right side of the neck; and if I wanted him to turn to the left I patted him on the right side; and if I wanted him to go straight on I just let him alone.”

“He must have been awfully decent,” said Toby: and he couldn’t say anything more praising than that.

“When I shot my gun over his head he didn’t care,—he didn’t even wink an eye or twitch his ear. But if he saw a bit of paper by the side of the trail he jumped over to the other side so quick I could hardly hold on,—because he was scared of anything he wasn’t used to.”

“What did you go there for, Chief?” said Rennie.

“To help a rich white man to hunt,” said Ossawippi. “To hunt bears, and mountain lions, and wild white goats, and big-horn sheep.”

“And did you bring home a lot of horns and skins?” said Rennie.

“The rich man took them home where he belonged,” said the Chief.

“Didn’t you bring home anything at all?” said Rennie.

“Yes, I brought home some money, and some stories.”

“Stories!” said Rennie. “Tell us one now, Ossawippi.”

Ossawippi did as he was told, of course. He said:—

We camped one night beside a deep little brown lake in the tangle of forest and broken mountains where the Queen’s country ended and the President’s country began. There were three of us, because the white man had got another Indian who belonged there to show us the trail through the mountains. He was a

chief of the Hill Crees; but it was only a little tribe he was chief of, and he didn't mind leaving them to look after themselves if a white man wanted him for a guide.

We had a good supper of wild duck, with hard tack and plenty of tea; and then the white man asked us to tell him stories. I told him the story of the Thunderers; and then he asked the Cree chief to tell one.

The chief sat still for a minute smoking quietly beside the fire, as if he hadn't heard. That was his way; and we waited, sitting on the other side of the fire and smoking quietly too. Presently he got up and said,—“Let us change places.” So we got up and went and sat on his side of the fire, and he came and sat on ours. After a few minutes he began, “I will tell you of the lake and of the rock.”

“But why did you ask us to change places?” said the white man.

“It is a story that my grandfather heard from his grandfather, and my grandfather's grandfather heard it from *his* grandfather; and he who told it first, and each who told it afterwards, said, ‘No one in all the country must know this, except only your grandson.’ You are not my grandson, but neither are you in this country.”

“What do you mean?” said the white man.

“Of us three,” he went on, “I only am in the country of the Queen. All round the lake the woods come down to the water except here where we sit. This



clearing was made by the white men who drew the line between the Queen's people and the others. You can see their axe-marks on the edge of the wood. I was with them when they did it. The line runs straight from that big fir, through this fire, and right over the lake, crossing the tall rock in the middle."

"I see," said the white man. "And now for the story."

"I will tell," the Chief said, "of the stonish giants and the magic arrow."

"I thought it was to be about the lake and the rock," said the white man.

"It is all one. In the days when our fathers came down from the north, they found a tribe of stonish giants who kept the passes. They lived high up on the mountain side, and rolled big rocks down on anyone that tried to get through."

"What were the giants like?" said the white man. "Why were they called 'stonish'?"

"No one ever saw them well enough to say just what they were like. If you looked straight at them they were rocks, rocks among rocks. Only if you happened to glance out of the side of your eye, when they thought you were not looking, you might see them laughing with a cruel laugh, and lifting up their arms to throw a stone at your head. Then, no matter how quick you turned to look at them, they became bits of rock, and their arms were fir trees with birds' nests at the top.

"The Indians could not go back, for the spirits of

their fathers had ordered them to go south; and they could not go on, because of the giants. So they held a council; but they could not think of any way to kill the giants. Then said the father of all my fathers, 'Let us go into the woods, each by himself, and perhaps one of us will find a way; but let no one eat food till we meet together in council on the evening of the third day.'

"Then they tightened their belts, and each one went a different way. And one met a bear, and asked him how to kill the stonish giants; but the bear said he did not know. And another met a mountain lion; but the lion did not know. And another met a wild goat; but the goat did not know. And one met a squirrel, and another met a snake, and another met an eagle; but none of them knew how to kill the stonish giants.

"The father of all my fathers wandered far till he came to a river; and he sat down by a smooth pool above the rapids and called to the trout. And the trout came and asked, 'Who is this that comes calling in the language of the north?' For the trout himself had come from the north.

"When the father of my fathers told him that the tribe were going south because they were obedient to the spirits, and the stonish giants would not let them pass, and they could not kill the giants, the trout said, 'What is that on your back?' And the father of my fathers said, 'It is my quiver.' And the trout said, 'Take out all the arrows and throw them into the

river.' The father of my fathers obeyed; and the heads of the arrows stuck in the bottom of the river, for they were of stone; but the feathers stood out of the water, and the wind played through them like rushes.

"Then the trout said, 'Sit there till the second night, neither moving nor speaking; and when the stars begin to play do not lift your head to watch them, but look down at the rushes you have made; and if you see an arrow caught among them, stretch out your hand and take it, and go and kill the stonish giants. But when they are all killed you will die yourself; and before you die you must shoot the arrow up to the North Star, and the North Star will give the arrow to your grandson, the son of your daughter. This you must tell to your grandson, the son of your daughter, and to no other in the whole country; and your daughter's son must do the same before he dies, and his daughter's son, as long as the tribe lives together under the moon.'"

"How did the trout know all that?" said the white man, as the chief took a stick out of the fire to get a fresh light for his pipe.

"He was a wise trout," said the Chief. "He came from the north, like my fathers. He was not the sort of trout you find in the rivers now.

"The father of my fathers sat still. He did not move, not even to tighten his belt again. On the second night the stars began to race through the sky. Every time a star raced through the sky, the father

of my fathers saw a white shining arrow race through the water; but they all escaped and disappeared, till the night was nearly done. Just before the sun came up to stop the play, a large star began to race through the sky, but it turned aside in a hurry, for it saw the Morning Star coming; and at the same time a big white shining arrow began to race through the water, and *it* turned aside in a hurry, and got caught in the rushes the father of my fathers had made. So he put out his hand and took the arrow out of the water; and the arrow burnt his hand, but he held it till it was cold."

"Did your grandfather say what the arrow was made of?" said the white man.

"It was iron. The head was iron, and the shaft was iron, and the feathers were iron. There was no iron in the tribe before that day. The father of my fathers took the arrow and walked all that day through the woods to the council. The council had met, and they were sitting with their belts very tight, and looking at the fire in the middle, and saying nothing because they had nothing to say.

"The father of my fathers had something to say; he was the only one. He said he had found an arrow that would kill the stonish giants. He did not tell how he had found it, and no one asked him. They let out their belts, and cooked and ate a great feast. In the morning they began to go through the pass. The father of my fathers went first, and when he saw with the side of his eye a stonish giant lifting an arm

to throw a rock down on the tribe, he shot the arrow over his shoulder without turning to take aim. The arrow struck the giant, and sang like an axe when it strikes a rock, and came back to the bow that shot it; and the giant became a rock altogether, and was never a giant again. So they went on safely to the end of the pass, and looked down into a beautiful valley, where corn was growing, and tobacco, and herds of deer were among the corn. All the stonish giants were killed except one; and he stood at the end of the pass and lifted his arm to throw a stone. The father of my fathers did not want to die, so he pretended not to see this giant; and the giant threw, and killed a child; and before half the tribe had gone down into the valley he threw again, and killed a woman; and before all the tribe had gone down he threw again, and killed a man.

“Then the rest of the tribe lived in the valley, and ate the corn, and killed the deer, and smoked the tobacco; and they did not have to tighten their belts. But every morning the stonish giant threw a rock and killed someone. If they went to one side of the valley he was there; and if they went to the other, he was there. He killed ten men, and ten women, and ten children. Then the rest of the tribe said to the father of my fathers, ‘If you have forgotten how to shoot, give us the arrow.’ But he would not give it. So they said, ‘If you will not give it, we will kill you and take it.’ Then he said, ‘I will go and kill the giant if you will feed my daughter

and my daughter's son and follow my daughter's son for your chief, for I will not come back.' And they promised.

"But when he tried to find the giant, he could not. He saw the giant with the side of his eye, and he shot the arrow over his shoulder; but the arrow only stuck in a tree, and he had to go and pull it out. Next day he saw him again, but the arrow only stuck in a tree. Ten times he shot, and ten times again, and ten times after that; and the father of my fathers tightened his belt to the last hole, and his strength was almost gone."

"Hadn't he brought any provisions with him?" said the white man.

"If he ate he could not kill the giant. Then he shot again, but he did not kill; and he shot again, but he did not kill."

"That makes thirty-two," said the white man. "I suppose he had to miss once for each of the people the giant had killed."

The Chief did not say anything about that; but he went on with the story:—"The father of my fathers travelled on all night till he came to this place where we are, and then he saw with the side of his eye the giant almost behind him. So he shot over his shoulder, and the arrow struck the giant and came back to the bow, and the giant became a rock. Then the father of my fathers sat with his back against the rock, for he could not stand any more; and he sang the death song, and shot the arrow up to the

North Star, and asked the North Star to take it to his daughter's son. But his strength was gone and his eyes were dim, and he could not shoot straight; and it was late, and the Morning Star was coming up. The Morning Star and the North Star fought for the arrow, and the North Star struck the Morning Star so hard that she wept, and her tears fell like rain till they made a lake all round the rock.



“He sat with his back against the rock.”

Then the Morning Star and the North Star fought again, and the Morning Star struck the North Star so hard that his white blood fell in showers like snow, and the snow fell in the lake and grew and became water-lilies. There were no water-lilies before that day.

“The Morning Star conquered the North Star, and took the arrow. My grandfather said that one day the North Star would conquer the Morning Star and bring the arrow to his daughter's son.”

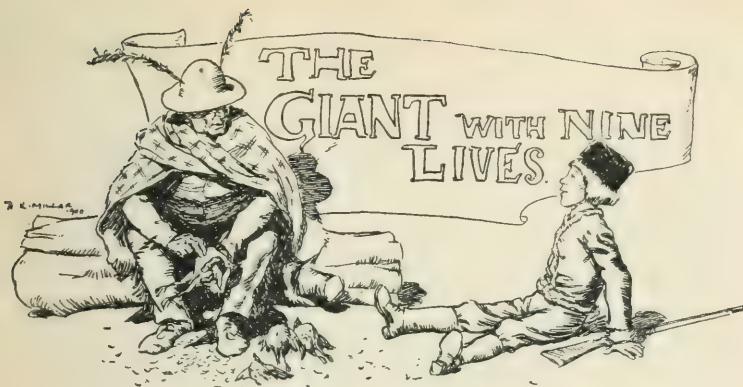
“Meaning you?” said the white man. “And do you believe it?”

“You believe some things; we believe other things. The Great Spirit knows,” said the Chief.

Rennie at once began to ask a few explanations.

“Don’t bother me,” said Ossawippi. “It’s the other chief’s story, so how should I know? Run away and pretend you’re Chib.”





THIS story was not told by Ossawippi,—I suppose because he didn't know it. Rennie only heard it when his father took him to visit Mr MacFee, a Scotsman who lived without any neighbours far up the river and always got Mrs MacFee to make bannocks and shortbread on grand occasions like this,—he was so glad to see another white man.

Old Chief Kickapoo lived by himself up on the hill-side, and Bobby MacFee lived with his father and mother in their little log house below. The boy and the Chief saw a good deal of each other, for Bobby's father used often to go hunting among the hills, and Bobby went scrambling along beside him with the bow and arrows that Kickapoo had traded with him for half a pound of tea. But somehow, when they passed the friendly old Indian squatting at the door of his little log hut and said "How d'ye do?" or "Fine morning," they could never get a word out of

him but "Ah!" or "Oong!" or some other friendly grunt like that. So they thought that Kickapoo could speak no English.

One day, in the fall of the year, Bobby was scrambling about the mountain all by himself, because his mother wanted a grouse-pie for Sunday, and his father was tired with harvesting the oats. The grouse were very silly, and let Bob shoot so many of them that he thought he would give some to Kickapoo on his way home. Kickapoo was sitting in the sun outside his little log hut, smoking a long wooden pipe, and looking at a little fire of sticks that he had kindled on the rock beside him.

"Good-day, Chief," said Bob very politely.

"Ah!" said Kickapoo.

"Have you cooked your supper?" asked Bob, pointing at the fire.

The Chief shook his head, and his body and blankets with it, but he only grunted, "Oong! oong!"

"Will you have some of these?" said Bobby, dangling half a dozen fat birds by the legs.

"Thank you," said Kickapoo. "You're a good boy, Bobby. I hurt my leg on the rocks yesterday, so I couldn't go hunting; but I knew some white hunter would come by to-day or to-morrow, so I got the fire ready."

Bobby was very much astonished. "I didn't know you could speak English," he said.

"Ah," said Kickapoo, "many moons have set since I learnt English, listening to the English

hunters, and telling them stories by the camp fire at night."

"I wish you'd tell me stories sometimes," said Bobby mournfully. "Father doesn't know any, and mother never has time."

"Perhaps white children don't like Indian stories," said the Chief.

"Oh, don't they, just," said Bobby, smacking his lips. "You tell me one now, that's all, and see if I don't like it."

"Well, give me the birds."

So Bobby handed over the grouse, and Kickapoo began to pluck the birds and tell the story at the same moment. And the story he told was this:—

There was once a terrible giant who lived in the middle of Turtle Mountain. Every week he came out and picked up one of the Indians who lived in the foot-hills, and took him home and ate him. At last the chief of the tribe called a council of all his head-men. There were nine of them. They all came and sat round the council-house, looking very wise; but they did not know that the giant's scout, the little humming-bird, was listening to everything they said, though he pretended to be very busy catching flies outside.

"My friends," the Chief said, "shall we sit here to be eaten one by one, or shall we eat the giant instead?"

Then they all spoke together. "Let us eat him,"

they said: and then they sat thinking how good he would taste, till the Chief said,—“Perhaps we had better kill him first.”

“Yes,” said they; “perhaps we had better kill him first.” They were not so wise as they looked, those head-men; but each of them had a strong friend to help him, and they were not afraid.

The first of them who said he would kill the giant was called Long-tooth. He said he would get his friend Rainstorm to fill the mountain with water, so that the giant would be drowned; and then Long-tooth would turn himself into a beaver, and swim in and cut the giant’s head off. There was a great deal of strong magic round here in those days.

Then the humming-bird swallowed its last fly, and flew away into the dark mountain, and told the giant all he had heard. So the giant turned himself into a frog; and when Rainstorm poured in, and the mountain was full of water, the frog swam about laughing inside his mouth. When the beaver thought the giant must be well drowned, he swam in to cut off his head. But the giant had laid a beaver-trap, and the beaver swam right into it, and when the water had gone down the giant made a nice head-dress out of the beaver’s fur.

The Chief was very sorry to hear that Long-tooth was killed, but he called on Red-arrow to go and fight the giant next. So Red-arrow went and fetched his friend Fire-flame, and then turned himself into a wood-worm, and bored a hole right into the mountain, through earth and through rocks, screwing himself

round and round like a whirlwind, and telling Fire-flame to follow him as soon as he had time to finish the hole. But the humming-bird knew all about it; and when the wood-worm had finished the hole, and was going to creep out of it into the giant's cave, the little spy pecked his nose and drove him back into the hole: and Fire-flame came rushing through in such a hurry that he burnt up his friend the wood-worm before he could stop himself; and then silly Fire-flame began to cry and put himself out with his own tears before he could burn up the giant.

The next head-man who went against the giant was called Soft-step, and his great friend was the Queen Bee. So she brought all the bees from the forest, and they swarmed into the cave, buzzing-buzz-buzz, and stung the giant up and down till he howled and yelled with pain. But the humming-bird flew out and came flying back with all the other humming-birds, and they darted about like green lightning till they had swallowed up every one of the bees. When Soft-step thought the bees must have done all they could, he turned himself into a monstrous serpent, and slipped in to give the killing sting; but the humming-birds pecked his eyes out, and then the giant threw a great rock on his head, and that was the end of the serpent.

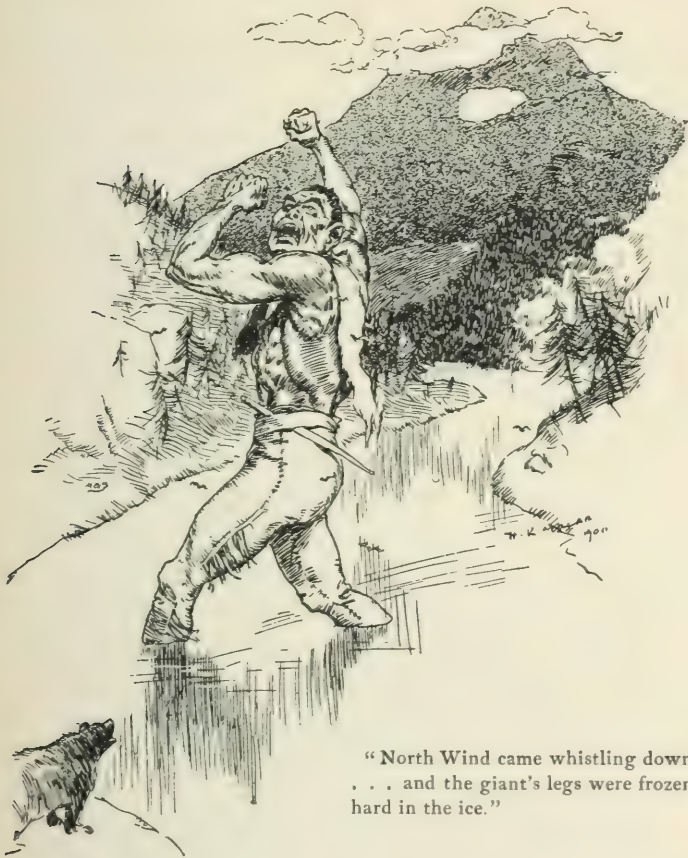
Then Crafty-man said he would go and kill the giant; and he turned himself into a little red fox, and hid in the bushes by the mouth of the cave, while his friend Pesty-plague sneaked in and slipped softly down the giant's throat. The giant got *very* ill, and lay down

on the ground, groaning and grovelling; but the humming-bird flew out and came back with the medicine root that grows by the beaver-dam; and the giant swallowed so much of the medicine root that there was no room for Pesty-plague in all his big body. Then Pesty-plague flew up and out of the giant's mouth, and tried to fly out of the cave; but the fox was standing at the door of the cave with his own mouth so wide open that Pesty-plague flew right down his throat before he could stop himself. So the fox rolled over and over, twisting and squirming, till he died.

When the Chief saw what had become of Crafty-man, he called up the next head-man, whose name was Dive-in-the-river. So the head-man turned himself into a loon, and swam about in the big river in the valley till the giant came along and began to wade across. Then the loon whistled to his friend North-wind; and North-wind came whistling down and froze the river all up, and the giant's legs were frozen hard in the ice so that he couldn't move. The humming-bird flew off in a great hurry, and presently South-wind came humming back with him, and melted the river, and the giant waded ashore; but the loon had been diving after a trout when North-wind came, and he couldn't come up again before the water froze, and so he had to stay underneath and be drowned.

"Never mind," said Long-legs. "You'll see what I can do, with my friend Lightning." So Long-legs called to his friend, and turned himself into a tall

pine-tree and stood by the door of the mountain to see what would happen. But the humming-bird had



“North Wind came whistling down  
. . . and the giant’s legs were frozen  
hard in the ice.”

heard what Long-legs said, so he flew to the chief of the bull-frogs, and the chief of the bull-frogs came hop-hop-hopping in with his mouth full of water and

squatted just inside the door of the cave. When Lightning came flashing along he darted right into the bull-frog's mouth, and darted back out again as quick as he came, sputtering with rage, and burnt up the first thing he found outside, which happened to be his friend the pine-tree.

"Ah," said Short-legs, "that's what comes of boasting." Then he turned himself into a big brown bear, and shouted to his friend Thunder; and Thunder came boom-boom-booming up the valley, and gave the mountain such a kick that he broke his own toes, and then he drew his foot back in such a hurry that his heel struck his friend the bear on the nose; and the bear's skull was broken into as many pieces as there are stones in the river. Thunder ran grumbling and tumbling down the valley, and the giant came out laughing and made steaks out of the bear's body.

Then High-chin, the eighth head-man, turned himself into an eagle, and flew screeching up into the sky to fetch his friend Whirlwind. In less than a minute Whirlwind came screeching down out of the sky, and whirled in at the door, and whirled round and round inside the mountain, and made the giant spin round and round like a cat after its own tail. This time the giant was really frightened; but the humming-bird had got out before Whirlwind got in, and went off to fetch the Kulloo, the great bird that lives on the other side of the world. The Kulloo was such a monstrous bird that one night he mistook the moon



for his wife's egg, and sat on it for an hour trying to hatch it, so that there was darkness on the earth. When the humming-bird came and perched in the Kulloo's ear and told him about the impudent eagle, the Kulloo spread his wings and flew round the world to Turtle Mountain. Whirlwind stopped whirling when he heard the storm of the Kulloo's wings coming round the corner of the world, and rushed out to escape, so the eagle was caught between Whirlwind and the storm of the Kulloo's wings, and nothing was ever seen of that eagle again, except a few feathers.

When the Chief found that eight of his head-men were gone he mourned and mourned. Only one was left, and that was the poorest fighter of them all, so that all the other eight despised and laughed at him whenever they came together in the Council House. He was called Whisperer, because he had such a gentle voice. While the Chief sat grieving with his chin on his breast, Whisperer slipped out of the village and began to climb the mountain. He had no great friends, like the other eight head men, and he had no magic to turn himself into anything. He just climbed the mountain with his feet, and when he got to the mouth of the cave he pulled himself up into a tree with his hands, and sat among the branches. There he sat, and there he sang so sweetly that the giant sat down to listen, with the humming-bird sitting as still as an owl on his shoulder; and all the birds in the forest came flying to find out what creature could sing such a beautiful song. There Whisperer

sat and sang till the giant lay down and went to sleep under the tree; and the humming-bird went to sleep too. There Whisperer sat and sang, and as he sang the ugly old giant slowly turned into a great green mound, with a bright blue flower growing where the humming-bird had gone to sleep.

“So that was the end of the giant,” Kickapoo added, as he finished plucking the grouse. “Now gather a few more sticks for the old Indian’s fire, like a good little white boy, and then run away home, or your mother will think you’ve gone home with a grizzly bear.”



“YOUR father says the Great Spirit made everything right,” said Ossawippi to the small boy from the white folks’ house, “but he doesn’t know how much trouble the Little Spirit gave him, making things wrong.”

“The Little Spirit?” said Rennie. “I never heard of him.”

“No, perhaps not, it is a long time since he was seen in this country. I will tell you the story as my grandfather told it to me. Our tribe was living out on the plains then.”

“When?” asked Rennie.

Ossawippi looked annoyed.

“What do the whens matter?” said he. “Anyhow, it was long before my grandfather’s time. They lived out on the prairie, and the prairie was very dry. It only rained now and then. There was so little rain that the Indians all lived by the side of the river.

It was only in the river valley that they could get water enough to grow anything. When it did rain, it came down like Niagara."

"Oh!" exclaimed Rennie.

"Just like Niagara," Ossawippi repeated, firmly. "And it beat down the corn and spoiled it before it was ripe. So they grew mighty little."

"What did they eat?" said Rennie.

"Oh, they ate buffalo, mostly. The plains were full of buffalo before the white men came, and when a herd was on the run you'd have thought it was thunder. The buffalo was a good beast. We ate his meat; and we dressed in his skins, and made our tents of them, too. We made our arrow-heads out of his bones, because they were easier to chip than flints. The Indians had plenty to eat then. Still, they were not happy; they were always wanting something more—like some white people I know."

"Oh, yes," said Rennie impatiently. "I know who you mean, because I'm always asking you for more stories."

"One thing the Indians grumbled about," Ossawippi went on, "was that the river wound about just like a snake. The Great Spirit made it so, and he knew what was right; but the Indians said it took too long in their canoes to get from Massawunk to Massawee, where the tobacco Indians lived. So they went out to the Bad-lands Desert, where they thought the Great Spirit would not hear them, and asked the Little Spirit to come and straighten the river. The

Little Spirit lived in the desert, and a dreadful place it was; but it was too good for him. There they found him, living in a wigwam all made of salt. He was very glad when he saw them coming, because he had been living alone for I don't know how many years—ever since he had got sent away from the tents of men for putting things wrong before—and he didn't dare come back till he was asked. So he promised to help them, and that very night he came and straightened out the river,—wiped out all its creases, and made it straight just like this”—and Ossawippi drew a line in the sand. “When the Indians woke up in the morning they were very much delighted, and gave the Little Spirit a whole buffalo to eat.”

“He can't have been very little,” said Rennie.

“He was very little, but he had a very big appetite,” said Ossawippi, “like somebody else I know. He just began at the head and finished off at the tail, so that not a hair of that buffalo was left. Then he told the Indians he would stay and live with them.

“The old men thought it was rather dangerous, because the Great Spirit might come along and be angry with them; but they didn't dare to say so. All they said was, ‘We are much obliged to you, but we are afraid we have not got enough for you to eat.’ But the young men said they could get plenty of buffalo, because they would have more time for hunting now the river was so short. So the Little Spirit brought his wigwam of salt, and set it up in the Indian camp.”

"Salt!" said Rennie. "Didn't the wigwam break all to pieces when it rained?"

"Ah," said Ossawippi, "it was not common salt, it was magic; and it didn't rain. He set up his wigwam of salt and lived in it, and every day he ate up a whole buffalo, horns and hoofs and all."

"Raw?" said Rennie.

"Never mind," said Ossawippi; "it got cooked as it went down his throat, for he was all made of fire inside. After he had lived there about a week it began to rain."

"I thought you said it didn't," said Rennie.

"Neither it did, at first; but when it began it rained all day and all the next night, and the corn the Indians had planted was beaten down flat just like those chips lying on the ground. The Indians were sorry, because they had done so much hunting for the Little Spirit that the buffalo were getting shy and keeping at a distance; so they wanted all the corn they could to eat. The Chief went to the wigwam of salt, and tried to wake the Little Spirit. The Little Spirit was hard to wake, because he had eaten so much buffalo, the old glutton; but when morning came he went out to the riverside and looked at the beaten-down corn and laughed.

"'I don't see what there is to laugh at,' said the Chief. 'All our women are moaning and groaning because there won't be enough corn to make a dish of sagamité, unless you can make the corn stand up and grow again.'

“‘Only the Great Spirit can do that,’ said the Little Spirit; ‘but I can give you plenty more corn by my magic. What will you give me if I do?’

“‘We’ll give you half of it,’ said the Chief.

“‘Very well,’ said the Little Spirit. So he began to dance and shout; and he danced and shouted and whirled himself about, and then took an ear of green corn and threw it up into the air, and it went up and up and up till you couldn’t see it; and then all of a sudden a shower of fine ripe hard corn came down.”

“Why,” said Rennie, “it must have been like hail.”

“So it was,” said Ossawippi, “and before the Indians could run to their tents they were all bruised and bleeding, it was so hard; and they cried out to the Little Spirit to stop.

“‘I can’t stop it,’ said the Little Spirit, ‘but it will stop itself by-and-by.’

“So it corned, and it corned, and it kept on corning.”

“Kept on what?” said Rennie.

“Corning,” said Ossawippi. “You know what snowing is, and what raining is, and what hailing is, so you ought to know what corning is. It corned all day and it corned all night, till the ground was ten feet thick with corn.”

“Didn’t it burst in the tents?” said Rennie.

“Of course it did,” said Ossawippi. “It tore them all to pieces, and smashed the tent-poles, and the Indians all rushed down to the river and stood up to their necks in the water, and held poplar branches over their heads

to keep from being bruised any more. By the time it stopped, they were half dead with cold and bruises. When they came out they could find no stones to pound the corn into meal with, because the corn had hidden all the stones; and all the camp-fires were put out, so they had to eat the hard corn raw; and it broke their teeth. The Little Spirit ate up his half of the corn, but still it was five feet thick; and the Indians had to wade up the river till they came to a place where it had not been corning. There they sat down on the shore and grumbled at the Little Spirit. They didn't grumble very loud, because they were afraid of him; but he heard them, and came out of his salt wigwam."

"Was it another salt wigwam?" said Rennie.

"Perhaps it was, and perhaps it was the old one. It was all the same. The Little Spirit had plenty of magic, and he didn't mind how much of it he used to make himself comfortable, but he wouldn't use any of it for other people unless they paid him well. When he heard them grumbling, he only said, 'Why don't you go and hunt more buffalo and build new wigwams with their skins?'

"'We have lost all our arrows,' said the Chief, 'so how shall we hunt?'

"'I will give you plenty of arrows,' said the Little Spirit. So he began to dance and shout again. They cried out to him to stop, but he was shouting so loud that he couldn't hear anybody else. He went on dancing and shouting, and he whirled himself about, and then he took up a sharp stone from the river-side and threw



it up into the air, and down came a shower of sharp stone arrow-heads. The Indians all ran away for shelter and crouched under the overhanging cut-bank of the



“The arrow-heads cut their canoes into pieces.”

river. It arrowed and it arrowed, and it went on arrowing all that day and all night too. Most of the women had gone on a journey to Massawee for tobacco ; but when they came paddling home that evening they paddled right into the shower of arrow-heads, and the arrow-heads cut their canoes into pieces, and before

they could get to shelter under the cut-bank they were all killed and drowned. In the morning the Indians looked out from their shelter and all the ground was covered ten feet thick with sharp arrow-heads. They couldn't walk over the arrow-heads, so they waded up the river, and there were so many arrow-heads at the bottom of the river that their feet were terribly cut before they came to a place where it had not arrowed. And there, if you please, stood the Little Spirit at the door of his wigwam of salt.

“‘Go and hunt buffalo,’ he said; ‘I am hungry! Haven't you got arrows enough?’

“‘Too many,’ thought the Chief inside himself. But all he said aloud was, ‘Plenty of arrow-heads, but no sticks to make arrows of. All the trees in the valley are cut to pieces and buried deep, and there are not enough women to clear the stones away.’”

“‘Why couldn't they clear the stones away themselves?’ asked Rennie.

“‘That was women's work,’ said Ossawippi. “In those days Indian men were too proud to work; they did the hunting, but the women had to do the work.

“‘You are not easily satisfied,’ said the Little Spirit, ‘but if you want women I can give you plenty.’ And so he went out and stood on the middle of the river. The water sizzled and steamed where he stood, so that you could hardly see him for the steam; but he danced and he shouted and whirled himself about, and then he took a lump of salt from his wigwam, and flung it down into the middle of the water, and the ghosts of

the women that had been drowned came up out of the water, and wiped the water out of their eyes and wrung it out of their hair, and began to clear away the arrow-heads. They shovelled the stones into the river with their hands till they got the valley clear. Then they went down into the river again themselves.

“Now the Indians made arrows out of the sticks they found, and went off to hunt; and after nearly a week they came back dragging eight buffalo behind them. By that time the Little Spirit was so hungry that he pounced on the buffalo and ate up seven of them, one after the other, and went into his salt wigwam and went to sleep. So there was only one buffalo left for the whole tribe; they were all so hungry that they quarrelled over it, and from quarrelling they got to fighting, and they fought till half of them were killed.

“Now, the good Indians of Athawak lived on a bend of the river six miles away, and when the Little Spirit straightened the river out there was no bend left. They woke up one morning and there was no river flowing by their wigwams through the prairie, and no water to drink, and no trees to make fire with.

“‘It is the Wicked One who has done this,’ said the old Chief; ‘it is the Little Spirit. The Great Spirit gave us the river, and the Little Spirit must have taken it away!’

“So they went out to the Bad-lands Desert, where the Little Spirit lived, and found no one there. However, there was a trail leading through the white alkali that made the desert; and they followed the trail out of the

desert and across the prairie, and it led them nearly to Massawunk. There stood the salt wigwam, with the Little Spirit inside snoring as loud as a storm, and the Massawunk Indians were sitting on the edge of the river bathing their wounds.

“‘Why have you brought all this trouble on the country?’ said the Athawak Indians.

“‘It was the Little Spirit’s fault,’ said the poor Chief, groaning.

“‘You should have left him alone in his desert,’ said the Athawak chief; ‘but you have been punished enough; send him home again at once!’

“Then all the Indians plucked up courage and came to the door of the wigwam, and rattled on the salt walls, and shouted in at the door, and cried to the Little Spirit to leave them; but he only snored louder.

“‘How many buffalo has he eaten?’ said the Athawak Chief.

“‘Seven,’ said the Chief of the Massawunks.

“‘Then he will sleep seven days and seven nights. Leave him here, and come home with us!’

“‘No,’ said the Chief. ‘You are the Indians of Athawak, and we are the Indians of Massawunk. You keep to your place, and we will keep to ours.’

“‘You have spoilt your place,’ said the Chief of the Athawaks, ‘by getting too much of what you wanted. You have spoilt our place, too, by getting the Little Spirit to straighten the river, and we cannot trust you. You shall come with us, and help to build a new

village where the water runs, and you shall be part of our tribe!'

"All the women said 'Ah! Ah! Ah!'—which means, 'He has spoken well'; and the wounded men said 'Ah! Ah!'—which means, 'They are quite right'; and even the old Chief said 'Ah!'—which means, 'If it must be, it must.'

"So all the Indians tramped up the river, though it was sore work for the wounded men. When they got out of sight of the salt wigwam and out of hearing of the Little Spirit's snores, they built a new village, and in the middle of it they built a stone wigwam."

"What did they do that for?" said Rennie.

"For the Great Spirit to come and live in," said Ossawippi. "When the Little Spirit woke up and came after them, he was so frightened at the sight of the stone wigwam that he dropped his wigwam of salt and fled back to the Bad-lands Desert. Ever after that, if any of the Indians got discontented with the Great Spirit the old Chief took them and showed them the heap of salt on the prairie, and told them the story of the wicked Little Spirit and the Indians who got too much of what they wanted."

"Did the Little Spirit stay in his desert ever afterwards?" said Rennie.

"I don't know," said Ossawippi. "I never saw him; but I think I've seen some of his work, so you'd better look out in case he comes your way, little pale-face."

## The Star Wife.

“OSSAWIPPI,” said the small white boy, after thinking over it for two days, “you said you loped along over the prairie when you went where the sun sets, and you said it was a tangle of broken mountains when you camped.”

“I didn’t say it all in the same breath, did I?” said Ossawippi. “I had to go over the prairie before I got to the mountains, of course.”

“Haven’t you got any prairie stories as well as mountain stories, Ossawippi, besides that one your grandfather told you?”

“I daresay I have, if I had time to remember,” said Ossawippi, trying to look very busy with his snowshoe-stringing.

Rennie stood still for just about half a minute, which was a very long time for him. Then he said,—

“Have you had time to remember yet, Ossawippi?”

“Don’t you see how busy I am?” said the Chief.

“Does your father tell you stories when he’s busy?”

“No,” said the small boy, “but when he’s busy it’s reading and writing, and he can’t read and write and tell stories all at once, you know. Besides, he hasn’t got half as many stories as you have, Ossawippi, and

I've heard them ever so many times too. And Toby and Tilda have got to stay indoors doing lessons because it would be school-time if they were at home, and I've got nothing to do, Ossawippi."

After that, of course, Ossawippi had to give in.

"I'll tell you a story I brought home from the place where the prairie ends and the mountains begin," he said. "It's a story about the time when the buffaloes were thick on the prairie. As long as the Indians only had bows and arrows the buffalo never got less, no matter how many the hunters killed; but when the Indians got guns, and the white men came with their guns too, the buffalo vanished like the flame of a candle in the wind."

"Wasn't the prairie dreadfully dull after they went?" said Rennie.

"Yes," said Ossawippi, "it isn't the same place at all since they have gone. The earth and the sky, all have changed."

"Not really?" said Rennie.

"The earth and the sky," the Chief repeated emphatically, "they changed together. The Indians used to say, 'there's no end to the buffalo and there's no end to the stars.' But what are the buffalo now? Heaps of dead cold bones. And what are the stars now? Dead and cold, dead and cold, just like the buffalo."

"Why," said the small boy, "what were the stars before?"

"They were alive like the buffalo, of course,—at

least the prairie Indians told me so. They used to come down to the prairie sometimes; and that's just what the story is about, if only you can sit sort of still and not keep on asking questions this time."

So the small boy sat "sort of still" and didn't ask one question all the time Ossawippi was telling this story:—

In the days when the buffalo raced and thundered over the earth and the stars danced and sang in the sky, a brave young hunter lived on the bank of Battle River. He was fond of the red flowers and the blue sky; and when the rest of the Indians went out to hunt in waist-cloths of skin he put on his fringed leggings all heavy with blue beads, and painted red rings and stripes on his face, till he was as gay as the earth and the sky himself. High-feather was his name, and he always wore a red swan's feather on his head.

One day, when High-feather was out with his bow and arrows, he came on a little beaten trail that he had never seen before, and he followed it,—but he found that it just went round and round and brought him back to where he had started. It came from nowhere, and it went to nowhere.

"What sort of animal has made this?" he said. And he lay down in the middle of the ring to think, looking up into the blue sky.

While he lay thinking, he saw a little speck up above him in the sky, and thought it was an eagle. But the speck got bigger, and sank down and down, till he saw



it was a great basket coming down out of the sky. He jumped up and ran back to a little hollow and lay down to hide in a patch of tall red flowers. Then he peeped out and saw the basket come down to the earth and rest on the grass in the middle of the ring. Twelve beautiful maidens were leaning over the edge of the basket. They were not Indian maidens, for their faces were pink and white, and their long hair was bright red-brown like a fox's fur, and their clothes were sky-blue and floating light as cobwebs.

The maidens jumped out of the basket and began to dance round and round the ring-trail, one behind the other, drumming with their fingers on little drums of eagle-skin, and singing such beautiful songs as High-feather had never heard.

Then High-feather jumped up and ran towards the ring, crying out, "Let me dance and sing with you!"

The maidens were frightened, and ran to the basket and jumped in, and the basket flew up into the sky, and got smaller and smaller till he couldn't see it at all.

The young man went home to his wigwam, and his mother roasted buffalo meat for his dinner; but he couldn't eat, and he couldn't think of anything but the twelve beautiful maidens. His mother begged him to tell her what the matter was; and at last he told her, and said he would never be happy till he brought one of the maidens home to be his wife.

"Those must be the Star-people," said his mother, who was a great magician—the prairie was full of magic in those days, before the white men came and

the buffalo went. "You'd better take an Indian girl for your wife. Don't think any more of the Star-maidens, or you'll have much trouble."

"I don't care how much trouble I have, so long as I get a Star-maiden for my wife," he said; "and I'm going to get one, if I have to wait till the world ends."

"If you must, you must," said his mother.

So next morning she sewed a bit of gopher's fur on to his feather; and he ate a good breakfast of buffalo meat and tramped away over the prairie to the dancing ring. As soon as he got into the ring he turned into a gopher; but there were no gophers' holes there for him to hide in, so he just had to lie in the grass and wait.

Presently he saw a speck up in the sky, and the speck grew larger and larger till it became a basket, and the basket came down and down till it rested on the earth in the middle of the ring.

The eldest maiden put her head over the edge and looked all round, north and east and south and west.

"There's no man here," she said. So they all jumped out to have their dance. But before they got to the beaten ring the youngest maiden spied the gopher, and called out to her sisters to look at it.

"Away! away!" cried the eldest maiden. "No gopher would dare to come on our dancing ground. It's a conjuror in disguise!"

So she grabbed her youngest sister by the arm and pulled her away to the basket, and they all jumped in and the basket went sailing up into the sky before

High-feather could get out of his gopher skin or say a word.

The young man went home very miserable; but when his mother heard what had happened she said, "It is a hard thing you want to do; but if you must, you must. To-night I will make some fresh magic, and you can try again to-morrow."

Next morning High-feather asked for his breakfast; but his mother said, "You mustn't have any buffalo meat, or it will spoil the magic. You mustn't eat anything but the wild strawberries you find on the prairie as you go."

Then she sewed a little bit of a mouse's whisker on to his red feather; and he tramped away across the prairie, picking wild strawberries and eating them as he went, till he came to the dancing ring. As soon as he got inside the ring he turned into a little mouse, and made friends with the family of mice that lived in a hole under the grass; and the mother mouse promised to help him all she could.

They hadn't waited long when the basket came dropping down out of the sky. The eldest sister put her head over the edge, and looked all round, north and west and south and east and down on the ground.

"There's no man here," she said, "and I don't see any gopher; but you must be very careful."

So they all got out of the basket, and began to dance round the ring, drumming and singing as they went. But when they came near the mouse's nest the eldest sister held up her hand, and they stopped dancing and

held their breath. Then she tapped on the ground and listened.

“It doesn’t sound so hollow as it did,” she said. “The mice have got a visitor.” And she tapped again, and called out, “Come and show yourselves, you little traitors, or we’ll dig you up!”

But the mother mouse had made another door to her nest, just outside the ring, working very fast with all her toes; and while the maidens were looking for her inside the ring she came out at the other door with all her children and scampered away across the prairie.

The maidens turned round and ran after them; all but the youngest sister, who didn’t want someone to be killed; and High-feather came out of the hole and turned himself into what he was, and caught her by the arms.

“Come home and marry me,” he said, “and dance with the Indian maidens; and I will hunt for you, and my mother will cook for you, and you will be much happier than up in the sky.”

Her sisters came rushing round her, and begged her to come back home to the sky with them; but she looked into the young man’s eyes, and said she would go with him wherever he went. So the other maidens went weeping and wailing up into the sky, and High-feather took his Star-wife home to his tent on the bank of the Battle River.

High-feather’s mother was glad to see them both; but she whispered in his ear,—“You must never let her



High-feather caught her by the arms."



out of your sight if you want to keep her; you must take her with you everywhere you go."

So he did. He took her with him every time he went hunting, and he made her a bow and arrows, only she would never use them; she would pick wild strawberries and gooseberries and raspberries while they went along, but she would never kill anything; and she would never eat anything that anyone else had killed. She only ate berries and crushed corn.

One day, while the young man's wife was embroidering feather stars on a dancing-cloth, and his mother was out gossiping in a tent at the end of the village, a little yellow bird flew in and perched on High-feather's shoulder, and whispered in his ear,—

"There's a great flock of wild red swans just over on Loon Lake. If you come quickly and quietly you can catch them before they fly away; but don't tell your wife, for red swans can't bear the sight of a woman, and they can tell if one comes within a mile of them."

High-feather had never seen or heard of a red swan before; all the red feathers he wore he had had to paint. He looked at his wife, and as she was sewing busily and looking down at her star embroidering he thought he could slip away and get back before she knew he had gone. But as soon as he was out of sight the little yellow bird flew in and perched on her shoulder, and sang her such a beautiful song about her sisters in the sky that she forgot everything else and slipped out and ran like the wind, and got to the dancing ring just as her sisters came down in their basket. Then they

all gathered round her, and begged her to come home with them.

But she only said,—“High-feather is a brave man, and he is very good to me, and I will never leave him.”

When they saw they couldn't make her leave her husband, the eldest sister said,—“If you must stay, you must. But just come up for an hour, to let your father see you, because he has been mourning for you ever since you went away.”

The Star-wife didn't want to go, but she wanted to see her father once more, so she got into the basket and it sailed away up into the sky. Her father was very glad to see her, and she was very glad to see him, and they talked and they talked till the blue sky was getting grey. Then she remembered that she ought to have gone home long before.

“Now I must go back to my husband,” she said.

“That you shall never do!” said her father. And he shut her up in a white cloud and said she should stay there till she promised never to go back to the prairie. She begged to be let out, but it was no use. Then she began to weep; and she wept so much that the cloud began to weep too, and it was weeping itself right away. So her father saw she would go down to the earth in rain if he kept her in the cloud any longer, and he let her out.

“What must I do for you,” he said, “to make you stay with us here and be happy?”

“I will not stay here,” said she, “unless my husband comes and lives here too.”



“I will send for him at once,” said her father. So he sent the basket down empty, and it rested in the middle of the dancing ring.

Now when High-feather got to Loon Lake he found it covered with red swans. He shot two with one arrow, and then all the rest flew away. He picked up the two swans and hurried back to his tent, and there lay the dancing-cloth with the feather stars on it half finished, but no wife could he see. He called her, but she did not answer. He rushed out, with the two red swans still slung round his neck and hanging down his back, and ran to the dancing ring, but nobody was there.

“I shall wait till she comes back,” he said to himself, “if I have to wait till the world ends.” So he threw himself down on the grass and lay looking up at the stars till he went to sleep.

Early in the morning he heard a rustling on the grass, and when he opened his eyes he saw the great basket close beside him. He jumped up, with the two red swans still slung round his neck, and climbed into the basket. There was nobody there; and when he began to climb out again he found that the basket was half way up to the sky. It went up and up, and at last it came into the Star-country, where his wife was waiting for him. Her father gave them a beautiful blue tent to live in, and High-feather was happy enough for a while; but he soon got tired of the cloud-berries that the Star-people ate, and he longed to tramp over the

solid green prairie, so he asked his wife's father to let him take her back to the earth.

"No," said the Star-man, "because then I should never see her again. If you stay with us you will soon forget the dull old earth."

The young man said nothing; but he put on the wings of one of the red swans, and he put the other red swan's wings on his wife, and they leapt over the edge of the Star-country and flew down through the air to the prairie, and came to the tent where High-feather's mother was mourning for them; and there was a great feast in the village because they had come back safe and sound. The Star-wife finished embroidering her dancing-cloth that day; and whenever the Indians danced she danced with them. She never went back to the Star-maidens' dancing ring; but she still lived on berries and corn, because she would never kill anything,—except one thing, and that was the little yellow bird. It flew into the tent one day when High-feather had his back turned, and began to whisper into the Star-wife's ear; but she just caught it in her hand and wrung its neck, so it never came to trouble her again.

"I suppose they went back to the Star-country when they died, didn't they, Chief?" said Rennie.

"Oh, I did hear somebody say they did, but that wasn't really part of the story. The story says that High-feather went to the Happy Hunting-grounds; and I'm sure his wife went with him, because they always went everywhere together."

## The Enchanted Valley.

“FATHER says he won’t be too busy for a little story-telling to-night, if you’ll come up, Ossawippi.”

The small boy must have been arguing with his father about the wrongness of spending all the time reading and writing when stories were so much more interesting.

“Your father’s a wise man, and he’s getting wiser,” said the Chief. “I’ll come up.”

In the evening Ossawippi went up to the white folks’ house, and they all came out and sat on the verandah.

“Will you begin, Chief?” said the white man.

“I told the last one,” said Ossawippi.

“I expect you did,” said Rennie’s father. “What was it about?”

“It was about the prairie when the buffalo were alive,” said Rennie; “and about the Star-maidens that came down in a basket.”

“I was thinking of a story about the prairie too,” said Rennie’s father; “and about some wonderful things that happened there, though it was after the buffalo vanished, and I never heard of the Star-maidens.”

So Ossawippi sat down on the top step of the verandah, and the children sat as close to him as they could get,—Toby on one side, Tilda on the other, and Rennie between the Chief's knees,—while Rennie's mother went on with her knitting and his father went on with the story :—

There were two young men that went to live in the Kickalink Valley. The valley ran up into the Rocky Mountains at one end, and spread out into the prairie at the other; they lived at the prairie end, and they had just begun to make a farm, working as partners. One of them was named Abe, and the other was Joe.

One day they were sitting on the grass having dinner.

“It's a wretched hole,” grunted Abe, digging his jack-knife savagely into the frying-pan. Hoisting out a hunk of fried pork, he crammed so much of it into his mouth that he couldn't say any more for a minute or two.

“Oh, it's not so bad as all that,” said Joe, as he munched a bit of hard tack,—ship biscuit, you know, Toby.

Behind Abe was a little hut they were putting up to live in when the cold weather came; behind Joe was the tent they had brought with them for summer, and between them was their dinner, the common prairie dinner of salt pork, hard tack, and tea, sizzling and sputtering on a fire of sticks.

“It's all very well for you to talk,” said Abe, when his mouth was half empty. “You've got no ambition.

You've got no sense. You'd go on grinning and whistling if it was nothing but rock and sand we had to plough—and it's not much better, anyhow."

"Oh, I say!" said Joe, laughing—he was used to Abe's compliments and took no notice of them. "Things don't look so green as they do at home, but it's mighty good soil all the same. We'll make a rattling farm out of Kickalink Valley yet, you'll see!"

"I'll see, will I?" grumbled Abe. "I'll see the crops not coming up at all, and getting eaten by bears and rabbits when they do; and nothing to eat, and no fun with it if there is; and not a soul in sight from one year's end to the other, and wild Indians prowling round all the time. That's what I'll see, nothing but blank misery and ruination!"

As there was no more pork in the frying-pan Abe stretched himself on the grass for a nap, with his arm across his eyes. When he awoke an hour later, and got up with a sullen face to go on working at the house, there was no tent to be seen. The hut stood where it did, behind him; and there was the frying-pan, that he had taken the last slice out of; but the tent, and the tea pannikin that he had seen Joe drain after dinner, and Joe himself, all had vanished. Abe's long face grew longer than ever. When he had stood gaping for some time, and looking on the grass all round as if the earth must have opened and swallowed up Joe and the tent, he raised his eyes and looked across to the other side of the valley; but the other side of the valley, with its steep ridge and dark pine

trees on top, had disappeared too. The flat valley bottom seemed to stretch away and away without end. Abe sat down to think what he had better do; and as he was not used to practical thinking he found it very hard work. He could think of nothing but how miserable he was, and how badly he was being treated. So at last he gave it up, slouched into the hut, rolled himself up in a blanket, and went to sleep,—which he could always do, more easily than anything else.

About midnight Abe awoke. This was most unusual, and he wondered what could be the matter. There was a curious sound far off towards the west, like a herd of ponies galloping down from the mountains. The sound came nearer and nearer, till the earth began to quake and quiver under innumerable feet, and the house quivered too; and Abe quaked worse than all, for he was a great coward. Suddenly the noise stopped, and he got courage enough to look out of the window; but what he saw took all his courage away again, and his teeth chattered with fear. There was only a quarter of a moon in the sky, but it gave light enough to show him a swarm of white figures covering the hillside behind the house.

“G—g—g—ghosts!” he mumbled; and he crouched down on the floor again and pulled the blanket over his head.

Then another sound began: a curious rustling sound, as if gusts of wind were tumbling about in the patch of young oats that Joe and Abe had planted. Dragging himself to his feet again, and peeping out at a corner

of the window, he saw that a lot of the white creatures had come down off the hill-side and were gobbling up the oat crop as fast as they could.

“Oho!” said Abe; “they’re not ghosts at all; they’re only wild goats. I’ll soon stop their little game, and lay in a fine stock of their skins besides.”

Picking up the shot-gun that stood in a corner against the wall, he fired it right into the thickest of the white crowd. The sound of his own gun so scared him that he bobbed his head down from the window and crouched on his blanket again. But the goats did not seem scared in the least, for they went on rustling and munching among the oats as if nothing had happened.

The night seemed dreadfully long, but at last the sun came climbing up from the eastern plains, and Abe opened the door and went out. There was not a goat in sight, dead or alive. “Whew!” said Abe, “I thought I’d killed a dozen, at least.” After a day of eating, sleeping, and grumbling, Abe was strolling listlessly about, wondering if it would be more of a nuisance to walk to the nearest settlement than to stay in his loneliness on the chance of something turning up. Now Abe had all his life been used to doing whatever seemed easiest and most pleasant at the moment; so when there were only two things to do, and both of them were hard and unpleasant, he could *not* make up his mind which to choose. The more he thought the more undecided he became, till at last he stamped on the ground and burst out crying like a

naughty little child when its mother tells it to open its mouth and swallow the cod-liver oil. He had no sooner done this than he heard what sounded like a million other people stamping and crying all round him. Pretty soon he found that the great noise was made up of a lot of little sounds, and by listening hard he could tell just where they came from.

Close by his feet a multitude of small voices were piping out,—“Oh, dear me! What’s the good of being grass if we have to grow here on this dry ground? When *is* the rain going to fall? Why won’t somebody plant us on some tidy lawn, with a gardener to roll us and water us? We are *so* miserable here! There’s nobody even to make hay of us.”

“Oh, dear me!” sobbed the brown earth. “What a dreadfully dull life this is! What’s the use of lying here all the time, with nobody to plough us up and let us grow corn? Why does this dreadful man-creature keep stamping his heels into us and frightening all the little gophers in their holes?”

“Oh, dear me!” quiver-quavered the oat-stalks. “We’ve been beaten and robbed, beaten and robbed! Why didn’t somebody sow us where there are no wild thieving goats? What a barbarous place this is!”

“Oh, dear me!” clattered the boards that the house was made of. “It’s a cruel, cruel world! Why didn’t they leave us growing in the forest, beautiful trees that we were, instead of cutting us in pieces and sticking us up here in this ridiculous attitude without even a coat of paint to cover our nakedness, and not



so much as a squirrel to shelter,—no one but this lazy lump of a two-legged fellow.”

Then the sun went down, and all the noises stopped as suddenly as they had begun. Abe hardly dared to go indoors for fear of waking the planks, but as soon as it was quite dark he heard the howl of a wolf on the top of the ridge, and he rushed in, drove a wedge under the door because there was no bolt, and sat down on his blanket with the gun between his knees. The wolf went on howling, and another wolf joined in, and another and another, till the whole ridge seemed to be covered with howling wolves. Then they stopped, but it was only to save their breath for a grand rush down into the valley. Down they flew in thousands, the earth shaking under their soft paws with a sound like the ghost of a thunderstorm. Down they rushed, and round and round that little hut like a cyclone—round and round, round and round—till the young man inside was actually so scared that he couldn't even think how scared he was. At last the wolves stopped short, making a ring round the house, gave one long hideous howl, and raced away up the hill again till they disappeared on the other side of the ridge.

A whole week passed like this, Abe spending his days in misery with the whole valley breaking out in misery around him, and his nights in terror with the trampling and the racing of the goats, or the howling and the racing of the wolves; yet he could *not* make up his mind either to run away or to stay and do anything else.

Now Joe was just as much astonished as Abe that first afternoon, when he found that Abe and the house and the oat-field had vanished ; but as soon as he was quite sure it wasn't all a dream he set to work to make the best of a bad job. It would be rather cold, he thought, spending the winter under canvass ; but he would bank up the outside of the tent with turf and trust to his little sheet-iron stove to keep him from freezing. He could not start building another house all by himself, for he would need all his time to raise another patch of oats and lay in a stock of firewood. Then he remembered that the plough was lying beside the house, and of course it had gone off too, with the other side of the valley, wherever that might be.

“Never mind,” said he ; “if I've got to plough I must just do the best I can with a spade!” “Never mind” was a great word with Joe ; and “never mind” means something quite different from “don't care.”

He was actually starting to dig up an acre of prairie with his spade, when he heard the sound of a rushing multitude of little hoofs, and saw a great herd of white goats sweeping down upon him from the mountains. They stopped short as if by word of command when they were close to him, and then, ranging themselves in long straight rows, began to plough up the ground with their horns. They worked hard in this extraordinary way for a couple of hours, and then, throwing up their heads, made off as fast as they had come.

Next day Joe had another surprise. He had just

finished sowing the patch of earth that the goats had ploughed, when he heard a great barking chorus—"Wow, wow, wow!"—not angry barking, you know,



"The goats began to plough up the ground with their horns."

but the friendly sort of bark a dog gives when he wants you to give him a little attention. Looking up, he saw an army of wolves trotting down into the valley.

"Curious kind of wolves, though," said Joe to himself. "They look as if they've got horns, or tusks, or something."

As they came nearer, he saw that each wolf was carrying in its mouth a branch of a tree. The wolves "formed fours," if you know what that means, and as each four came up to the tent they dropped their load and made way for the next four to do the same, till there was a great heap of firewood all stacked ready for the winter's use.

Day after day the same thing happened, the animals doing their work and making off without a word of thanks. At last, one afternoon when the goats had ploughed up quite as much land as Joe had got seed for, he said,—“It's really very kind of you, beasties. I wish you could talk! I wonder if you are doing the same for Abe? I wish you could tell me where he is and how he is getting on.”

The goats looked at each other in a shamefaced sort of way, and then hung their heads and bolted as fast as they could. That night it was their turn to give Grumbling Abe his dose of discipline; but when they came near the house they remembered that Joe was sorry for Abe, and they almost felt sorry for him too.

“Oho,” said Abe, looking out of his window and seeing them hesitate. “They're frightened, that's what they are. Perhaps they've lost their magic. I'll try what a little powder and shot will do for them, the wretches!” So he let fly. But he could not hurt them, and he only made them stop being sorry for him. On they rushed, and kept up their ghost-race round the house all night, just pausing every now and then to

butt hard against the planks, to make sure their victim didn't go to sleep.

Abe was quite worn out when at last they trotted off, and he lay dozing all the morning. Then he roused himself and began to think seriously about what he had done and what he had better do. Thinking seriously was just as hard as ever, perhaps harder, but he felt he absolutely had to do it. After puzzling his head for some time, he came to the conclusion that he had made rather a fool of himself, and had better start pretty soon and try to find his way somewhere. But by-and-by he got a step farther still—and a long step it was, for he began to think of somebody else as well as himself.

“It was just as the sun went down, and the wolves were beginning to gather and howl on the ridge. “I wonder how Joe is getting on?” said Abe to himself. “I wonder if the wolves persecute him too? I—I don't expect they do. I—well, he don't seem the same kind of chap as I am. Perhaps,” he added mournfully, “I'd be better if I were more like him, after all.”

Just then he heard the wolves give a long and dismal howl as they started on their race down into the valley.

“I'd like to see him again and have another chance,” Abe went on. “I think we'd get on better together now. I suppose I did behave rather badly to him.”

The wolves stopped short and began to sniff. There was a change in the air,—something very peculiar, in fact. The smell of ill-temper had gone, and there seemed nothing to be angry with.

“Yes,” said Abe, continuing his conversation with himself, “I *should* like to see him again! I believe I’ll start off and try to find him instead of the settlement.”

The wolves turned tail and fled.

In the morning, bright and early, Abe packed up a few clothes and biscuits, slung the bundle over his shoulder, and came out of the door ready for a long march. He was bound to get to the other side of the valley, the lost side, even if it took him all day.

He was no sooner out of the door than he dropped his bundle with a cry of delight.

The other side of the valley had come back!

There was the tent, exactly where it ought to be, and Joe was just coming out of it.

Abe was a little shy and uncomfortable at first; it is not easy to become agreeable all at once when you have been disagreeable all your life; but Joe was so good-tempered that Abe took courage, and did his best—and his best was so good that you could not have told, if you had visited their farm a month afterwards, which was Cheerful Joe and which had been Grumbling Abe.

## Kweedass and Kindawiss.

THE Chief was just going to say what he thought of Grumbling Abe, and you can imagine what he did think, when the small boy burst in with "Have you got another prairie story, Ossawippi?"

"No," said Ossawippi.

"Oh," said Rennie. "Have you got another mountain story, Ossawippi?"

"No," said Ossawippi.

Then there was silence for nearly a minute ; but just as Rennie was beginning again with another "Have you got" the Chief said,—“When I saw the mountains like a wall in front of me I thought I had got to the end of the world ; but the wall opened, and I went into the mountains, with sharp rocky peaks going up on the right and on the left, so high that if you stood on the top you could shake hands with the people in the Star Country. I didn't go to the top, because there was no hunting there. I went on and on, up one valley and down another,—such long valleys that I thought they were never going to end, with rivers racing down between red and yellow and purple precipices. The precipices were so high, it felt like being shut up in a giant's castle, and I could hardly breathe. But after

many weeks I got out at the other side of the mountains, where the last valley widened out into a soft green plain, and I could breathe again; and the air was soft and smooth on my face, like a young rabbit's fur. And when I came to where the river ran into a sea that had no end, I knew I had come to the Jumping-off place. There I met the Indians who had built their lodges at the Jumping-off place because they couldn't get any further without falling into the sea and frightening the salmon; and it wouldn't do to frighten away the salmon, because they were what the Indians had to live on. I will tell you a story that the Indians of the Jumping-off place told me, if you wait till I remember it."

So Rennie's father and mother waited patiently, and Rennie waited impatiently, and the other children just waited. At last Ossawippi began:—

It is about Kweedass and Kindawiss.

Once upon a time there was a handsome young Indian named Kweedass, and he lived among his people at the Jumping-off place on the shore of the sea that has no end. Now, Kweedass was old enough to go out in a boat alone and sail in and out among the islands, and he was old enough to spear salmon by the score; so his father thought him old enough to get married.

"Very well," said Kweedass, "I'll marry Kindawiss."

"No, my son," said his father; "that would never do."

"Why not?" said Kweedass. "She is the most beautiful girl in the tribe, and she does the loveliest



beadwork, and she can dry fish as well as anyone ; and she wants to marry me, too, for I asked her."

But his father only shook his head again, and said,—  
"It would never do. Kindawiss belongs to the same clan as ourselves, she wears the Raven crest as we do ; and it is against the law of the tribe for two people of the same clan to marry. If you did, you would be driven out with sticks and stones, and you would have to starve in the mountains."

"Well," said Kweedass, "if I can't marry Kindawiss, I won't marry at all."

His father scolded him, and his mother scolded him worse, and told him there were dozens of girls as good as Kindawiss ; but it was no use. Kindawiss got plenty of scolding, too ; but she had no father or mother, only a grandmother, and if the grandmother said much about the wickedness of marrying a man with the Raven crest, Kindawiss slipped out of the house and wandered up and down the shore till Kweedass came home from the fishing, and he comforted her.

At last, one evening, when they had both been scolded very fiercely, they both fled from their persecutors, and came to their favourite corner among the rocks at the same moment.

"Has that old woman been talking at you again?" asked Kweedass.

"Oh, yes," sighed Kindawiss ; "she never stops now."

"Then let us marry in spite of them, and go where neither their tongues nor their sticks can reach us.

I have my fish-spear, and my bow and arrows, and my axe; and we can live happily together in the mountains."

Kindawiss had a horror of the mountains, for she had never been there, and thought they were haunted by all kinds of dreadful creatures; but she only said,—

"Yes, I will marry you, Kweedass, and I will go anywhere with you."

So they stood up and solemnly called on the Raven, the bird of their clan, to witness that they took each other for husband and wife. They didn't dare to say good-bye to anyone. They stole away into the woods behind the village, and walked till it was pitch dark, and then they lit a fire in a grassy hollow, and supped off a dried salmon that Kweedass had slung over his back. Then Kindawiss curled herself up in her blanket beside the fire and slept happily while her husband watched against the bears.

When morning came the two young Indians began to climb the mountains, and the way was steep and stony, and there was no path but the trail of the mountain goat. Kindawiss tramped on patiently, but she looked about her with a shiver of fear when the trail was almost hidden in brushwood, and she thought she might put her foot on some horrid creature without knowing it. At last they got to the top of the first ridge, and looked down on a beautiful valley, with a pale green river singing loud as it scampered through the rocky bottom, and a bright green meadow shining on each side of the river, and a dark green

forest of towering pine trees climbing up from the meadow to the foot of the great stony mountains beyond.

It was there, beside the singing stream, that Kweedass built a little hut of boughs and bark for Kindawiss; and that was their home. There were plenty of fish in the river that Kweedass could spear from the bank, and the berries grew so thick on the bushes that Kindawiss could pick as many as she could eat without going ten steps from her door. Now and then a foolish wild goat or a big-horn sheep came wandering out of the woods to see what new big kind of tree stump it was that had risen in the meadow; and an arrow whizzed out of that miraculous tree stump, and the animal fell dead, and there was a great meat feast for Kweedass and Kindawiss. As for the beautiful deer, they could be as inquisitive as they liked; for Kweedass knew that he had come to live in the country of the deer, and he was careful not to offend the Deer Spirit that watched over the valley. When the deer crept up to the tree stump and found it was a house, they had scarcely time to be frightened, for Kindawiss put out a gentle hand with a bunch of meadow grass for them to eat, and another gentle hand to stroke their silky muzzles.

One day Kweedass was standing very still on a rock in the river, peering into the deep pool below him, and holding up his spear for a throw. Suddenly the eddying wrinkles on the smooth water made themselves into the shape of a face. It was gone again in a

moment, but Kweedass had recognised it at once. It was the face of his father.

Kweedass leapt to the shore and ran up to the hut. Kindawiss, sitting in the door and stroking two of her deer, sprang up with fear.

“What has hurt you?” she said. “Or have you seen a—have you seen a—*what* have you seen?”

“I have seen my father’s face in the river,” said Kweedass. “He is in trouble, and I must go to him at once.”

“But what can I do without you, Kweedass, my husband?” asked his wife, trembling.

“The Deer Spirit will watch over you,” said Kweedass, “for we have always been kind to his deer; but see that you don’t leave the house till I return. I will come back to-morrow; and perhaps I can get the people to forgive us, and then we can go home together. But mind, stay here by the house and don’t go into the woods.”

“Are you sure you will come back to-morrow?” moaned Kindawiss.

“Sure,” said Kweedass. “So good-bye, dear wife.” Away he tramped through the grass and up through the wood, and at the top of the hill she saw him again, standing against the western sky and waving his bow: and then he was gone down the slope on the other side.

When the young Indian reached his old home late at night he found that his father had been drowned that morning, and there was great lamentation in the



“It was the face of his father.”



village. He mourned with his mother and the neighbours all night.

In the morning his mother said,—“My son, you must stay with me now and hunt for me, and take your father’s place in the tribe.”

“Yes,” said he, “I will; but I must first go and fetch home my wife.”

At that all the neighbours made a great uproar. “It is a wicked thing,” they said, “for a man of the Raven crest to have a woman of the Raven crest for his wife. It will bring ruin on the tribe.”

“If I may not bring her back,” said Kweedass, “I will not come back myself.” And he made for the door. Then the neighbours fell upon him, shouting, “You shall not go! You shall not go!” And they tied his hands and feet so that he could not move—not with all his strength and his struggling.

Six days and nights they kept him bound, and whenever he begged to be set free they said,—“First promise not to keep your Raven wife.” At last he gave the promise, saying to himself it was such a bad one that he could break it without doing any harm. As soon as he was free Kweedass said he would go and spear salmon; but when he got out of the village he turned and dashed into the woods, and there was no one quick enough to catch him.

When Kweedass came to his little hut in the valley, it was empty. Kindawiss had gone. He spied a trail in the grass—a woman’s trail—leading from the house to the woods; but the trail was

not fresh that day, nor the day before. He called aloud,—

“Kindawiss! Kindawiss!”

The forest answered quickly, “Kindawiss! Kindawiss!” And the bare hill-side above the forest answered slowly, “Kindawiss!” That was all the answer he got, unless the deer meant something when they peeped out between the trees and shook their heads.

Kweedass sought and sought and sought, up hill and down, till night came and he was tired out. Then he lay down in the forest to sleep; but when he awoke he sought and sought and sought again, never stopping to shoot and cook, but living on berries that he picked as he walked. At last he gave up seeking alone, and went back to the village. The people were angry with him for running away; but when they knew that Kindawiss had gone astray in the mountains they said they would go and find her.

First of all they went to the village conjuror.

“Give me something that Kindawiss has worn,” said he.

The grandmother handed him a beaded bodkin-case, saying, “That was hanging from her girdle when she ran away, and she dropped it in her haste.”

The conjuror sent them all out of his hut, shut the door, and looked hard at the bodkin-case for an hour saying his strongest magic all the time. Then he looked up suddenly and fixed his eyes on the wall. There, as plain as paint, he saw a picture of a rocky valley, with a



lake in the bottom, and one great old pine tree beside the lake, and Kindawiss looking sadly out of a hole high up in the hollow trunk.

“Follow me!” said the conjuror, opening the door and tramping off towards the mountains. So twenty of the strongest men followed him; and they tramped through the forest and up the hill and down into the valley of the Deer Spirit. The conjuror never paused or turned aside to look at the hut where Kindawiss had lived; but he whistled gently as he leapt from stone to stone across the river, and all the deer in the valley came bounding to him, and followed him through the woods on the other side and up the stony slopes of the great mountains above. The young men one by one lost their breath and had to stop; but the conjuror was strong with magic, and Kweedass was strong with love, and they never stopped till they got to the very top.

There they stood, the two of them, looking down into a rocky valley, with a lake in the middle and a great old pine tree standing alone beside the lake.

“Kindawiss is in that tree,” said the conjuror; and down he scrambled, with Kweedass close at his heels. Only one of the deer now followed them, and that was the great Deer Spirit himself, with his snow-white fur, and his antlers like thorn trees in winter.

When they got to the tree and looked up, there was Kindawiss peeping out of the hole, just as the conjuror had seen her; but as soon as she saw her husband the

sadness went out of her face, and she cried aloud with great joy,—

“Kweedass! Oh, my beloved Kweedass!”

“Hush!” said the conjuror. “This is the bears’ country, where the bear magic is stronger than any other; and if the Bear Spirit hears us we shall have a hard fight for our lives.”

“Yes,” said Kindawiss, “it was the Bear Spirit that caught me, when I was going to see what had become of Kweedass; and he has kept me in prison here ever since because I was a friend of the deer’s. I should have starved but for the ravens.”

“That is good news,” said the conjuror. “The deer magic is weak in the bears’ country, but the raven magic is strong wherever there is air to fly in.”

Then he said the raven spell and whistled three times, and the great Raven Spirit flew down from its nest on the sky mountain; and the Raven Spirit was as black as night before the stars were born, and when he hovered over the valley the flowers thought the evening had come, and shut their eyes.

“Raven,” said the conjuror, “the Bear has shut up one of your people in this tree.”

Then the Raven flapped his wings in anger, so that there was a storm on the lake, and the tree swayed to and fro; and he stretched out his claw to Kindawiss, and she caught hold of it, and he sank gently through the air till she stood safely on the ground.

“Now we must hurry away, or the Bear will catch us,” said the conjuror. But before they had gone a

dozen steps the Bear Spirit came leaping and roaring down the mountain side like a snow-slide. The brave Deer Spirit put down its head and dashed forward to meet him, and stabbed him a hundred times with those mighty antlers; but the Bear's fur was thick and his magic strong, and the Deer was falling back before him, when the Raven spread his wings, and swept down upon the fighters, and flew at the Bear's head. The Bear turned to defend himself, and put up his paws to protect his eyes; and the Raven kept him blind and busy like that till Kindawiss had climbed up on the Deer's back and fled from the valley, with the conjuror on one side and Kweedass on the other. Then the Raven flew after them, and hovered over them like a black cloud till they got safely home to the village.

When the villagers saw that the marriage had not offended the Raven Spirit, but quite the contrary, they made a great feast in honour of the runaways, so that the earth shook with the drumming and shouting, and all the salmon in the sea awoke and trembled.

"So they lived happily ever afterwards, didn't they, Ossawippi?" said the small boy.

"Indian stories don't go on like that," said Ossawippi; "they finish at the end, and 'ever afterwards' is the other side of the end. I expect Kweedass and Kindawiss lived happily,—except when they sat up too late telling stories, and then they were cross and lazy next morning."

Rennie's mother took the hint and ordered him off to bed. If Ossawippi had turned as he went down the steps and seen the misery on a small boy's face,—well, I think he would have been very sorry for saying what he did, that's all.



"HAVEN'T I told you enough stories?" said the Chief one day, when the small boy interrupted his snowshoe-making for the hundredth time.

"No," said Rennie very emphatically, "you can't ever tell me enough stories, Ossawippi."

"Well, I told the last," said Ossawippi; "tell us a story yourself, Little Sunrise." And all the Indians sitting in a ring on the river-bank looked up from their work and grunted, "Ah, ah!"

This was only fair, Rennie thought; so he stood up, with his hands in his pockets and his back to the broad-flowing river, and told the Indians his favourite story of Cinderella.

"Pretty good!" said Ossawippi, when the tale was

done. "But it's only a white Cinderella, after all. I like the Indian Cinderella better."

"Then tell it me!" shouted Rennie, turning a somersault among the shavings. "Tell it me now!" And he squatted at Ossawippi's feet. Ossawippi went on quietly threading the thongs of hide from side to side of the snowshoe, but presently he began to speak, and this is the tale he told:—

Once upon a time there was an Indian chief who had three daughters; and they lived in a lodge by the side of the Ottawa River—not in a wigwam, mind you, but a good old Huron lodge, like a tunnel, made of two rows of young trees bent into arches and tied together at the top, with walls of birch-bark. Oh! it was an honourable old lodge, with more cracks in the birch-bark than you could count, all patched and smeared with pitch.

The Chief had three sons too, but they were killed in a great fight with the Iroquois. A good old fight it was—none of your white man's fighting, spitting bullets at each other from half a mile away. When our brave Hurons used up all their arrows they threw down their bows and rushed on the Iroquois with their tomahawks. They screamed and howled like eagles and wolves, and the Iroquois were so frightened that they wanted to run away, but their own magic-man threw a spell upon them, so that they couldn't turn round or run, and they had to stand and fight. The Iroquois are the cousins of the Hurons, and come of

a brave stock: and as the Hurons were few compared to the Iroquois, few as the thumbs compared to the fingers, the Hurons were beaten, and only two score men of the tribe escaped down the river, and none of the women except the Chief's three daughters.

Now the two eldest daughters were very proud, and loved to make a fine show before the young men of the tribe. One day a brave young man came to the lodge and asked the Chief to give him a daughter for a wife.

The Chief said, "It is not right for me to give my daughter to any but a chief's son." However, he called his eldest daughter and said to her, "This young man wants you for a wife."

The eldest daughter thought in her mind, "I am very handsome, and one day a chief's son will come and ask for me; but my clothes are old and common. I will deceive this young man." So she said to him, "If you want me for your wife, get me a big piece of the fine red cloth that the white men bring to the fort far down the river."

The young man was brave, and he took his birch-bark canoe and paddled down the river day after day for seven days, only stopping to paddle up the creeks where the beavers build their dams; and when he stopped at the foot of the great rapids, where the white men lay behind stone walls in fear of the Iroquois, his canoe was deep and heavy with the skins of the beavers. The white men were at war with the Indians, and, though he was no Iroquois, his heart grew cold

in his breast; but he did not tremble: he marched in at the water-gate, and the white men were glad to see his beaver skins and gave him much red cloth for them; so his heart grew warm again, and he paddled up the river with his riches. Twelve days he paddled, for the current was strong against him; but at last he stood outside the old lodge, and called the Chief's eldest daughter to come out and be his wife. When she saw how red was his load, she was glad and sorry—glad because of the cloth, and sorry because of the man.

“But where are the beads?” said she.

“You asked me for no beads,” said he.

“Fool!” said she. “Was it ever heard that a chief's daughter married in clothing of plain red cloth? If you want me for your wife, fetch me a double handful of the glass beads that the Frenchmen bring from over the sea,—red and white and blue and yellow beads!”

So the brave paddled off in his canoe down the river. When he came to the beavers' creeks he found the dams and the lodges, but the beavers were gone. He followed them up the creeks till the water got so shallow that the rocks tore holes in his canoe, and he had to stop and strip fresh birch-bark to mend the holes; but at last he found where the beavers were building their new dams; and he loaded his canoe with their skins, and paddled away and shot over the rapids, and came to the white man's fort. The white men passed their hands over the skins and felt that they were good, and gave him a double handful of beads.



Then he paddled up the river, paddling fast and hard, so that when he stood before the old Chief's lodge he was very thin.

The eldest daughter came out when he called, and said,—“It is a shame for such an ugly man to have a chief's daughter for his wife. You are not a man; you are only the bones of a man, like the poles of the lodge when the bark is stripped away. Come back when you are fat.”

Then he went away to his lodge, and ate and slept and ate and slept till he was fat, and he made his face beautiful with red clay and went and called to the Chief's daughter to come and marry him. But she called out to him, saying,—

“A chief's daughter must have time to embroider her clothes. Come back when I have made my cloth beautiful with a strip of beadwork a hand's-breadth wide from end to end of the cloth.”

But she was very lazy as well as proud, and she took the cloth to her youngest sister, and said,—“Embroider a beautiful strip, a hand's-breadth wide, from end to end of the cloth.”

Now the Chief's youngest daughter was very beautiful; so her sisters were jealous and made her live in the dark corner at the back of the lodge, where no man could see her; but her eyes were very bright, and by the light of her eyes she arranged the beads and sewed them on so that the pattern was like the flowers of the earth and the stars of heaven, it was so beautiful. But when the youngest daughter had fallen asleep at

night her eldest sister came softly and took away the cloth and picked off the beads.

In the morning she went to her youngest sister and said,—“Show me the work you did yesterday.”

And the youngest sister cried, and said, “Truly I worked as well as I could, but some evil one has picked out the beads.”

Then her sister scolded her, and pricked her with the needle, and said,—“You are lazy! Embroider this cloth, and do it beautifully, or I shall beat you!”

This she did day after day, and whenever the young man came to see if she was dressed for the wedding she showed him the cloth, and it was not finished.

Now there was another brave young man in that village, and he came and asked the Chief for his second daughter.

The second daughter was as proud as the first, and said to herself,—“One day a great chief’s son will come, and I will marry him.” But she said to the young man,—“If you want me for your wife, you must build me a new lodge, and cover the door of it with a curtain of beaver-skins.”

The young man smiled in his heart, for he said to himself,—“This is easy: this is child’s play.” So he built a new lodge, and hung a curtain of beaver-skins over the door.

But when the Chief’s daughter saw the curtain, she said,—“I should be ashamed to live behind a curtain of plain beaver-skins like that! Go and hunt for

porcupines, that the curtain may be embroidered with their quills."

So he took his bow and his arrows and went away through the woods to hunt. Twelve days he marched, till he came to the porcupines' country. When the porcupines saw him coming, they ran to meet him, crying out,—“Don't kill us! We will give you all the quills that you want.” And while he stood doubting, the porcupines turned round, and shot their prickly quills out at him so that they stuck in his body, and ran away into hiding before he could shoot.

Then the young man, because he had been gone so long already, did not chase the porcupines, but left the quills sticking in his body and went back to the village, saying to himself,—“She will see how brave I am, that I care nothing for the pain of the porcupine quills.”

But when the Chief's daughter saw him she only laughed and said,—“You cannot deceive me! It was never heard that a chief's daughter married a man who was not brave. If you were brave, you would have twenty Iroquois scalps hanging from your belt. It is easy to hunt porcupines: go and hunt the Iroquois, that I may embroider the curtain black and white with the porcupine quills and the Iroquois hair.”

Then the young man's heart grew cold; but he took his bow and his arrows and went through the woods; and when he came near the Iroquois town he lay down on his face and slipped through the bushes like a snake. When an Iroquois came to hunt in the woods, he shot

the Iroquois and took his scalp ; and this he did till he had twenty scalps on his belt.

Now all the time that he lay in the bushes by the Iroquois town he ate nothing but wild strawberries, for the blueberries were not yet ripe ; so when he came to his own village and called to the Chief's second daughter, she said,—“ You are an ill-looking man for a chief's daughter to marry. You are like a porcupine quill yourself. Nevertheless, I am not like my sister, and I will marry you as soon as the curtain is embroidered.”

Then she took the curtain of beaver-skin and gave it to her youngest sister, and said,—“ Embroider this curtain with quills, black and white, and criss-cross, so that it shall be more beautiful than the red cloth and the beadwork.”

So the youngest sister, when she had done her day's work on the cloth, and was tired and ready to sleep, took the quills and the hair and began to embroider the curtain, black and white, in beautiful patterns like the boughs of the trees against the sky, till she could work no longer, and fell asleep with her chin on her breast.

Then her second sister came with her mischievous fingers and picked out all the embroidery of quills and hair, and in the morning came and shook her and waked her, and said,—“ You are lazy ! you are lazy ! Embroider this curtain ! ”

In this way the youngest sister's task was doubled, and she grew thin for want of sleep ; yet she was so beautiful, and her eyes shone so brightly, that her

sisters hated her more and more, for they said to themselves,—“If a great chief’s son comes this way, he will see her eyes shining even in the dark at the back of the lodge.”

One day, when the Chief looked out of his door, he saw a new lodge standing in the middle of the village, covered with buck-skin, and painted round with pictures of wonderful beasts that had never been seen in that country before. There was a fire in front of the lodge, and the haunch of a deer was cooking on the fire. When the Chief went and stood and looked in at the door, the lodge was empty, and he said,—“Whose can this lodge be?”

Then a voice close by him said,—“It is the lodge of a chief who is greater than any chief of the Hurons or any chief of the Iroquois.”

“Where is he?” asked the old Chief.

“I am sitting beside my fire,” said the voice; “but you cannot see me, for your eyes are turned inwards. No one can see me but the maiden I have come to marry.”

“There are no maidens here,” said the old Chief, “except my daughters.”

Then he went back to his lodge, where his two elder daughters were idling in the sun, and told them,—“There is a great chief come to seek a wife in my tribe. His magic is so strong that no one can see him except the maiden whom he chooses to marry.”

Then the eldest daughter got up, and snatched the red cloth out of her youngest sister’s hand, and wrapped

it round her, and smeared red clay over her face, and ran to the new lodge and called to the great chief to come and look at her.

“I am looking at you now,” said a voice close beside her, “and you are very ugly; you have been dipping your face in the mud. And you are very lazy, for your embroidery is not finished.”

“Great chief,” said she, “I will wash the clay from my face, and I will go and finish the embroidery and make a robe fit for a maiden who is to marry the great chief.”

Then the voice said,—“How can you marry a man you cannot see?”

“Oh,” she said, “I can see you as plainly as the lodge and the fire. I can see you quite plainly, sitting beside the fire.”

“Then tell me what I am like,” said he.

“You are the handsomest of men,” she said, “straight of back and brown of skin.”

“Go home,” said the voice, “and learn to speak truth.”

When she came back to the lodge, she flung the red cloth down on the ground without speaking.

Then the old Chief said to his second daughter,—“Your sister has failed; it must be you that the great chief will marry.”

So the second daughter picked up the beaver curtain and flung it round her, and ran to the empty lodge; and, being crafty, she cried aloud as she came near,—“Oh! What a handsome chief you are!”

“How do you know I am handsome?” said the voice.  
“Tell me what clothes I wear.”

So she guessed in her mind, and, looking on the



“There she saw a wonderful great chief.”

painted lodge, she said,—“A robe of buckskin, with wonderful animals painted on it.”

“Go home,” said the voice, “and learn to speak truth.”

Then she slunk away home, and squatted on the ground before the lodge, with her chin on her breast.

Now, when the youngest daughter saw that both her sisters had failed, she said to herself,—“They tell me I am very thin and ugly, but I will go and try if I can see this great chief. So she pushed aside a corner of the birch-bark, and slipped out at the back of the lodge, and stole away to the painted lodge; and there, sitting by his fire on the ground, she saw a wonderful great chief, with skin as white as midwinter snow, dressed in a long robe of red and blue and green and yellow stripes.

He smiled on her as she stood humbly before him, and said,—“Tell me now, chief’s daughter, what I am like, and what I wear!”

And she said,—“Your face is like a cloud in the north when the sun shines bright from the south; and your robe is like the arch in the sky when the sun shines on the rain.”

Then he stood up and took her for his wife, and carried her away to live in his own country.

“And what did the other two sisters do?” asked Rennie. “Did they marry the brave young men?”

“The story doesn’t say,” said Ossawippi. “Let me get on with my work.”



## The Great Serpent of the Hill.

WHEN the sun went down and the Northern Lights went dancing up to the top of the sky on Christmas Eve, Ossawippi stopped his snowshoe-making, built up his fire to take care of the lonely hut while he was gone, and strode across the snow to the white man's house. Chief Mustabec and his wife were waiting there already, still as statues, and a dozen other Indians were sitting on the verandah,—or thirteen, if you count a little Indian baby tucked in a shawl on its mother's back.

“You've stopped work early to-day,” said Ossawippi.

“We're not lazy,” said the other Chief; “we began before the sun got up this morning. Besides, the white men's holiday is beginning, and there's going to be a great story-telling to-night.”

“You won't like the stories half so well if you didn't work till sunset,” said Ossawippi, who was never quite satisfied that the others worked hard enough in winter, when they all worked in their own houses and he couldn't see them at it. But in his heart he was just as fond of stories as any of them, and when he looked up and down the white village street and saw no one else coming he opened the

door and went in; and all the others followed him, as quiet as ghosts in their soft moccasins.

The white man and his wife and Rennie were having tea, and there was a great heap of scones and cakes on the table,—ever so many more than they could possibly eat. Toby and Tilda had gone away.

“Come to the table, Ossawippi,” said Rennie’s mother, “and you too, Mustabec.”

So the two chiefs sat down on chairs, without a word, and all the other Indians squatted round the room on the floor. The chiefs helped themselves, and Rennie was the waiter for the rest. First he handed round the scones and cakes, and then he got a great big jug of tea that he could only just carry without spilling—he used it to water the garden with in summer, but it was just the thing for a tea-pot when a party of that size came in. Each of the Indians held up a tin mug to be filled, except Ossawippi and Mustabec, who had cups like the white folk. When two jugfuls of tea had disappeared, and not a scone or a cake was left, Rennie’s mother cleared away the tea-things and carried them off to wash them up in the kitchen, and Rennie’s father pushed the table back into a corner.

Ossawippi and Mustabec had only sat on chairs for dignity, because they were chiefs, and now they squatted down on the floor for comfort.

“My people have come for a story-telling,” said Ossawippi.

“All right,” said the white man, “will you begin?”

"It is the white man's house," said Ossawippi: "it is best to begin with a white man's story."

"Well, Rennie," said the white man, "I think you had better begin. Tell them one of your old fairy tales."

That was really just what the small boy wanted, for he had been reading fairy tales all the afternoon and was full of them; so he squatted on a wooden stool in front of the great open fire-place and told the story of Little Red Riding-hood, right through from "Once upon a time" to "so she lived happily ever after." When he came to where Little Red Riding-hood told the wolf where she was going, Ossawippi grunted "Ah," in a way that meant "she ought to have held her tongue," and all the other Indians grunted after him,—all except the baby asleep in its mother's shawl. And when the story-teller came to where the huntsman came with his big knife and rescued Little Red Riding-hood from the wolf's inside, Ossawippi grunted "Ah" again, but this time in a way that plainly meant, "You don't expect us to believe *that*, do you?"

"When the story was done there was a chorus of "Ah! Ah! Ah!"—meaning "Hear, hear! Very good!"—from the Indians sitting all round the wall. But the story-teller was only looking at his best friend Ossawippi, and Ossawippi wasn't saying anything.

"Didn't you like it, Ossawippi?" said Rennie, squatting down on the floor beside him and catching hold of his knees.

“Yes,” said the Chief; “only it must have been a very big wolf to swallow the little girl whole.”

“I never thought of that,” said Rennie, looking puzzled.

“If it had been the Great Serpent of the Hill,” said Ossawippi.

“Did *he* swallow a little girl whole?” said Rennie.

“Ever so many of them,” said the Chief, “and men and women too.”

“Tell me about it,” said Rennie. “Tell me all about it!” And he sat bolt upright to listen.

So Ossawippi told this story:—

Once upon a time there was an Indian town on the top of Nando Hill, with a high wall of logs all round it like a ring, and a hundred birch-bark lodges inside; and the hill outside the wall was covered with corn. The hill was on an island in the middle of a deep river. A dreadful giant lived beyond the river, but he couldn't get to the island, because the people used to feed the fishes with corn, and if the giant tried to wade through the water the fishes bit him all over and would have pulled him under and drowned him if he hadn't gone back where he came from pretty quick. So the people were happy, because there was no one but themselves and the fishes to eat the corn.

One day two little children were playing down by the river-side, and they threw so many stones into the river that they frightened the fishes away.

"Nasty fishes!" said the boy. "Where have they all gone to?"

"Oh, there's one!" said the girl, "and it's a new kind."

It was a little silvery snake as long as your hand, with red rings round its body; and it lay on the top of the water with its nose nearly touching the bank and its silvery tail wagging gently behind.

The children picked some corn and held it out to the little snake, and the snake came when they called it, and wriggled up the bank, and ate the corn out of their hands. When it had had enough, it curled itself round a stone and put its head up in the air and began to sing. The children had never heard a snake sing, but all sorts of wonderful things used to happen in those days, so they weren't very much surprised.

"I believe it's a kind of bird," said the girl.

"Then what's become of its wings, I should like to know," said the boy.

Then the little snake began to speak; and it spoke as gently as the rustling of a poplar leaf, so the children weren't at all frightened.

"Yes," said the snake, "I used to have two beautiful silvery wings with red stripes; but the monstrous giant that lives over the river caught me and pulled off my wings, and now I can't fly to catch my food, so I've come to beg you kind people to feed me."

The children picked up the pretty little bird-snake, and carried it into the town, and made a nest for it in a corner of their own house; and all the people

used to come to hear its beautiful singing; and after it had sung it told them dreadful tales of how cruelly the giant had treated it.

Then the people pitied the poor little snake, and promised to give it all the corn it wanted to eat; and they would have promised to go and fight the giant for it, so sweetly did it sing, only the Chief stopped them.

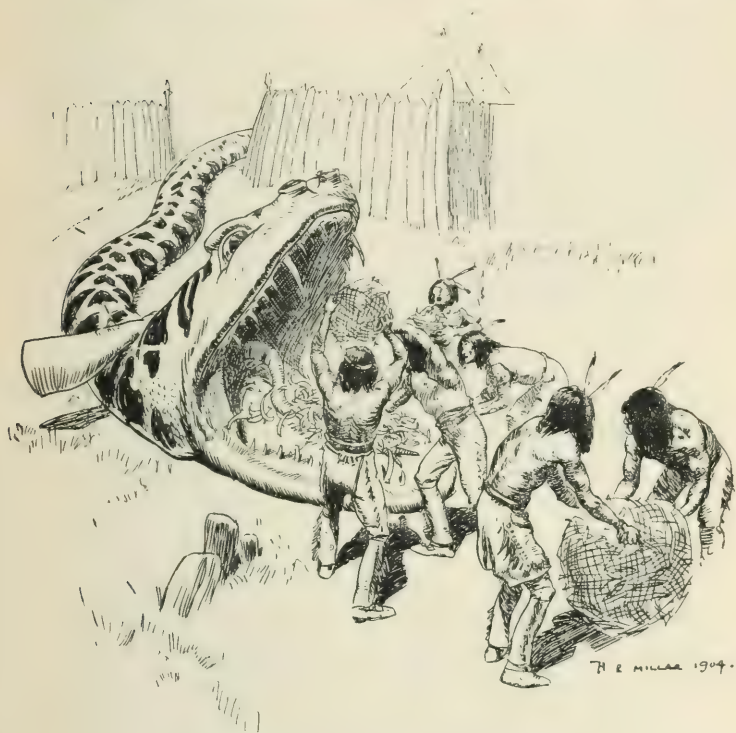
“Not so fast,” said he. “Not so fast! We don’t know yet that it’s telling the truth. I never saw a bird like this before, and I don’t see any places on its sides where the wings grew, if they were pulled out.”

The little snake had all the corn it wanted to eat, and it grew and grew till in a week it was as long as my two arms stretched out. The children had hard work to carry all the corn it wanted from the field, it ate so much. And it grew and grew till there was no room for it in the house, and it lay outside in the street, and when the sun shone it sang its beautiful songs and made the people cry with its pitiful tales of the giant’s cruelty. And it ate so much that the children and their father and mother couldn’t carry all the corn it wanted from the field, so the neighbours had to come and help. And it grew and grew till it filled the whole street, and when its head lay close to the gate its tail touched the wall on the other side of the town.

It ate so much that the Chief gathered a council of all the tribe, outside the wall, and said,—“The corn is nearly all gone and the summer is only half through. We shall not have any left for winter if we feed the

creature like this. I believe it could feed itself if it liked."

"Yes," said the great snake, putting its great head



"The serpent gobbled up all the fish at a mouthful."

over the wall; "of course I could. I could eat you all up, if I liked; but I am too kind and good to think of such a thing. If the corn is getting used up, go down to the river and catch all the fish you can. I

don't mind eating fish, just to make things easy and pleasant for you."

"That would never do," said the Chief: "because the fishes are our best friends, and they defend us against your enemy the giant."

"That's very nice of them," said the serpent, "and I shall be very sorry for them if I have to eat them; but I'm really afraid it can't be helped, unless you want me to get so hungry I shall have to eat you yourselves, and that would be a greater pity still."

So the people made nets, and went down to the river and caught fish, and brought the fish up the hill to the town; and the serpent put its head out of the gate and gobbled up all the fish at a mouthful.

When the rest of the fish in the river found that their brothers and sisters didn't come back from the town, they were very frightened; and when they found that nobody came to give them any corn they were very angry; and they turned tail and swam up the river, every one of them. If the giant had come wading through the river then he could have got across all right without so much as a nibble; but he didn't need to, because he'd got across already!

When the people saw there were no fish left they came and told the Chief, and he went with them to where the serpent's monstrous head lay, just outside the gate.

"All the fish have gone," said the Chief; "and we can't give you any more corn, because there won't be enough for winter as it is. You are so big and strong,



why don't you cross the river and get food for yourself?"

"I wish I could," said the serpent, "just to make things easy and pleasant for you"—and its eyes were streaming with tears—"but I'm too big and heavy. No; but you are nimble and clever, and you can cross the river and hunt, and you can have half what you catch, if you're sure to bring me the other half."

"The dreadful giant would kill us," said the Chief.

"No he won't," said the serpent. "The giant has gone away."

"Where has he gone to?" asked the Chief; "and how do you know?"

The serpent slid his monstrous head over the ground till it came close to the Chief, and then roared out,—  
"Go and hunt, and don't keep me waiting any longer, or it will be the worse for you."

So the Chief and his men made rafts and paddled across to the shore. Most of the men trembled when they went into the wood, for fear of meeting the giant. The Chief never trembled; and when they got out of sight of the island he called his men round him and said,—

"The serpent was quite right when he said we should not meet the giant. He is the giant himself! He couldn't get over to attack us while he looked like one, so he made himself look small and gentle, and when the fishes were keeping out of the way of the stones that the children threw into the water, the little snake slipped across without anyone noticing; and he

couldn't have got on to the island then, only the children asked him to; and he wouldn't have grown so



“The serpent roared out, ‘Go and hunt, and don’t keep me waiting!’”  
monstrous big if we hadn’t fed him with the corn.”  
“What shall we do, then?” said the Second Chief.

“We must go back, because we’ve left the women and children in the town.”

“Yes,” said the Chief, “we must go back, and we must take a monstrous big hunting of deer back with us, so as to feed him till he’s heavy and sleepy. Then we must kill him—if we can.”

So they hunted all day, and loaded up the rafts with deer, and paddled back to their island. And when they came up through the corn-fields they found that the serpent had come right out of the gate, because he was growing so fast there wasn’t enough room for him inside the town; and there he was, lying in a ring outside the wall, right round the town, with his tail nearly touching his nose. He gobbled down everything the hunters brought, swallowing a big deer at a mouthful. Then he shut his eyes and went to sleep, and the Chief led his men into the town on tiptoe, between the serpent’s nose and tail; and the hot breath nearly stifled them as they passed.

As soon as they got safely into their houses they told their wives to pack up everything they could carry and get ready to flee with the children. “Because,” said the Chief, “if we don’t kill him while he’s asleep he’ll lash out and smash the town into pieces with his great body, and we must all run for our lives.”

Then the Chief gathered all his people together at the gate, and he and his hunters marched out and all shot their arrows together at the serpent’s eyes.

The serpent’s eyelids were so thick that the arrows

just stuck in them without getting through; but they stung him, and he woke up in a bad temper and began gobbling up the people and swallowing them down whole as fast as he could. Some of them ran back into the town; but the serpent drew himself closer together and broke the wall down all round; and closer still, and the houses next the wall were crushed flat as dry leaves when you tread on them. Then the people tried to climb over the serpent's slippery back, but he just shook them off like flies. They didn't want to be squashed flat, so they made a rush to get out between his nose and his tail, and he swallowed them down every one,—all except the little boy and girl who had brought him into the town. He would have swallowed them just as greedily as anyone else, but when they saw their mother disappear down the red lane they ran back into the ruins of the town.

In the very middle of the town stood a great maple tree, and the children threw themselves down at its foot. They didn't cry, because they were true little Indians; but they were terribly frightened and they lay as still as if they were dead.

Two little humming-birds used to make that tree their summer house. The children had often heard them humming and seen them flashing about like green lightning, only this time the birds were not flashing about but sitting still out of sight among the leaves; and they were not humming but talking,—at least, the children could understand quite well what they said.

“Where have the people gone to?” said the father humming-bird, who had been away catching flies on the river.

“The great serpent has swallowed them all up,” said the mother bird, who had stayed at home.

“The Chief and his men were strong hunters,” said the father bird.

“But they couldn’t kill the serpent,” said his wife, “it had grown so big.”

“They had great bows and sharp arrows.”

“But they couldn’t kill the serpent, its skin was so thick.”

Then the leaves of the tree began to rustle. The children had often heard them rustling before without understanding what they meant; but this time they understood quite well.

“The strongest men and the sharpest arrows could not kill the serpent, they had let it grow so big,” said the tree; “but there are two little children left, and they can kill it if they try the right way.”

“What can they do it with?” said the father bird.

The tree shivered and groaned; but it said,—“They must have my topmost twig for an arrow and my lowest root for a bow.”

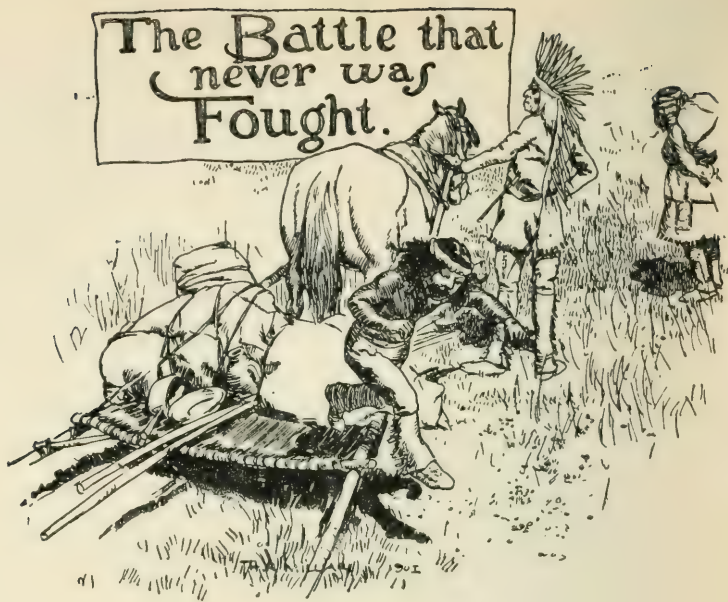
The father bird flew up to the top of the tree and began biting and tugging with his little beak to cut off the topmost twig, and the mother bird flew down and dived into the old fox’s deep burrow and began biting and tugging with her little beak to cut off the lowest

root. It hurt dreadfully, and the tree groaned and shivered as if a winter storm had struck it; but it let the little birds bite and tug till the twig and the root came off. Then the father bird flew down with the twig in his beak, and the mother bird crept out of the hole, her beautiful green feathers all soiled with the dirt; and the little girl sharpened the twig into a tiny crooked arrow, and her brother made the root into a little crooked bow. They thanked the birds and the tree, and went out to fight the great serpent.

The serpent opened his monstrous jaws to swallow them up; but the little boy drew the bow and shot the arrow, and it stuck in the serpent's neck. The serpent shivered as if it had been stung, and tried to jump up and lash out with its tail, but it was too heavy.

Then a wonderful thing happened. The serpent began to shrivel and shrink, and dried up just like a fallen leaf in the hot sun; and it shrivelled and shrank and dried up till it crumbled into pieces like little dry chips and dust; and the people inside woke up, and shook off the dust of the serpent, and rubbed their eyes and wondered where they were. As soon as the children saw their mother get up they ran to her and told her what had happened; and she told the Chief, and the Chief told his people, and they all set to work to build up the town again; and they made a law that no more little serpents were to come into that town, no matter how beautiful they were or what beautiful songs they sang.

When Ossawippi finished his story all the Indians round the wall said, "Ah! Ah! Ah!" in a way that meant, "If they'd only killed it when it was little, it would have saved them a lot of trouble; but it wouldn't have been half such a story."



THERE was a jingle of sleigh-bells outside, and a stamping on the verandah as if people were kicking snow off their boots. Rennie ran and opened the door, and in walked Mr MacFee, and Mrs MacFee, and Bobby MacFee, and Monsieur François Xavier Thibault. The MacFees were expected, but Monsieur Thibault was not.

“This is Mr Teebo,” said Mr MacFee. “He’s my next door neighbour, though there’s five mile of river atween us; and he lives all alone with neither wife nor bairn, so I thought you wouldn’t mind if——”

“Of course we don’t mind,” said Rennie’s father. And Rennie’s mother said so too,—which meant a good deal



more, because she had to get the supper; though of course she knew Mrs MacFee would help with the washing up afterwards.

Five minutes are a dreadfully long time when you are a small boy waiting for a story to begin; but at last the horses had settled down to their hay and the travellers to their tea. Then Rennie flung himself down between Ossawippi's knees and begged for "another, please."

"It isn't my turn," said the Chief. "Ask your father; it's his house."

"That's fair enough," said Rennie's father. "What sort of story would you like, Chief?"

"The sort of story that the white man tells is always good in his own house," said the Chief.

The white man thought he had better not ask exactly what the Chief meant; so he said,—“Well I've told you a white story, and I've told you a half-white story, so perhaps I had better tell you a no-white story this time.”

Ossawippi was not at all sure that an Indian story told by a white man could be worth hearing, but he was too polite to say so. All he said was “Ah! Ah!”—which means anything you like.

Then the white man told the story of the battle that never was fought. He said:—

The Wood Indians and the Hill Indians were at war, though the Hill Indians did not know it.

You see the wild Indians used to make war with

a set of rules of their own. For one thing, they didn't make a declaration of war before they began. They would have reckoned that very stupid—giving notice to their enemies to get ready to beat them. No, they kept the war a secret till they were ready themselves, and then they started, and travelled as quietly as they could to catch their enemies unawares; then they rushed in upon them with a yelling and a howling as if all the lunatics in the world were let loose, and killed and captured as many as they could.

That was the sort of battle the Wood Indians meant to have with the Hill Indians. The Hill Indians had not the least idea that anyone was at war with them, or that they had done anything to deserve it. Neither had they. The Wood Indians were simply tired of peace, and wanted a little excitement; and the young men who had never had any fighting wanted to show that they were as brave and cunning as the old warriors of the tribe. So a council of war was held, and after a great pow-wow they decided that they would have the Hill Indians for their enemies, just because they had the bad taste to live in the hills instead of the woods. When the pow-wow was over the warriors got up, and painted their faces yellow, and began a great war-dance. They danced all day and they danced all night, and they danced all the next day too, till they were too tired to dance any more, and just dropped down on the ground. There they slept for a few hours, and in the morning they were ready to start on the warpath.

The Chief—High Pine was his name, and he wore an eagle's feather in his braided hair, and a deerskin jacket heavy with beads—had been as eager as any young buck for the war, but now he was squatting on the ground thinking, and no one dared ask him why he did not get up and lead the march. At last he beckoned to his wife, the beautiful brown Hazel Twig, and she came and squatted obediently on the ground before him and waited for him to speak. Then he beckoned to his little son, whose name was Squirrel, and told him to fetch a bowl of water. The little boy put the bowl of water on the grass between his father and mother, and waited to see the magic that was going to be done.

“Look into the water,” said the Chief to his wife. “Look long, and tell me what you see.”

Hazel Twig looked long, and then she said,—

“I see a crowd of men and women and children covering the water, and they are all moving one way. Ah,—now they are all gone, and there is nothing at all.”

“Not even a tent?” asked the Chief.

“Not even a tent,” said his wife, “though I think I can see the branches of trees waving about in the wind.”

“Look again,” said the Chief.

Hazel Twig looked again, and then she said,—“I see the great Chief High Pine marching at the head—at the head of something——”

“At the head of three hundred warriors, of course,” said the Chief.

“No,” said his wife timidly, for she was afraid to contradict him. “Ah, now I see what it is: it is a pony dragging a travoy, and there is a little boy riding on the travoy. It is little Squirrel there: I can see his face quite plainly.”

“Look again,” said her husband. “Look long, and see what the end will be. Do you not see the fighting? Do you not see High Pine with his belt fringed with the scalps of Hill Indians?”

She looked for ten minutes, fifteen minutes, half an hour—it is wonderful how long an Indian can sit still without moving—but all she could see was nothing, nothing, nothing.

The Chief gave a signal, and all his warriors came and sat down in a circle around him. The women stood and looked over their heads, and the children went on with their play, all but Squirrel, who stood proudly beside his father.

“There is great magic in the bowl,” said the Chief.

“Ah—ah—ah!” said the warriors in chorus, meaning “Well we know it.”

“The magic tells us we must all go on this expedition together. Neither old grandfathers nor babies must stay behind. We must say farewell to our woods and live for ever in the hills that we are going to take from the Hill Indians. The magic also says that when High Pine leads the way he shall march alone, with his boy the Squirrel behind him on a travoy. This is a way strange to the Wood Indians, but great is the magic, and greatly to be obeyed.”

“Ah—ah—ah!” muttered the warriors.

Then Hazel Twig took down the Chief's tent, and rolled it up and tied the bundle on the cross-pieces of the travoy—the two long poles trailing wide apart on the ground behind the pony. Little Squirrel climbed up and sat on the bundled-up tent, as proud as a king on his throne. The Chief turned his face to the west, with the pony's muzzle close to his shoulder, and the march began. The warriors followed at a respectful distance, and their women-folk brought up the rear, leading a long row of ponies with all the feeble old folk and the feeble young folk of the tribe on travoys behind them.

Six days they marched through that blessed wood country—a blessed living country, all alive with birds and with beasts, and musical with the humming of mosquitoes. The pine trees tossed their stately boughs, the maples waved their gorgeous cloaks, and the silly poplars fluttered all their leaves in different ways at once—whatever way the wind was blowing, or whether there was any wind or not. The very sunshine danced on the grass, keeping time to the fluttering and waving of the leaves overhead. The trail went about and about like a snake, for many foaming little streams cut through the forest in deep and rocky beds, and it was not everywhere that a ford could be found easy enough for the travoys to cross by. There were many sloughs in the way, too—wide sheets of water, shallow enough to walk through if the mud at the bottom was still hard with a memory of last winter's frost.

In one of those sloughs the mud was just firm enough

for the Chief and his boy's travoy pony to cross safely, the water coming only up to their waists; and their feet broke the spell of the frost, so when the main body of warriors came up and entered the slough they sank in the mud, and the water came up to their necks, and would have come up to their mouths if they hadn't backed out and gone round. They had to go all the way round the slough on the narrow edge of long reedy grass that grew between the woods and the water. A long way round it was, and some of the warriors were rather inclined to quarrel with the Chief when they got to the other side and found him quietly eating the fish dinner that little Squirrel had caught and cooked for him.

It is not a very pleasant thing when you are very hungry to come and sit down at a table where somebody else is just finishing, especially if there is nothing for you till someone is kind enough to go and catch something and then cook it for you. The Chief pretended not to hear the grumblers, and pretty soon they stopped. For one thing, you can't grumble very much, or at any rate very loud, when you are stuffing half-cooked fish into your mouth like those greedy Indians.

They had not been travelling more than an hour or two the next morning when they suddenly came out of the woods and on to the prairie that they had to cross before they could reach the hills.

Now the prairie is the grandest place in the world to live in—for people who are used to living there. There is such a wide spread of horizon all round you,

such a broad big sky arching over you, such a glorious flood of sunshine to bathe in all day long, such a racy breeze a-blowing all the time, such a "feel" of air and elbow-room and freedom. But, you see, the Wood Indians had lived all their lives in the woods, and to them the prairie was a dreary and dead and desolate place.

"What a terrible wind is blowing!" said Hazel Twig to the Head Man's wife, walking by her side.

"And how the sun scorches!" said the Head Man's wife. "I wish there were a few trees to walk under."

"And how lonely it is!" said Hazel Twig. "There's not a bird or a beast as far as you can see."

The Chief marched on and said nothing, but he thought, "I wonder if the women have brought enough dried deer-flesh to last till we get to the hills."

When they halted for the night, the Indians made their wives put up the tents. They had been quite content to lie down under the trees as long as there were any trees to lie under, but they were afraid to go to sleep on the naked plain with all those stars staring down at them and the wind hissing angrily in their ears.

All this time the Hill Indians were hunting and sleeping happily among their hills. But when the Wood Indians had got half across the plains Chief High Rock felt a great uneasiness come over him. I suppose some friendly little breeze had come flying back from the marching army and whispered something in his ear. The Chief couldn't understand it at first, but he called for a bowl of water, and looked anxiously into it to see

if his magic would tell him what the matter was. The water began to boil and bubble as soon as he looked at it, and kept on bubbling at such a rate that he couldn't see anything.

"There's trouble coming," said the Chief to himself. "If only the water would keep smooth for a minute and let me see a picture of what it is!"

But as the water would not get smooth, of course he couldn't see a picture in it, and all he could do was to call to the Hill Spirit.

The Hill Spirit flew down to the plains, and when he saw the Wood Indians marching along, and High Pine with his tomahawk and yellow war-paint at their head, he said to himself,—“This must be stopped—and I think I know how to stop it.” So he began by sowing some flower seeds in their way.

The flowers sprang up like magic—for, of course, they were magic flowers—and burst into such a blaze of red bloom, just as High Pine came marching up, that little Squirrel, drowsing on his travoy, awoke and thought the sun was setting, everything was so rosy red.

“Oh, father, do stop a minute!” he cried. “What a beautiful place this is!”

“What a beautiful place this is!” said Hazel Twig, when the rest of the tribe came up to where the flowers grew.

“I wish we could stop here instead of going over that dreary plain,” said the Head Man's wife.

“Those that want to stop can stop,” said the Chief angrily, “but they shall be none of our tribe,” and off



he marched. But a few of the women got their husbands to take the Chief at his word, and they put up their tents and stayed behind to live among the flowers.

When the Hill Spirit saw High Pine marching on he flew back twenty miles, and there he stopped to sow a handful of wild gooseberry seeds. When the Chief came up he thought the gooseberries looked rather nice and juicy, but he had never seen such things before and would not have touched them, only his little son called out to him to stop, and jumped off his travoy and began to eat the berries; and when the rest of the tribe came up they all began to do the same.

“Ah,” said Hazel Twig, “this is better than bitter water out of the sloughs.”

“I wish we could stop here,” said the Head Man’s wife again, “instead of going on over that dry prairie with nothing but dried deer-meat to eat.”

“Those that like to stop can stop,” said the Chief; “but this tribe is going to the war, and to the war we shall go.”

And all his warriors said, “Ah—ah—ah!” which meant “Hear, hear!” A few of them stayed behind all the same, and put up their tents among the gooseberries, saying that they were as brave as anybody else, but there was plenty of fighting surely to be got without dying of thirst on the way to it.

When the Hill Spirit saw that most of the Wood Indians still marched on with tomahawks in their belts and war-paint on their faces, he flew back another

twenty miles, and there he sowed a handful of blueberry seeds. The blueberries grew on such tiny bushes, and hid themselves so modestly under the leaves, that High Pine did not even see them: he was watching for the first sight of the hills. But little Squirrel was so thirsty and so tired of dried deer-flesh that his eyes were searching the ground all the time as he rode along, and as soon as he spied the purple berries he jumped down, without waiting for the travoy to stop, and cried out with his mouth full,—“Oh, father, couldn't we stay here and put up the tepees? Do we have to go on over this dreadful prairie just to fight those old Hill Indians?”

“Hush, boy,” said the Chief. “Don't let my warriors hear a son of mine talk about drawing back from a fight.”

When the rest of the tribe came up there was a grand feasting on the sweet ripe blueberries, and when the hot-headeddest of the warriors cried out that it was time to go on to the war, there were plenty who said they might as well wait till morning, so that they could start the next day's march refreshed with a good juicy breakfast. And when the morning came they so enjoyed their breakfast that they decided to wait and rest and have dinner in the same place; and after dinner some said that they might as well stay over another night. The Chief was willing enough, but his fiery young warriors would not hear of such a thing, and the Head Man went up to the Chief and said,—

“High Pine, your tomahawk is old and foolish.

You can squeeze blueberry juice on to it and it will be satisfied, but my tomahawk is thirsty for the blood of the Hill Indians. If you will not lead us on to the war, I will, and you can stay behind and be the Chief of the women and the white-hearts."

The Chief said never a word, but he set his face to the west and marched off towards the hills. The pony moved off slowly after him, with his head down so that he could snatch a few more mouthfuls of the juicy berries whenever he got a chance; and little Squirrel gathered a last handful and ran and climbed on to his travoy. But quite half the tribe stayed behind this time; only the fiercest of the warriors went tramping on over the dry grass, trying to forget the blueberries, and keeping up their spirits with songs of war, and looking back every now and then to make quite sure their wives were following with their tents and travoys.

The Hill Spirit was very much disappointed when he saw that High Pine and his warriors were still marching on to the west. "They will catch sight of the hills before they have done another day's march," said he to himself, "and then nothing can stop them. My magic is almost run out. I have only one thing left, and that's much too good for such bloodthirsty Indians as these; but I suppose it can't be helped." So that night, while the tired warriors slept, he sowed strawberry seeds right in front of their camp.

When little Squirrel awoke very early in the morning the air was full of the most delightful fragrance. He jumped up and ran out. At first he could see

nothing but the dry grass; but looking down very closely he found that the ground was covered with little red berries; and as soon as he had tasted them he shouted for joy, because he had never tasted anything so good in all his life. The warriors came rushing out with their tomahawks to see what the matter was, and when they saw it was nothing they were going back to sleep again; but the Head Man's wife stooped down and tasted the new berries, and gave a handful to her husband; and then he shouted for joy just as little Squirrel had done, and began to gobble the berries as fast as ever he could, for it wasn't so very long since he had been a boy himself.

In another minute all the warriors were gobbling the new berries, and High Pine ate as fast as anyone. When they had all had as much as they could eat, the Chief called his warriors together, and they came and squatted round him on the grass.

"Did we ever feast like this in the woods?" said he.

"Never!" said they all, licking their lips.

"Can there be anything so good as this in the hills?" said he.

"Surely not," said they all.

"Then what are we going to the hills for?" asked little Squirrel.

And not one of them could say: the strawberries had driven everything else out of their heads.

"Then why not stay here altogether, and feast every day, instead of tramping foolishly over dry grass?" said Hazel Twig.

“These are words of wisdom,” said the enchanted warriors ; and they did as she had said.

The river that flowed beside their camp they called the Strawberry River, and they became the Strawberry Tribe ; and though they will tell you that the Blueberry Tribe and the Gooseberry Tribe and the Red-flower Tribe belong to the same family and lived all together in the woods in the very long ago, they can never remember why they came out of the woods or why they were on their way to the hills when the strawberries stopped them.

“Then who told you about it?” said Rennie when his father had finished.

“We’re not having riddles to-night, young man,” said his father,—“we’re only having stories.”

## The Luck-Mouse.

WHILE the travellers' tea was being cleared away Rennie started a little conversation with Ossawippi, just to fill up the time.

"I've got an uncle in England that has a pet serpent," said Rennie, thinking of the Chief's last story; "when he wants to take it anywhere he just puts his hand round its neck, and it winds its body round his arm, and he carries it about like that. It never tries to sting him or swallow him or anything."

Ossawippi shook his head.

"Oh, but it doesn't, really," said Rennie. "It's a *good* serpent, you know. It catches mice like anything!"

But Ossawippi shook his head again. "What sort of mice?" he asked. "Not white mice?"

"No, just plain ones, I suppose," said Rennie.

"Because if he let his serpent kill a white mouse he had better have killed the serpent instead. I shouldn't like any sort of serpent for a pet; but if I found a white mouse I should keep it and feed it on bread and milk. It's lucky to find a white mouse like Alabec."

"Was Alabec the name of the mouse, or the man that found it?" said Rennie.

“The man that found it, of course,” said Ossawippi. “Did anyone ever hear of such a thing as a mouse with a man’s name?”

“I don’t know,” said Rennie; “but my uncle had one with a woman’s name. It was called Jennie, and it lived in a wheel that it turned round.”

Ossawippi stared; but he did not understand, so he did not criticise. He only said,—“If I had a white mouse I should call it White Mouse, and it should live in my pocket. Then I should be rich, like Alabec, and not have to make snowshoes.”

“Why didn’t you ever tell me about Alabec before?”

“You never asked me before,” said the Chief. “If you sit still, I’ll tell you when your mother comes back.”

So as soon as the tea-things were all got rid of and the white folk settled down again, Ossawippi told this story:—

Alabec was not a very strong Indian, nor yet a very wise one, but he was a brave Indian and a kind one too. Most of the Indians in his tribe were cruel, and if they couldn’t get men-prisoners to be cruel to, they used to torment any animals they could catch, so that their very dogs ran away from them into the forest and became wild like wolves. One day Alabec’s brother caught a little white mouse in a trap, and brought it home and kept it in a box, and poked it with a sharp stick to see it jump. At last it jumped on to the stick,

and ran up the stick to his hand,—and he thought it was going to bite his finger; so he caught it by the head and tail and was just going to pull it in pieces when Alabec snatched the mouse away from him.

“Give me my mouse!” said Alabec’s brother.

“If you promise not to hurt it,” said Alabec.

“I’m going to pull it to pieces,” said his brother.

“It’s my mouse, and I’ll do anything I like.”

“That’s right,” said his father; “pull it to pieces.”

“Yes,” said his mother, “pull it to pieces and hear it squeal.” Because in those days the women were just as cruel as the men.

But Alabec held the little mouse up to his face, and stroked its soft white fur with his cheek; and the mouse whispered to Alabec,—“Run away quick, or they’ll pull you to pieces too.”

So Alabec ran away into the woods. His brother threw stones after him as hard as he could, but the stones flew wide. Alabec ran straight through the forest, where there was no trail; but the bushes swung back just as if the wind was blowing them open, and let him pass without a scratch.

Alabec ran, and ran, and ran, till he came right out at the other side of the forest. Then he sat down on the bank of the river and wondered what he should do next.

“I’ll tell you,” said the little mouse, though Alabec hadn’t said a word.



“What will you tell me?” said Alabec.

“I’ll tell you what to do next,” said the mouse, “and after that too, as long as you keep me safe. You’re hungry, and you want to know where you’re to get your supper. Throw me into the river!”

Alabec was a little afraid the mouse would get drowned; but he thought it must know best, it was such a clever little mouse, so he did as he was told, and threw it into the river. The mouse swam about and about, till a big fish came along and swallowed it up. Next minute, Alabec saw the fish dancing about as if it had been caught with a line, and at last it jumped right out of the river and fell down at his feet. Alabec killed the fish very quickly, and cut it open, and the little mouse came out of the fish’s inside safe and sound.

“There’s your supper,” said the mouse; “now make a fire and cook it.”

So Alabec started rubbing two sticks together to make fire; but the sticks were not dry enough.

“Now let me try,” said the mouse. And he took a hard stone in his little paws, and bit the stone with his hard little teeth till the sparks flew; and Alabec caught the sparks in a bunch of dry grass, and made fire and roasted the fish for supper.

“Now,” said the mouse, “you’re tired, and you want to know how you can sleep out here all night without a blanket.” Because winter was coming on, and the nights were getting cold. “Just put me in your pouch and put the pouch on your heart,

and then you can lie down and sleep anywhere and be warm all the time."

So Alabec did what he was told, and lay down on the river bank and slept, as warm as if he was wrapped up in many blankets.

In the morning the mouse made Alabec throw it into the river again, and the breakfast came jumping ashore just like the supper. Then Alabec put the mouse into his pouch and started tramping away up the river-side.

"Where are you going to?" said the mouse, peeping out of the pouch.

"I'm going to find another tribe of Indians to live with," said Alabec, "if you don't mind."

"I don't like men," said the mouse, "except you. But if you must live with other men you may. Only don't tell them about me, or they might want to pull me to pieces, like that wicked brother of yours. And you mustn't ever take off your pouch or leave me behind, or you will leave your good luck behind too."

"All right," said Alabec, "I'll remember." And off he went, tramping up the river-side.

Presently he came to a town; and outside the town sat the Chief, with a lot of young men round him, all talking at once, till he was nearly deaf with the noise.

As soon as they saw a stranger coming they stopped talking; and the Chief said,—“Now I must talk to this stranger, and find out where he comes from and what his business is; so go away, all of you, and hunt

or play, and to-morrow I'll give you an answer." So they all went off to hunt and play.

Then Alabec said,—“What was the riddle they were asking?”

“It was the hardest riddle I ever had to answer yet,” said the Chief. “They all want to marry my daughter, and no matter which I choose the others won't like it, and I'm afraid they will kill me.”

“Which of them does your daughter want you to choose?” said Ossawippi.

“She doesn't want any of them,” said the Chief; “and, what's more, she says whichever of them I choose she won't marry him. And that's the worst part of the riddle.”

“I should like to see your daughter,” said Alabec.

So they marched up together into the town and came to the Chief's house.

“There she is,” said the Chief. And there she was,—a tall beautiful Indian girl. She was not embroidering blankets with beadwork, but chipping stone arrow-heads to make them sharper; and she had the bow and quiver slung over her shoulder and a sharp stone tomahawk stuck in her belt.

“Yes,” said Alabec when he saw her,—“that's the worst part of the riddle, true enough; but perhaps I can help you to find the answer.”

Then they came into the house, and Alabec sat down at the door beside the Chief's daughter.

“Those are sharp arrows you have,” said he, not looking at them.

“As sharp as your eyes,” said she ; “and they’ll be a good deal sharper before I’ve done with them.”

“But not so sharp as your tongue,” said Alabec. Then he sat quiet, looking out of the door and not saying anything, till the Chief’s daughter got restless, and said,—

“What have you come here for?”

“To see a girl that doesn’t want a husband,” said he.

“What girl would want a husband if he couldn’t do anything better than she could do it herself?” said she.

“What is it they can’t do better than you?” said Alabec.

“I can beat them at running, I can beat them at hunting, I can beat them at fishing,” said the Chief’s daughter.

“If I beat you at running and hunting and fishing,” said Alabec, “will you marry me?”

“Yes,” said she, “if you can; but you can’t.”

“We shall see about that,” said Alabec.

So he spoke to the Chief, and the Chief took down the big war-drum, made of raw buffalo-hide and painted red and yellow, and beat it till all the young men of the tribe came running up to see what was the matter.

Then the Chief sat down in the middle, and they all sat round in a ring, and he said,—“I will give my daughter for a wife to any man that can run and hunt and fish better than she can do it herself. So now you shall all go and try.”

So they all went down to the river with their hooks and lines. Alabec took no hook and no line, but he went down to the river a little way from the rest, and sat down on the bank; and while they were all busy with their own fishing he kept throwing the little white mouse into the river; and every time it went in a big fish swallowed it and jumped out on to the shore.

When the fishing had gone on for an hour the Chief hit the big drum and said it was time to stop and count the fish. Now some of the young men had caught many and some had caught few, but the Chief's daughter had caught more than any of them. Only when they came to count Alabec's fish they found he had caught more than all the rest of them put together, Chief's daughter and all,—a whole heap, and all big ones.

The young men grumbled, because he was a stranger; and the Chief's daughter was very much astonished, but she didn't grumble.

"Now we shall try the hunting," said the Chief. So his daughter, and Alabec, and all the young men of the tribe, took their bows and arrows and scattered away into the woods to see what they could shoot. Now as soon as the animals heard that all the hunters were coming out in a crowd to hunt, they fled over the mountain and down into a narrow valley where the tribe had never hunted yet. And while the other young men and the Chief's daughter were finding their way along the paths or pushing through the bushes,

Alabec walked straight on, and the bushes opened up to let him pass; and the way he went took him right up the mountain and down on the other side. When he came to the narrow valley and looked down over the edge, he sat down and wondered what he should do.

"I'll tell you," said the white mouse. "Put me on the tip of an arrow, and shoot me at that big bear down yonder."

So Alabec did what he was told, and shot the big bear with the arrow and the mouse; and the big bear leapt up, and climbed the cliff, and fell down and died at Alabec's feet; and there was the little white mouse sitting in one of the bear's ears. And Alabec shot the white mouse down into the valley again, and kept on doing it, and every time he did it a bear came scrambling up out of the valley and lay down and died at his feet.

When the Chief hit the big drum again and the noise went rumbling through the forest, the young men came marching back to the village; and some had only a few birds and squirrels slung over their shoulders, and some had got a couple of beavers, and one was dragging a young deer that hadn't known the way to the narrow valley, and another was dragging an old wolf that had been too lame to go there.

Then the Chief's daughter came out of the wood; and she had nothing slung over her shoulder, and she was dragging nothing behind her.

"Are you beaten at hunting?" said the Chief.

"No," said she, "I've killed too much to carry,

that's all. Bring your toboggan, and I'll bring mine, and we'll fetch the hunting home." So they went into the woods, and presently they came back dragging the two toboggans loaded heavy with a couple of moose on one and a couple of bears on the other.

"Now who has beaten me?" she said to the young men; and they were all silent.

"But where is the stranger?" said the Chief; and he was just going to hit the drum again when they heard a great tearing noise as if a rock had broken off the mountain and come rolling through the forest. Only it was really the little white mouse dragging the whole string of big bears behind it. It was a very little mouse, but it was as strong as a river.

When Alabec got nearly to the edge of the forest he put the mouse back into his pouch and called to the young men to come and help bring home the hunting. So they went and dragged his hunting out of the wood; and the heap of Alabec's bears was bigger than the heap of all the other Indians' hunting put together,—Chief's daughter and all.

The young men grumbled; but they said to each other,—“He doesn't look as if he could run very fast; so perhaps we can beat him at that; and if not——”

But then the Chief hit the big drum again, and said it was time for the running to begin. “You must all run round the outside of the village ten times,” he said.

Alabec was tired, because he had gone so far to the hunting, and he wondered what he should do.

“I’ll tell you,” said the little white mouse. “Put me down on the ground and stand on me.”

So Alabec dropped the white mouse on the ground and stood on it; and it was such a little mouse that he couldn’t feel it under his feet at all,—but it was so strong that it carried him as easily as you could carry a squirrel. Alabec just had to stand quite still, and he went along the ground like skating, only he stood on one foot all the time. The mouse went so fast that Alabec raced right round the village ten times before the Chief’s daughter had gone round nine times; and as for the other young men, the quickest of them hadn’t gone round eight times.

When Alabec had finished, and wasn’t even out of breath, he put the mouse back into his pouch and waited for the Chief’s daughter to finish her ninth time round; and when she came up he asked her if she was beaten enough yet.

“Yes,” said she, “you’re a husband worth having, and we can be married at once.”

And so they were. Only the other young men were dreadfully angry and jealous, and made a plot to kill him. They came to the Chief and said that he ought to make a great feast in honour of his daughter’s marriage: and he did. And after the feast, he said,—“What game shall we play?”

“Lacrosse,” said Alabec. Because lacrosse was the great game of the Indians long before the white men came to Canada and got so clever at it themselves.

So they started out for a great game of lacrosse,—



Alabec and his wife and ten of the young men on one side, and all the rest of the young men on the other side, because Alabec and his wife were both so quick and strong.

But before they started, Alabec's wife said to him,—  
“Lean back your head and let me tie up your long braided hair in a knot, so that the other young men can't catch hold of it.” Because in those days there weren't any rules about not catching hold. And when he tilted up his chin so that she could tie his hair, she cut the string that he had tied the pouch round his neck with, and whisked the pouch away before he looked down again; and he didn't notice what she had done. It was an ugly old brown pouch, and she didn't think him handsome enough with it on; so she took it off and threw it away into a corner.

Then they went out to play; and they played all over the common outside the village; and because Alabec hadn't got his mouse he didn't play any better than the other young men, and not nearly so well as his wife. At last, when his wife was making a long run to catch a ball, all the young men gathered round Alabec and began to beat him with their lacrosse-sticks.

“Help! help!” shouted Alabec, hitting out and shouting with all his strength.

His wife heard him and came rushing back just in time, or they would have killed him. She beat them with her lacrosse-stick so hard and so quick that they flew away like feathers before the wind; only poor Alabec was all cut about the head and very sore all

over his back. As soon as he could get up off the ground he put his hand to his breast and felt for his pouch.

“Where’s my pouch?” said he, in great fear.

“Oh, that little old brown pouch?” said his wife. “I took it off and threw it in a corner, because it looked so ugly.”

“Never mind about looks,” said Alabec; “I’d sooner lose all the beautiful bead-work pouches that ever were bead-worked. That’s why I couldn’t play lacrosse well, and that’s why they could beat me nearly to death, all because you didn’t like my little brown pouch! Let’s go home and try to find it.”

So they went home, and found the old pouch lying in a corner; and Alabec pounced on it and kissed it and tied it round his neck again.

Next day the young Indians gathered together and said to each other,—“You see how weak the stranger is after all. We should have killed him yesterday, if it hadn’t been for his wife. Let us get him away from her, and then we can kill him.”

So they made another plot; and when the evening came they went to Alabec and said,—“We are going to sit in the river all night, to see who can stand the cold longest. Come and sit in the river with us, or never boast about beating us again!”

Alabec’s wife didn’t want him to go; because his wounds were not healed, and the river was so cold that it was just going to freeze. But he said he would certainly go and sit in the river with the rest of them.

So as soon as the sun set all the young men went down to the river, and went in and sat with their chins just above the water. But they had oiled their bodies all over with thick oil, because they were cheats; and they thought Alabec would certainly be frozen to death before they got too cold to sit there any longer.

When they had all been sitting in the water a long time, and began to get cold, they asked Alabec how he liked it.

"It's beautiful," he said; "the water's so nice and cool and refreshing."

About midnight the frost came down and froze up the top of the river; and Alabec had to keep breaking the ice round his neck so that he shouldn't get frozen in. But the other young men were so numb and stiff with cold that they could hardly move their hands, and frozen in they were; and if the water hadn't frozen them in, so that their heads stayed out in the air, they would have gone under and been drowned. As it was, they were dead just as soon, in spite of the oil on their bodies.

When the moon began to go down, Alabec called out to the other young men and asked them whether they were enjoying themselves too much to go home for breakfast. But they didn't say anything.

Alabec went on sitting there, quite comfortable, till the sun rose; and then he saw that all the others were frozen stiff, so he came out of the water and marched off home.

“And didn't he ever leave his white mouse behind and get into trouble again?” said Rennie.

“Never once,” said Ossawippi,—“never once till he died; and then the white mouse crept out of the pouch and ran away, and I don't know what became of him. I only wish he would come my way. Perhaps you'll catch himself one day yourself, Little Sunrise!”

## The Nymph and the Dryad.

MUSTABEC said something in Indian to Ossawippi, in a very low voice. Ossawippi turned round to the Indians sitting along the wall, repeated the something a little louder—all the Indians said “Ah! Ah!” Then Ossawippi turned to the white folk and said,—

“We think it will be good if the two new white men take turns at the story-telling——”

“I’m afraid that’s beyond me,” said Mr MacFee, “but I daresay the wife, now,——”

“I hadn’t finished,” said Ossawippi quietly; and he began again,—“We think it will be good if the two new white men take turns at the story-telling, if they have got any stories to tell; but we think the white women ought to tell their stories first.”

“That’s right!” said Rennie’s father. “Will you begin, my dear?”

So Rennie’s mother began :—

I’ll tell you a story that I saw in two pictures. When I went home to visit my brother in England he took me to see a picture-gallery, and the two pictures were there. They were called “The

Nymph" and "The Dryad," so the story is called "The Nymph and the Dryad" too.

Once upon a time, very very long ago, there was a Dryad living in a wood. This Dryad was a beautiful woman who grew out of the heart of a great old oak-tree. She was surrounded and almost hidden by the twisted branches that grew up all round her, lovingly weaving a bower to shelter her from the storms, so you could hardly see that she was really a part of the tree and had no power to leave it.

Poor Dryad! There she was, and there she had been for a long time. The old oak-tree was right in the middle of an enormous forest—a forest so large that none of the wild animals who lived beside the oak knew where it ended, or even if it had any end. For the Dryad was not alone in the forest. Every day, and all day long, hundreds and hundreds of birds used to perch on the branches of the old oak and sing little songs to the Dryad, before asking her what they were to do and where they were to go.

Every animal loved the Dryad, and she was so very old—though she always looked young—that she could tell them just when to look out for a storm and have their nests all nicely thatched to keep out the rain. She could tell them when the snow was going to fall, so that they could lay in a stock of food for the winter and line their houses with cosy down and wool; and in the winter she could tell them when to look out for the melting of the snow and the opening of the snow-drops

and primroses. Even the owls, who dozed and thought all day long, and only began to rub their great round eyes and shake their great wise heads when the stars were beginning to twinkle—even the wisest of the wise old owls used to shake their heads and say that she knew a great deal more than they did themselves, though they *could* see in the dark.

The boughs were full of little red and grey squirrels running up and down, and every now and then bringing a very big nut that they had found as a present to the Dryad. Down among the roots that here and there twisted themselves out of the ground, as if there was no room below for their great bodies, there was a very large family of rabbits, and a middle-sized family of foxes, and one solitary old mole, who was so blind and got so confused with all the different passages that he sometimes used to tumble right down into the middle of his neighbours. None of them ever minded this in the least, for where the Dryad was there was never any quarrelling.

The Dryad was the queen, and every evening her subjects used to come from all parts of her great kingdom and sit down at the tree's foot or rest among the branches. The Dryad always chose the twilight, before the song-birds had gone to sleep or the lions and owls had set out on their night's wanderings. As soon as she opened her lips there was not another sound to be heard; and she sang them such wonderfully sweet and sad songs that when she had finished they used to feel quite sorry for her, though they hardly knew the meaning of her words, and they loved her more than

ever. Then all the little birds tucked their heads under their wings and fell asleep; the great owls whooped and away over the tree-tops; the fawns bounded off and were out of sight almost before you knew they had moved; and the lions stalked off into the forest so slowly and quietly that you would think they had given up all their cowardly and blood-thirsty habits.

When they were all gone, the Dryad would gather up her long long hair, and, making a pillow of it, lean her head on a branch and try to go to sleep. But she could not go to sleep very easily, and she would spend the long still hours in thinking, thinking, thinking about things that happened so long ago that she sometimes thought they had only happened in a dream. They were such sad thoughts that often the Dryad cried herself to sleep. And she sometimes awoke in the middle of the night with a start, thinking that she heard the dull rumbling sound of the sea-waves beating on the shore, and she was sadder than ever when she found it was only the night breeze sighing among the sleepy leaves.

Now I must tell you how the beautiful Dryad came to be part of the oak-tree.

Many years before there were any men and women in the world, it was full of beautiful fairies, who used to play together and work together all day long, and were always loving and happy. They all had work to do, for people can never be happy without work, and neither can fairies. They had to see that all the little animals, and all the big animals too, got just as many of the good



things that were meant for them as they ought to get, and no more. Another thing they had to do was to go down under the ground and arrange all the gold and silver, and coal and iron, and diamonds and precious stones, so that when men were put on the earth they should find all these things with just as much trouble as was good for them. They were just as useful when they were at play as when they were at work, for they used to play at making rivers, and draw the water in little channels to the roots of thirsty daisies and buttercups, and they used to play at building castles of rocks, so that the weakest of the tender ferns could find a snug nook to grow in. These fairies were always as happy as could be: because they were always doing good to something or somebody.

But one morning two of them set out on an excursion to a place where they had never been before, to help a big spider build his web by fixing little bars across all the openings that the spider's clumsy fingers had left in it.

The fairies were never allowed to be out after dark, but the spider lived a very long way off, and when he asked them to come he gave them such a lot of fairy candy to eat on their way that they forgot all about the time till they saw that the sun was setting. Then the fairies were quite frightened, and wondered where they should spend the night—for they were a very long way from their own comfortable nests. They went on a little further, but it got very dark, and at last they heard the roar of a stream right in front of

them. Just then a pair of fiery eyes seemed to start out of the ground before them, and a sharp voice asked who was outside there.

They knew the voice—it was the voice of an old otter friend of theirs who lived under the overhanging bank—and when the otter found out who they were he made them come into his snug little house, and wanted to make them eat some supper. But they had very bad appetites that evening, after eating so much candy, and they were tired and glad to curl themselves up among the little otters and go to sleep.

In the morning when they awoke the sun was pretty high up, and neither of the fairies felt very comfortable after sleeping in a stuffy little house with otters, and they knew the other fairies would wonder whatever had become of them. However, they bathed in the river, said good-bye to the otter and his children, and went on their journey to where the spider lived.

As they went on, the country began to look brown and dry, and by-and-by there was not a tree or a shrub to be seen. Neither of them had ever been as far as that before, and they had never seen such an ugly place to look at. The road was very dusty, and the fairies' skins got very gritty and dry. The path was covered with stones, too, making it difficult for them to keep on their feet. Now they began to think that no animal they knew would want to make a home for himself in such a dry uncomfortable place, and to wonder what the business of the spider was—for there were no spiders in their country.

They went on and on, and the road got dustier and stonier, and they got very thirsty, but there was no water to drink. At last one of them quite lost her temper,—a thing that no fairy ever did before. Turning sharp round on her companion, with a terribly sour face, she began to scold her for taking them into such a dry place.

This was too bad, because both fairies had come of their own free will. But the other was in just as bad a temper, and her voice was very harsh and her face very sour as she began to scold in her turn, saying it was all the other one's fault.

No sooner had she said this than there came a terrific thunder-clap, and, though the sun had been glaring down on them a minute before, the sky was now black with great thick clouds. Then a perfect torrent of hail poured out of the clouds, and every minute there came a flash of forked lightning that made the black clouds look as if they were on fire; and then the wind howled around the poor fairies and the thunder rolled and rolled till the earth shook under them. They were terribly frightened when the storm began, and fell down on the ground on their faces. They had never heard thunder before, and the lightning that they had seen on warm summer nights at home used to seem to be only at play.

When at last the awful noise stopped and the fairy who had begun the quarrel lifted her head and looked about her, she was alone—and yet she was sure that there was somebody speaking. The fairy was frightened,

and hid her head again, but the voice got more distinct and she heard it say this,—“You have done what no fairy ever did before: you have quarrelled. You may not go back to your old home, and even if you might you would find none of your old friends there. No fairies could live here after this quarrel, so they have been sent to live in another world far away in the sky. As for you, you will be taken to the middle of a great forest, where a young oak-tree has just sprung from the ground. You will make part of that oak-tree, growing as it grows. Your sister has gone to the ocean, and in the ocean she will live. You will not leave the oak, and she will not leave the sea, till the tree and the ocean meet and the Nymph and the Dryad make up their quarrel with a kiss. Then you will go hand in hand to join your happy companions in the beautiful star.”

The voice stopped, and when the fairy opened her eyes she found herself peeping out of the leaves of a little oak-tree in the middle of a wood.

That is why the Dryad used to cry herself to sleep, and awake wishing she could hear the sea waves rolling on the shore—the waves that were so long of coming.

The other fairy, too, lifted her head when the storm was past, and saw nobody. She, too, heard a voice, and it told her that till the day when she could kiss her sister her home should be in the ocean. And when she opened her eyes again she saw nothing but the deep blue sea tossing gently around her as she floated

on it, and throwing little splashes of spray on her beautiful face.

Yes, she had been turned into a Nymph. Her face was as beautiful as could be, and her long golden hair, spread out over the waves as they rose and fell, was dazzling with its beauty in the sun-light—but below she was like a fish, with shining green scales. The Nymph was very sad at first, and she could never be quite happy when she remembered why she was there. But she soon made friends with the queer creatures that live in the sea, and the stupidest fishes soon knew that it was worth their while to make friends with her. The dainty little argonauts, with their pink shells floating about on the top of the clear water and their long graceful arms waving over the sides, were always with her in shoals, and wherever she went the water round her looked quite pink with them. The goggle-eyed codfish and the handsome silver salmon, the little red and blue and green and yellow fish all head and spikes, the long wriggling sea-snake and the greedy shark with his six rows of terrible teeth, even the huge soft black whale and his deadly enemy the sword-fish—they all used to come together and listen to the Nymph's wonderful songs, just as the birds and beasts listened to the songs of the Dryad.

There were the mermaids, too, who were very beautiful and had fishes' tails just like the Nymph, but were not very wise, and could never imagine that anybody could want a better place to live in than the sea. They were always very fond of listening to her

songs, and once she told them her whole story; how she had been a fairy once and would be a fairy again when she had kissed the Dryad. But they had never been fairies and were never likely to be, so far as they knew, and they didn't know at all what she meant.

The Nymph could not help being sad sometimes for want of somebody to speak to that would understand her. Sometimes when she was asleep and rocking gently on the little waves, for there were never any big waves where she was, she would wake up with a start, because she fancied that the breeze was moaning through many tree-tops close beside her. But it was only the wind whistling through the shrouds of a great ship as it ploughed its way through the sea. The sailors—for men had now been on the earth a long time—used to look over the side of the ship and see the fish leaping out of the water and chasing each other round something white that was floating in the moonlight, and they only thought as they passed that some poor woman had been drowned.

This went on for hundreds and hundreds of years—the Dryad living in the oak-tree, loving the birds and the beasts, and being loved by them in return; the Nymph living in the ocean, loving all the queer sea creatures, and all of them loving her. And still the ocean rolled for the Nymph, but she never heard the wind among the tree-tops; and still the wind moaned among the leaves for the Dryad, but she never heard the waves come rolling on the shore.

One night, however, the Nymph discovered that the ocean was moving westward, for the stars above her were not the stars she had seen the night before. On and on the ocean carried her, steadily and not slowly, ever forward to the land.

And one day the Dryad found that the oak-tree was growing old and losing his branches, and his trunk was getting quite hollow; and she began to be afraid that the tree would die, and she die with the tree; but whenever that idea came into her head she remembered that she was one day to become a fairy again, and if the tree was not to last much longer it only meant that that day was to come the sooner; so she waited as patiently as she could.

Not long after this, on Christmas Eve, all the animals she knew came to the tree as usual, and after she had sung to them they did not go away, but stood there looking at each other as if they wanted to say something but hardly liked to. She asked them then if they wanted anything else of her; and they looked still more anxious, and the birds poked their heads under their wings again and again, and the squirrels kept brushing away at their eyes with their tails. At last a great lion stepped forward and spoke out. He said that the sea was coming up through the forest, driving all the animals farther and farther back, and they were very anxious to know what would become of their queen in the old oak-tree.

The animals were much surprised when the Dryad's face grew as bright and cheerful as the face of the sun

itself. Then she told them that as soon as the sea did come she would leave the old oak-tree and go right up to one of the stars that were looking down on them with merry eyes from blue heaven, and be turned into a fairy. They did not know what she meant by that exactly, but they quite understood that she was going away from them, and they were still very sorrowful. She comforted them as well as she could, and told them that perhaps some of the fairies would be allowed to come down and help them as they used to help the animals that lived hundreds of years before. After this the Dryad went to sleep for a little while, but none of the animals or birds left the tree, and none of them slept.

A little before midnight the Dryad awoke. This time she was quite sure that she heard the sound of the sea. It was coming through the trees, dancing quickly over the mossy roots. Nearer and nearer it came, till the Dryad seemed to feel that the Nymph she had so long been waiting for was coming at last, and she burst out into a song:—

“ Bubbling and rushing, swirling and gushing—  
 That’s not the wind as it moans through the trees!  
 Splashing and rumbling, dashing and tumbling—  
 The herald of Ocean is riding the breeze.

“ Speak to me, fairy dear! I can the billows hear  
 Coming to join us, who never will part.  
 Kiss me with melody; fairy song sing to me;  
 Soon with the lip we’ll kiss,—now, with the heart.”





“The Nymph caught the Dryad in her arms”



Hardly had the Dryad finished when she heard, at first very faintly but growing louder and louder all the time, the familiar voice of her old friend, singing something like this:—

“Sweet are the notes that come  
 Out from the leafy shade—  
 Sweeter, the face that is hidden from me.  
 Hasten me to answer, then,  
 Sweetly, the fairy maid  
 Singing, the queen of the birds in the tree.

“Yes, it’s your fairy friend—  
 Parted so long ago—  
 Riding on Ocean’s back freedom to gain.  
 White-maned sea-horses, go  
 Quick to the happy end,—  
 End of our parting and end of our pain.”

Yes, now the first ripples were washing the roots of the great gnarled oak. Higher and higher came the water, and there at last were the Nymph and the Dryad face to face. The animals had retreated to a hillock behind the tree, and were watching and listening with all their eyes and ears. Higher and higher came the water, and higher still, till the huge old trunk was covered. It was midnight now, and as Christmas Day began the Nymph leapt in among the branches, caught the Dryad in her arms, and kissed her.

“Where are we?” said both together when they looked up.

They were on a beautiful star, far away up in the sky. Thousands of fairies were crowding around two whose faces were the faces of the Nymph and the Dryad—but they too were fairies now, and they kept that Christmas as all good cheerful fairies should. They were never anything else but fairies after that, you may be sure. They never forgot the old days, though, and in a little time they came back to the earth with a great many other fairies, and helped the animals and flowers and men to do everything they ought to do, and to be everything they ought to be. But these two particular fairies kept a special look-out for people who quarrelled. And if such people think they hear somebody whispering to them, and if they afterwards find that they cannot get anybody to speak to them, perhaps they will remember the story of the Nymph and the Dryad. And if these people have a little wisdom left after the quarrel, they will behave so well to animals and birds and fishes that some day or other they will be given the chance of behaving well to other people again.

The old oak was nearly all gone when the two fairies went there together, but before he died he had dropped an acorn inside his hollow trunk, and there was now a young stripling of an oak-tree growing up just where his father lived before him.

But there is no Dryad in that oak-tree yet.

## The Animal Fairies.

THIS is the story the Scotch farmer's wife told when Rennie's mother had finished telling about the Nymph and the Dryad:—

How far north it was that John MacNab pitched his tent I should not like to say; but one thing is certain,—he had gone to live farther north than any other white man in Canada. He made his clearing, and planted his first potatoes, and got ready to build his log-house, on the bank of the Pipestone River that flows into the Arctic Sea.

An Indian hunter, spying the smoke from a hill near by, slipped stealthily through the wood till he came to the edge of the clearing. Then, seeing a white woman peeling potatoes and a little red-headed fellow sitting on a tree-stump singing "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'," the Indian walked boldly up to the tent and grunted a "how d'ye do?" Mrs MacNab gave him a welcome and a bunch of bannocks, and the Indian squatted on the grass munching happily, with his gun beside him. Then John came up and filled the red man's pipe with tobacco.

When the family went in to dinner, Black-buck (for

that was the Indian's name) accepted an invitation to join them. He sat rather uneasily on the box they gave him for a chair, as he was not used to sitting except on the ground; and when John MacNab stood up and shut his eyes the red man started as if to run, for he was afraid it was a white man's spell; but as the grace was a short one and the soup that followed was good, he made up his mind that these intruders on the wilderness were the sort of trespassers to be encouraged, and at every fresh helping he grunted gratefully.

"It's just as well to be friends with the red men," said John to Janet, "for there's not another soul living between us and the North Pole. It's an uncanny wilderness, yon," and he nodded at the forest stretching away from the edge of the clearing. "If we were in Scotland, now, folk would say yon wood was full of fairies."

Little red-head brightened at the word. "Oh, I hope there are fairies in the wood!" said he. "I'm sure there must be if nobody else lives there."

"Fairies and nonsense!" said his mother; "and over here in America, too! Fairies are old-world folk."

"It's a pity this murky chap here can't talk Adam's tongue," said John, "or even mere English; then he could tell us what there is in the woods—and beyond, maybe."

When John strode off with his axe, and Janet set about washing the dishes, Black-buck wrapped his blanket around his loins, went out, and squatted against a stump.

“Don’t touch that,” he said, as Johnnie came up and began curiously handling the gun. “It might hurt you. What was that your father was saying about the woods?” he went on, as Johnnie stood still staring at him.

“He said there were no fairies there,” said Johnnie; for that was all he could think of. “Are there none at all?”

“What are ‘fairies’?” said the Indian.

“Oh, they are the little people,” Johnnie explained, “that come by night and do all sorts of things that nobody else can do.”

“Umph,” said the Indian, “there are lots of little people in the forest that do what no man can do. Don’t you trouble them, and they won’t trouble you.”

“What are they like?” said Johnnie, throwing himself plump down on the grass beside the Indian to enjoy a treat. “Will you tell me about them?”

Then the Indian began to tell him about Puck-puck, and how he upset the mountain chickens, and plagued the lives out of the beavers because they splashed water into his eyes with their tails and wouldn’t let him into their houses, and how he turned the wild ducks’ eggs into stones, and so on and so on till Johnnie fell fast asleep in the sun.

When he awoke the Indian was gone, but there was someone moving about in the long grass by the edge of the creek. As he looked to see who it was, Johnnie saw a poplar tree fall with a crash into the water.

“It must be father,” he said to himself, and he ran down to the water’s edge. No father was there, but

as he looked about and around he saw a brown nose and two shiny eyes peeping up at him from among the branches of the tree. The beaver only waited a moment and then scurried down to where his family were building a dam, crying,—“It is Puck-puck! Run home, my dears, run home!”

The whole family slapped their flat tails on the water and swam up the stream in a great hurry, and dived in at the door of a little round wooden house that Johnnie had not noticed before.

“I’m not Puck-puck,” cried little red-head. “I’m Johnnie MacNab.”

The eldest beaver poked his nose out of the door and said,—“If you are not Puck-puck, you must be his brother.”

“I am not,” said Johnnie: “I haven’t a brother; and if you’ll let me come into your house I won’t do you any harm.”

“Oh,” said the beaver, “if you are only Johnnie MacNab you can come in and welcome. Do you know how to swim?”

“Of course I do,” said Johnnie, and without thinking that he might get his clothes wet he jumped in and swam up to the beaver’s house and in at the door. “Why, what a big dark house you have got!” said he.

“Hush!” said the beaver, “I am sure Puck-puck can’t be far away, and if he hears we have let you in he will be very angry, because we kept him out.”

“He is such a mischievous imp,” said the mother beaver. “When we are cutting down a tree to make



the dam, he jumps into the branches and makes it fall the wrong way, up the bank instead of into the water, and then we have all our trouble for nothing. And he comes poking long sticks in at the door, so that he would poke all our eyes out if we were here; but if you will come with me, my dear, I'll show you where we really live."

With that she dived into a dark tunnel, and Johnnie dived after her. They scrambled along, it seemed for a long while, till at last they came out into the open air among a lot of loose rocks in a hollow of the woods.

"It's dreadfully dry up here," the father beaver went on, "but just for that reason Puck-puck never looks for us here. He thinks we can only live in the water. And even if he did come he couldn't do us much harm, because this is the rabbit fairy's castle."

"Then there *are* fairies in Canada!" cried Johnnie with joy. "I *knew* there were!"

"If you call this Canada, my dear," said the mother beaver, "of course there are fairies here. There is the rabbit fairy, and the beaver fairy,—you know the rabbits and the beavers are cousins. You wouldn't think it if you didn't look at our teeth. And there is the wolf fairy, and the eagle fairy, and the moose fairy, and the bear fairy, and the gopher fairy, and the buffalo fairy, and I don't know how many more. Every clan of animals has its own fairy chief, else I don't know how we should get along; and this is the rabbit fairy's castle."

“I suppose you call him the MacRabbit,” said Johnnie, remembering that the chief of his own clan was called the MacNab.

“I suppose we do, as you say so,” said the beaver, looking puzzled, “though I never heard it before.”

“Where does the MacBeaver live?” asked Johnnie.

“Oh, not many river-lengths away,” said the mother beaver; “but we daren’t live in his castle because Puck-puck would be sure to think of that and come and look for us, and if he came some day when the MacBeaver was out, we might have more than our tails could do to beat him.”

“I do wish I could see your fairies,” said Johnnie, stroking the beaver’s fur. “I often tried to see the fairies at home in Scotland, but they never would come till I was fast asleep.”

“Well,” said the father beaver, scratching his head with his hind leg, “if you are quite sure you are not Puck-puck, you can wait and try.”

“Oh, thank you!” said Johnnie. “Only I must be home by supper-time.”

So he had a grand game of hide-and-seek among the rocks with the little beavers, till all of a sudden the sun went down. Then a rainbow-coloured streak of Northern Light leapt up to the top of the sky from the North Pole, while three white streaks leapt up on each side, three from the west and three from the east, and all seven met at the top of the sky.

“Listen!” said the father beaver.

Johnnie listened very hard, and he heard the

Northern Lights whispering to each other; and this is what they were saying,—

“It is very like him, the mischievous imp,—but he has got red hair. Perhaps he has painted it.” “No, it cannot be Puck-puck, because he never plays with our people five minutes without pulling their tails and pinching their ears.”

Then the seven streaks pulled themselves up into the middle of the sky, shutting themselves up like telescopes, till they looked like seven beautiful stars,—only one was shaped like an eagle, another like a moose, the third like a bear, and the fourth like a gopher, the fifth like a buffalo, the sixth like a wolf, and the seventh like a beaver. Then, all of a sudden, down they fell through the air.

Johnnie ducked his head, as you would if you thought the sky was falling on you. As nothing hit him, he looked up; and there, squatting in a ring all round him, were the seven great animal fairies of the north, staring at him very hard. As soon as he looked up at them, they got restless and looked away at each other.

“Where has that Rabbit got to?” whispered the Eagle to the Wolf. “You must have frightened him away.”

“Rubbish,” growled the Wolf; “if he is afraid of any of us, it’s you.”

“At any rate, we can’t begin till he comes,” mumbled the Bear; “it’s his own castle, you know.”

“Who said I was afraid?” said a little voice, as the Rabbit popped out of a hole in the middle and jumped up on a rock. There he sat on his haunches, with his ears flapping over to one side in the most don't-care-ish way, and his front paws on his knees. The other fairies looked foolish and said nothing, and the Eagle pretended to hunt for something under his wing.

“My cousin the Beaver,” the Rabbit went on, “has brought us a distinguished visitor, and——”

“And what we'd like to know,” said the Wolf, “is—what *is* it?”

“It is called a Johnnie MacNab,” said the eldest of the beavers.

“Nonsense!” said the Rabbit. “I know what it is—it's a man-thing.”

The chief of the gophers bobbed his head as if he was going to dive into a hole,—as any gopher naturally would when he saw a man-thing,—but remembering that he was no ordinary gopher he held his nose up very high again.

“I am surprised at you,” said the Buffalo to the father beaver. “Don't you know that the man-things are the worst enemies our tribes have got?”

“Ah,” said the chief of the beavers, “but this is a new kind of man-thing, with a pink face and blue eyes.”

“They are the most dangerous sort of all,” said the Buffalo. “The black-haired sort have killed enough of my people with their bows and arrows, but this sort of man-thing can stand a mile off and kill just by

making a pop and a flash. They might stay down on the plains, I should think, without coming after our people into the woods."

"I propose that we eat him up," said the Wolf, swelling and swelling and swelling till he was as big as an elephant, with jaws like a crocodile's.

"You will do no such thing," said the Rabbit, swelling and swelling and swelling till he was as tall as a pine-tree, and waving his ears fiercely like a pair of branches in the wind. "I know the duties of hospitality, and this man-thing is a guest in my castle."

All the other fairies felt bound to swell in their turn,—just for dignity's sake, not to frighten anybody. Johnnie was a little surprised, when he thought of it afterwards, that he was not frightened at all, sitting there surrounded by a ring of monstrous creatures like that.

"Besides," said the chief of the gophers, "it's no use. When the pink man-things come, they come to stay, and we had better make the best of it."

"Those are sensible words," said the Eagle. "Let us make friends."

"It's all very well for you to talk," said the Buffalo, "because your people can fly up to Snow Peak like a lot of cowards and get out of the way, while our people have to stay down here and do the fighting."

The Eagle ruffled up his great feathers. "Don't you call my people cowards!" said he. "I'll show you who can fight!"

"My dear friends," said the Rabbit, who was a bit

of a diplomatist, "what is the use of quarrelling? I think we have had quite quarrelling enough, and it's time to stop. We all think we are the bravest or the strongest or the cleverest, and so we shall to the end. Now I've got an idea. It's clear enough to my mind that the man-thing must be cleverer and braver and stronger than all of us put together. Let us make him our Grand Chief, and live together in peace."

So there and then they elected Johnnie MacNab to be their Grand Chief. Johnnie had often thought he would like to be a chief, so he said, "All right! I will!"

"Then swell," said the Wolf.

Johnnie was just going to say "I can't," but then he thought that of course a chief could do anything, so it wouldn't do to tell them that.

"No," he said, "I won't swell, but you must shrink."

In the twinkling of an eye, all the great fairies shrank down till the biggest of them was no bigger than a terrier, and they all had to perch on the tops of rocks before they could see each other.

"Now we must get our people to build him a castle," said the Rabbit.

Then the Eagle gave a shriek, and the Wolf howled, and the Moose clashed his horns on a tree, and the Bear roared, and the Buffalo bellowed, and the Gopher whistled, and the Beaver slapped his tail on a flat rock, and the Rabbit drummed with his hind legs on the stone where he sat. You never did hear such an

orchestra! And in an instant the bears and the moose and the beavers and the rabbits and the wolves and the gophers and the buffaloes came galloping and prancing along from nobody knows where, and a cloud of eagles floated overhead.

"Build a castle for the man-thing, the new Grand Chief of all the animal clans," said the eight great-little fairies.

"But not here!" said the Rabbit. "This is my castle, you know!"

"Where shall we build it?" said the Bear to Johnnie.

"Oh," said Johnnie, "I think you had better build it down by the creek."

So all the animals rushed down to the side of the creek; and the gophers dug up the turf to lay a foundation, and the beavers cut down the trees to build the walls, and the eagles brought grass for the thatch; and the bears grubbed up berry-bushes and planted them all round the house, after the moose had ploughed holes in the ground with their horns.

"But your people are not doing anything," said the Beaver to the Buffalo.

"We don't know what to do," said the Buffalo.

"Well," said the Rabbit, "you're not much good—except to eat."

"Happy thought!" said the Wolf, smacking his lips. "The man-things are very fond of buffalo meat,—and it *is* good, I must say."

The buffaloes looked rather mournfully at each other.

“Well, I suppose it can’t be helped,” said the Buffalo to his people; “you can’t live for ever, you know.”

So a dozen of the fattest buffaloes obediently took off their skins, and their fairy by his magic turned the rest of their bodies into smoked sides and hams and hung them up from the rafters of the house, and piled the skins in a corner to make a nice soft bed.

“I am very sorry for the poor buffaloes——” Johnnie began.

“Oh, never mind that,” said the Buffalo. “They are much happier where they are. These are only their clothes, you know. But your people have done nothing,” he went on, turning quickly to the Wolf.

“I don’t think there is anything left to do,” said the Wolf, “except to clear away the bones.”

At that word, the horde of wolves sprang upon the bones and rushed away snarling to devour them in the woods.

“I am rather glad they have gone,” said Johnnie to himself.

“And now, Grand Chief,” said the Beaver, “if you will make yourself at home, we shall always be ready to do anything you want, and we trust you to treat our people kindly.”

“I will,” said Johnnie; “but how shall I let you know when I want you?”

“Oh, we’ll attend to that,” said the Eagle, and he



made his people build nests for themselves in the tops of the biggest trees on the edge of the wood so that they should always be ready to fly messages.

“There is one thing I should like you to do, Grand Chief,” said the Beaver, “and that is to keep that rascal Puck-puck in order.”

“All right,” said Johnnie. “When I see him I’ll tell him to go off to the North Pole and never come back again.”

The animals were so delighted to hear this that they struck up a grand chorus of roaring and screeching and drumming and whistling. It was a terrible noise, but, curiously enough, in the very middle of it Johnnie MacNab, rolling on the great soft heap of furry buffalo skins in his log castle, fell fast asleep.

“Where can Johnnie have got to?” cried his mother when she saw John MacNab coming up to the tent for his supper.

“I thought you had got him up here with you,” said his father.

Then they both started off to search. Johnnie was nowhere to be seen; but presently they saw the track of little feet in the long grass, and they followed the trail down to the stream and up along the water’s edge for about half a mile—till at last they stood still and cried out in amazement, spying a big log house on the other side of the creek.

“Why,” said Janet, “I thought you said we were the first settlers on Pipestone River.”

“I thought we were,” said John. “Let us go and see who it is that has come before us.”

“It’s a much better place than we chose ourselves,” said Janet.

“And he has made a good beginning with his farm, whoever he is,” said John, as they scrambled from rock to rock across the stream. You can think how astonished they were on looking in at the door to spy curled up on a heap of buffalo rugs their own lost Johnnie and nobody else.

It was a wonderful story that Johnnie told when he awoke. His father said it was a dream, and though the family were glad enough to take up their quarters in the new house without the trouble of building one for themselves, John and Janet have never stopped wondering when the owner is going to turn up.

## The Rabbit and the Wild-cat.

THERE was dead silence for quite five minutes. I suppose the Indians round the wall were wondering whether the farmer's wife's story was true or whether she had just made it up, and they were too polite to ask.

“Isn't there another Indian story about ready, Ossawippi?” said Rennie's father at last.

“Perhaps,” said Ossawippi, “but I don't know where it is.”

“Oh,” said Rennie, looking up reproachfully into the Chief's face,—“you do know, Ossawippi; it's in your own head.”

The Chief did not box the small boy's ears for contradicting. He just said,—“There are two Chiefs here, and they have both got heads. If there is another Indian story ready, I think it is in Mustabec's head.”

Old Mustabec had never told a story before in company,—that is, in grown-up white folk's company,—but he was a Chief and he had a reputation to keep up, so he began at once:—

The story is about the Rabbit. It must have been

before that white man came to Pipestone River, because the Rabbit had got no castle; he just lived in the woods.

The Wild-cat lived in the woods too, and he went to fight the Rabbit because *he* lived in the woods and the Wild-cat wanted the woods all to himself.

When the Rabbit heard that the Wild-cat was coming, he took an armful of chips and threw one as far as he could, and jumped on to it. Then he threw another and jumped on to it, and then he threw another and jumped on to *it*; and he kept on throwing the chips and jumping from one to another, till they were all gone. By the time he had jumped on to the last of the chips he had gone a whole mile without making one foot-print in the snow.

But the Wild-cat was very clever too. When he came to the place where the Rabbit's foot-prints ended, he sat down and thought, licking his paws all the time except when they were scratching his ears. When he had finished thinking and licking and scratching, he started out to catch the Rabbit. He didn't go straight after the Rabbit, because he didn't know which way the Rabbit had gone; but he knew how to find out. He began to run round and round, like a tame cat trying to catch its own tail; only he went round wider and wider every time, like the spring of the white man's clock. He made a bigger circle every time, and he kept saying to himself, in case he should forget,—“If only I make the circle big enough I'm bound to come across the fellow's trail

some time or other." And so he did. When he was making a very big circle indeed, he came across the trail that the Rabbit had made when he ran away after all the chips had been used up. Then the Wild-cat shot away along the trail as straight as an arrow.

When night was coming on, and the Rabbit was tired of being hunted, he bit off a few pine twigs and piled them up in a heap and sat down on top of them. Very soon the Wild-cat came up; but all he saw where the Rabbit's trail ended was a shabby old wigwam. The Wild-cat turned himself into the shape of a man, and looked into the wigwam; but all he saw there was an old man, with very tall ears, sitting beside a fire.

"Have you seen the Rabbit?" said the Wild-cat.

"Yes," said the old man, "he just went by."

"I can't see his trail in the snow," said the Wild-cat.

"No," said the old man, "of course you can't, because he climbed up on to the top of the wigwam and jumped so far that I couldn't see where he came down again. But if you come in and go to sleep, in the morning I'll show you which way he jumped. Then you can go after him, and I hope you will catch him,—the impudent fellow, climbing on to the top of my wigwam!"

The Wild-cat was very tired, so he lay down by the fire and went to sleep.

In the morning he got very cold, and woke up, and when he opened his eyes he found he was lying on

the bare snow, with no fire, and no wigwam, and no old man,—nothing but a little heap of pine twigs; and there in the snow were the tracks of a rabbit's feet, trailing away to the north.

The Wild-cat jumped up, and turned himself into what he was, and flew away over the snow on the Rabbit's trail. He ran all day, never stopping to catch his dinner, because he kept saying to himself, —“I'll catch the Rabbit to-night, and I'll have such a supper as I never ate in all my life before.”

When night came again, and the Rabbit pricked up his long clever ears and listened, he heard the Wild-cat's soft paws pattering over the snow, not half a mile away. So the Rabbit bit off an armful of pine twigs, and heaped them up and sat on top of them.

When the Wild-cat came up he found a whole Indian village; and in the middle of the village was a log church, and all the people were hurrying into the church. The Wild-cat made himself look like the other people, and went into the church too. There he saw an old white missionary in a black cap with flaps hanging down over his ears.

The missionary preached a terrible sermon about the wickedness of wicked people, and when he came to the end he said that wicked people were as bad as rabbits, and he couldn't say any worse than that. The Wild-cat thought it was a very good sermon.

When the sermon was over, and the people went back home, the Chief of the tribe came up and spoke to

the Wild-cat,—and the Chief had a long plait of hair sticking out on each side of his head.

“Where do you come from, stranger?” said the Chief to the Wild-cat.

“I’ve come from Pipestone River,” said the Wild-cat; “and I’m hunting the wicked Rabbit that the missionary was talking about.”

“That’s right,” said the Chief; “I hope you will catch him. He came up just as we were going into church, and he climbed up on to the church and jumped off the roof. Come home and stay with me, and in the morning I will show you which way he went.”

So the Wild-cat went home to the Chief’s wigwam and went to sleep; but in the morning when he woke up there was no wigwam, and no chief, and no church, and no missionary, and no village, and no people,—nothing but a heap of pine-twigs, and a rabbit’s trail running away to the north.

The Wild-cat jumped up very angry, and raced away on the Rabbit’s trail. He ran all day; and in the evening, when he was getting very tired, he came to an Indian town with a wall all round it and two high towers sticking up, one on each side of the gate.

An old man with long ear-rings was standing outside the gate, and he asked the Wild-cat where he came from and where he was going. The Wild-cat told him, and the old man with ear-rings said,—

“You are just the man we want to honour; because the Rabbit is our great enemy, and he’s always eating our corn.”

So the old man took the Wild-cat into the town and brought him to the Grand Chief. The Grand Chief was sitting in front of his birch-bark lodge; and the lodge was beautifully painted with wild-cats eating rabbits; and the Grand Chief had two long feathers sticking out of his hair.

“You are hungry and tired,” said the Grand Chief to the Wild-cat. “Come in and eat and rest.”

Then the Grand Chief beat the big cat-skin drum,—he said it was rabbit-skin,—and all the people came together and made a great feast.

“What is that in the pot?” said the Wild-cat, sniffing.

“Rabbits’ meat,” said the Grand Chief.

The Wild-cat didn’t like the smell of the meat, but he was very hungry and he ate his share.

Then all the people sang a great war-song against the Rabbit. “Honour to the brave who is going to catch the Rabbit!” they sang. “Death to the miserable corn-thief! May his ears hang to-night from the belt of the stranger!”

Then they asked the stranger to sing; and he too sang a war-song against the Rabbit. When he had done, he asked the Grand Chief to sing.

“Yes,” said the Grand Chief, “I will sing; but you must all shut your eyes when the Grand Chief sings. So they all shut their eyes; and when the Wild-cat’s eyes were shut tight the Grand Chief leapt over to him and gave him a terrible blow with a tomahawk.

The Wild-cat lay a long time as if he was dead; but



at last he came to himself, and when he opened his eyes there was no Grand Chief, and no town, and no people, —nothing but a lot of bones lying all over the snow where the feast had been: and the bones were the bones of wild-cats.

The Wild-cat was dreadfully sore, and he couldn't run very fast, but he saw the Rabbit's trail in the snow, and he followed it as fast as he could, snarling all the time.

That night he came to another Indian town. There was no one at the gate, so he walked in, and in front of a big lodge he saw a young man making arrows; and two of the arrows he had stuck over his ears, one over each ear, like the white man with his pens when he stops writing.

"You are wounded," said the young man. "What has happened to you?"

"I am hunting the Rabbit," said the Wild-cat. "I came last night to a town that was full of conjurors; and when I was asleep they all came against me with their tomahawks; and I woke up and killed them all, but one of them gave me a little cut first."

"I will send for the doctor," said the young man, "and he will put ointment on the wound to heal it quickly, so that you can hurry up and catch the wicked Rabbit." So the young man sent for the doctor.

The doctor was a very old man, and his grey hair was tied up in a pair of tufts, one at each side. He smeared sweet-smelling ointment on the Wild-cat's wounded head; and the Wild-cat dropped off to sleep beside the fire.

Early in the morning the Wild-cat felt very cold and sore ; and when he woke up his wound was full of prickly thorns, and it smarted dreadfully ; and his head was swollen up as big as a bear's. And the young man had gone, and the doctor had gone, and the town had gone,—there was nothing on the snow but a heap of pine-branches and a rabbit's trail running away to the north.

The Wild-cat was dreadfully angry, and he swore he would kill the first man he met ; and he dashed away on the Rabbit's trail.

Now the Rabbit had used up nearly all his magic, and he had no time to stop and make more, the Wild-cat chased him so fast. When the evening came and the Rabbit got to the shore of a great lake, he bit and broke off a great armful of pine-branches and threw them out into the middle of the lake. Then he jumped with all his might and came down on the heap of floating branches ; and he flapped his ears and made them sound like a night-hawk's wings, and when the night-hawks woke up and flew out to see what the matter was, the Rabbit said,—

“Your enemy the Wild-cat is coming to catch you with all his magic ; but if you perch on these branches I will save you, because my magic is stronger than his.”

The night-hawks had just settled down on the heap of floating pine-branches when the Wild-cat came racing out of the woods and stood on the shore of the lake. And there, in the middle of the lake, he saw a great war canoe, with a lot of Indians in it holding guns

in their hands, and the captain standing up in the middle of them with a big hat that turned up high on both sides.

“I’ve caught you at last!” the Wild-cat shouted. “You can’t deceive me any more!” And he plunged into the water and began to swim out to the canoe.

Then the night-hawks all went bang—bang—bang with their mouths, the way the night-hawks do; and the Wild-cat thought he was shot, and turned round and scrambled ashore and ran away and hid in the woods without stopping to shake himself.

“I’ll catch him when he comes through the woods to go home,” said the Wild-cat. And he waited, and waited, and waited; and I dare say he’s waiting yet, because the Rabbit never came through the woods to go home. He just jumped ashore on the other side of the lake and went home another way.

## Tintelle's Mother.

MONSIEUR THIBAUT was all ready when his turn came, and the story he told was about Tintelle's mother. He said:—

In a little village beside the broad St Lawrence river, there lived a mother with only one child. All the other mothers in the village had more than one, and some had ten or twelve; but Tintelle's mother did not mind, "for Tintelle is more beautiful than all the other little ones," she said. Tintelle really was very beautiful, with skin like a snowdrift at sunrise, and eyes like bits of blue sky reflected in the river; but the rosy sunlight died away, and the blue sky was hidden by a cloud, and the cold white body of little Tintelle was buried under a spreading maple tree. The poor mother spent a great deal of her time in the churchyard, kissing the little wooden tombstone and crying, crying, crying all the while.

"The grass ought to be very green," said old Bateest the farmer as he looked over the fence, "for she cries so much on it; but it is really getting yellow and withered, because her tears are so bitter."

Sometimes the mother sat on the river bank, crying, and crying, and crying.

"The river would rise and flood the land," said Pierre the ferryman as he rowed across, "only her



"The mother sat on the river bank, crying."

tears are so hot that they go up in steam as soon as they have frightened the fishes away."

Sometimes the mother used to spend hours and hours in the church, crying, crying, crying. One day she

prayed and wept till she fell asleep. When she awoke it was night, and the sexton had locked the door and gone home to bed. She was not afraid.

"Now I can spend the night praying and weeping alone," she said; "perhaps the good God will hear me better when there is nobody to interrupt us."

So she prayed aloud, begging God to give Tintelle back to her.

Suddenly she heard a door open, and looking up she saw an old man come out of the vestry with a candle in his hand.

"Dear me," she said to herself, "it is the old sexton, who died twenty years ago!" But she was not afraid.

The old man lit the lamps and went back into the vestry. When he came out again he was followed by an old clergyman, with a face as white as his hair and his eyes almost shut.

"Ah," said Tintelle's mother, "it was he that took me in his arms when I was a baby, and baptised me. It is more than twenty years since he died."

The bell in the tower began to toll. At the twelfth stroke the vestry door again opened, and out came a procession of little children, walking two by two. The biggest of them could not be more than six years old, and the smallest could hardly toddle. They all wore wreaths of immortelles, and in their hands they carried baskets full of flowers, or vases of delicious scent, or little gold and silver cups containing a liquid clear as crystal. Their steps were light and airy, and their faces radiant with smiles. All were full of joy—

except one. This little girl could only just keep up with the rest, and her face was sad, for she had to drag along with her two great buckets, so full that some of the transparent liquid splashed over on to the floor at every step.

“Tintelle!” cried the mother. “Come back to me, Tintelle!”

Tintelle gave her one look. It was a loving look, but there was so much pain in it, and distress, that the mother fell fainting on the floor. When she opened her eyes once more, the grey of the morning was creeping in at the windows. She ran to the vestry door: it was locked. The lamps were out; but on the floor, right across the church, was a row of dark damp stains, as if water had been splashed there a little while before.

The sexton was startled when he opened the church after breakfast and found his neighbour inside. He began to say how sorry he was that he had locked her in; but she did not seem to hear him. She walked quickly out and through the street, and up the stony hill behind the village till she came to the place where a wise old man lived by himself in a hut leaning against a rock. The poor mother threw herself at his feet, and begged him to tell her the meaning of what she had seen.

“My daughter,” he said, “those children have passed from earth to heaven. The gold and silver cups contain their mother’s tears. Those who carried vases of perfume or baskets of sweet-smelling flowers

are the children of mothers who have said, in the midst of their grief, 'God knows what is best, and He is taking good care of them.'

The wise man paused.

"Oh, my father," she sobbed, "if you had been near, my little girl would not have died; but I know that, even now, God will do anything you ask Him."

The good old man took the poor woman's hands in his own, and asked, very gently,—

"Did you love the child very much?"

"Did I love her? Oh, what a question!" And then, seizing the old man's hand, she implored him,—  
"You are a saint, my father; give me back my child, my little Tintelle!"

"Yes," said the old man, paying no attention to her prayer,—  
"you loved your child very much; so you would have done a great deal to save her from the slightest trouble?"

"Anything, anything!" the mother cried. "I would have lain upon red-hot coals to spare her a scorched finger."

"I believe it. And you love her still, no doubt?"

"Do I love her?" screamed the poor woman, leaping up as if bitten to the heart by a viper. "Do I love her? It is plain that you know nothing of a mother's love, if you think that death can kill it!" She was trembling in every limb, and the tears began to flow in torrents.

"Go, woman!" said the old man, making his voice as stern as he could. "You do not speak the truth. You have seen your little daughter bending under the



weight of your tears, and you tell me that you love her. At this very moment she is here beside you,



“In the middle of the hut, anemones had sprung up.”

struggling with her painful task—and you say you love her! Away with you!”

The hut grew dark; the old man disappeared, hidden by a thick, grey mist. As the air cleared, the mother saw once more her precious child coming towards her with slow and heavy tread. She was bending under her burden of tears, and once she stumbled, and some of the liquid splashed on to her foot. The little spirit screamed as if she had been burnt.

The mother rushed forward. "Forgive me, Tintelle!" she cried. "I will never hurt you again. I will not grudge you to the good God any more; I will not, Tintelle! I will not, I promise you."

The spirit child looked up with a pleased smile, and the heavy buckets fell from her hands, spilling every drop on the earthen floor.

The mist vanished. There was the wise man where he had stood before.

"My eyes are open," the mother said. "I have been mad in my grief. I will complain no longer. If I am a childless mother, I will go and seek the motherless children and care for them, and we shall comfort one another."

"You have got wisdom," said the old man, "and you will have peace."

A few days afterwards she was kneeling in the church after everyone else had gone—everyone except an orphan child, whom she had taken into her home and her heart. The mother was thanking God for the joy she had obtained by giving joy to this little child.

The vestry door opened, as it had when she had been locked in the church at night. The old sexton came slowly out, and the old clergyman followed. Then came the procession of children; and at the head of the procession Tintelle tripped along so lightly that her feet scarcely touched the ground. She was waving over her head a bunch of anemones,—fragile spirit flowers, but so sweet that their perfume filled the whole church. She had no bucket, not even a golden cup of tears, but a tiny drop glistened in the heart of every flower.

“Did you see anything, my dear?” whispered the mother to the child by her side.

“I only saw you smile very sweetly, mother,” said the child.

Next day the mother climbed the stony hill, and found the wise old man sitting at his door. When she told him what she had seen, he said,—

“Come in and see where Tintelle gathered the flowers.”

In the middle of the hut, where Tintelle had let the buckets fall, a clump of anemones had sprung up from the moistened earth, and a purified tear was gleaming in every blossom.

## The Giant of Flaming Mountain.

"I'M sure it must be your turn now, Ossawippi," said Rennie, who was not quite old enough to enjoy tearful stories.

"No," said the Chief, very decidedly; "it is not."

Rennie looked very doleful, and even his father said, "I'm sorry for that, Chief, because you have got more stories than all the rest of us put together."

"At this story-telling," said the Chief, "I have told two stories. The white man has only told one story, and the white man's wife has only told one story. Let the white man tell another, because it is his house; and let the white man's wife tell another, because it is her house."

"But then it will be supper-time," pleaded Rennie.

"The stories will be good, and the supper will be good," said the Chief; and before Rennie could get the bearings of that remark into his head, his father had begun:—

I will tell you a story about the mountain on the island at the foot of the great rapids. They call it

Mount Royal now, and it is half covered with a big city; but when the story happened there was nobody living on the mountain, because it smoked, and people knew that where there was smoke there might be fire.

Over the river there was a great forest; and on the other side of the forest lived a tribe of the best and friendliest giants that ever grew forty feet high. There came a day, however, when a certain young giant got tired of porridge for breakfast, and scolded his mother for not giving him something nice and tasty, such as little Indian boys and girls. The mother burst into tears and declared that such things had never been done in her family, and never would. So the discontented giant strapped up his tunic and strode off through the forest to make his own wicked way in the world.

When night came he found himself on the bank of the river at the foot of the rapids.

A few wandering Indians had camped beside the river. The giant watched his chance, and presently he caught a little Indian boy picking berries at the edge of the wood, and carried him off and ate him for supper.

Then the wicked giant looked about for some warm place to sleep in, for it was only April yet, and the nights were cold. A few curls of smoke were rising lazily from the mouth of a deep pit at the top of the mountain. The giant waded across the river and climbed up till he found a cave running into the hillside. Then he said to himself,—“This must be the way in to the fire that makes the smoke.”

In he went, and though he stumbled a good deal in the dark, and knocked his head against the roof, and at last had to go on hands and knees, he managed to crawl along to the very end of the cave, and pushed his head out of a hole that he found there.

"Bah!" he sputtered, as he drew back in a hurry. "It's only that smoking chimney."

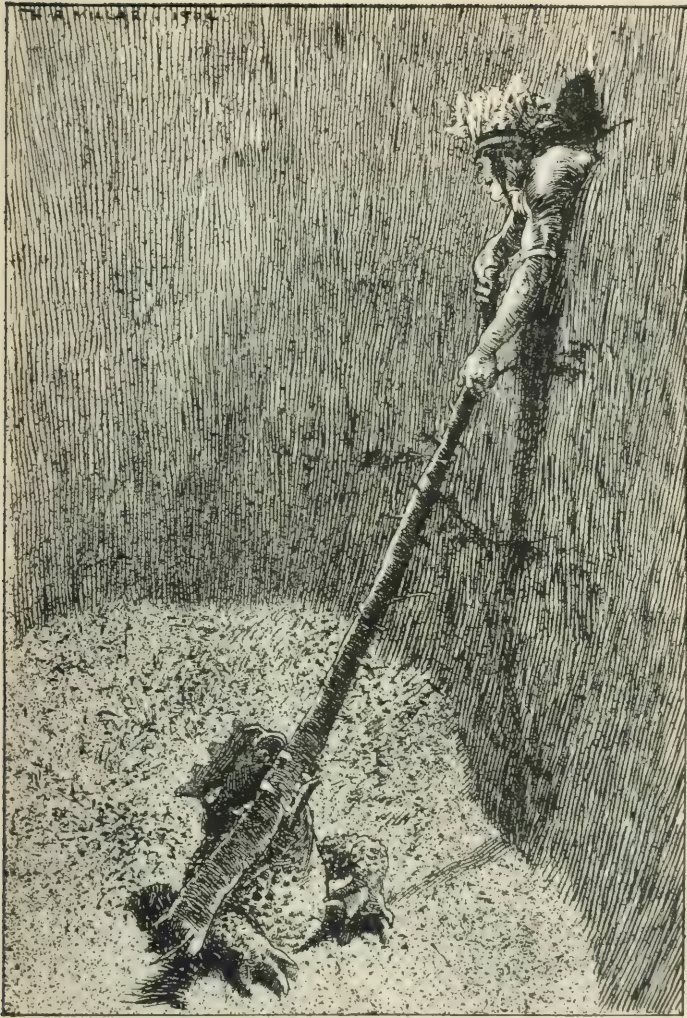
Then, as there seemed nothing else to do, he stretched himself out as well as he could in the cave, and went to sleep.

In the morning the giant put his head out of the window again. There was no smoke in the pit this time. Looking up, he saw the blue sky; looking down, he saw the bottom of the pit, covered with cinders, not more than a hundred feet away.

"I hope the fire's not gone out," he muttered; "we'll see what a little poking will do." So he scrambled backwards out of the cave, broke off the tallest pine-tree he could find, went back, and began to poke the bottom of the pit.

At the second poke the tree stuck fast and then began to disappear. The giant tugged and tugged, and the tree began to come up again, but very slowly, as if someone else was pulling at the other end. Then the giant gave one great tug with all his might, and a huge head broke through the cinders, with the end of the pine-tree gripped hard between its two enormous jaws. The head was coal-black, mottled with yellow, and had two stupid, blinking eyes.

"What do you want?" mumbled the creature, as



“A huge head, with the end of the pine-tree gripped hard between its enormous jaws.”





well as it could with a pine-tree in its mouth. "What do you want, digging into a fellow like that?"

"I didn't know you were there," said the giant.

That was not an answer to the question, but the monster was too stupid to notice. "Will you promise not to stick trees into me again," he said, "if I let this one go?"

"All right," said the giant; "but who are you, and what are you doing down there?"

"I am the Salamander," the monster said with its mouth free at last. "The fire's my bed, and the fire's my food, and hard work I have to keep it from getting away. Once it tried to escape, and a lot of it got away up this very spout, so I have to sit about here most of the time on the watch; but now the fire has got so low I ought to be poking it, and I have nothing to poke it with. Ah! Could you spare me that stick of yours for a few minutes? It's just the thing for a poker."

"Yes, if you'll let me have a little of the fire up here to keep me warm at night and in winter."

The Salamander shuddered. "If you only knew how low it has got!" he said. "Why, there's hardly a pool of fire big enough to swim in. I really couldn't spare a single spark."

The giant was just going to call him a greedy old monster, but did not, and only said, "Well, never mind, I'll get on without it. And you can have the tree if you like. You'd better hurry up and poke the fire well."

The Salamander snapped his jaws on the end of the tree, and dragged it down out of sight without so much as a "Thank you."

Through the hole that his big stick had made the giant could see nothing at first but black darkness. However, there must have been a great deal more fire down there, deep down, than the Salamander knew, and, while he was poking his little fire-pools in side caverns here and there the long imprisoned flames spied the daylight, and knew that their time had come to be up and out. The giant began to feel a throbbing underneath, and to hear strange noises, like a troop of elephants at play. Then he caught a glimmer of light, far away in the depths of the earth. The light grew brighter and brighter, and the noises rose and rose as if the elephants were going mad. At last a long swift flame darted up out of the hole, darted back to tell the rest that the coast was clear, and then——

The giant drew back in a great hurry, but before he could get his head into the cave window the fire dashed past with the noise of a whirlwind, singeing off nearly all his hair, and flew roaring up into the sky.

The flames rushed on, faster and faster, carrying up great red-hot rocks and throwing them out on the mountain-side. The Salamander, hearing the noise, came waddling back to the hole and snapped savagely at the escaping flames, but they were too excited with their adventure to care a spark for his age and dignity, so they snatched him up in their fiery arms and tossed him right up into the open air. He was terribly

frightened, because if he had fallen outside he would have caught his death of cold. Fortunately he fell right back into the flames, and plunging through them he crouched down in a corner of his cavern till the rebellious rascals should get tired.

That did not happen till the night was nearly gone. Then, one by one, the flames sank back into the underground abyss. The last to give up his outdoor play was the big flaring fellow who had begun the sport. After cutting a tremendous caper in the sky this flame sank down into the pit, but stopped short at the cave window, darted in, and wound himself round the neck of the terrified young giant.

Much to the giant's relief the flame did not burn him in the least. Its glowing tongue only rested flickering on his shoulder and began to whisper in his ear.

"Thanks for letting us out, fellow!" it said. "The greedy old Salamander can hardly stop up the door again, we've made it so wide. One of our little chaps gave a lick at a giant's head as he came up, he was saying. If it was you, he had no business to do it, and I'll see that no flame ever hurts you again. And if you'll only help us to keep the door from getting blocked up, we'll all be your servants and do anything you ever want done."

The bargain was struck and the promise was kept. In the giant's dismal dwelling-place one or two dainty little flames stood sentry for light, and half a dozen of their bigger blue brothers did the cooking and kept out the mischievous cool breezes that now and then ventured

down the crater. Whenever the giant wanted to go hunting he had only to whistle down the pit, when up trooped the flames like a pack of hounds, and flew down the mountain-side to overtake any luckless man or animal that might be wandering in the neighbourhood. Only they could not carry back the prey they killed; to do that the giant had to go with them, racing down the slope in a toboggan of fire, and racing up again with all his speed in the midst of the retreating flames—because they would have “gone out” altogether if they had dawdled in the open air, and he would have perished too, for by this time he was nothing but a two-legged Salamander, and could no more have lived away from the fire than a fish could live out of water.

Month after month went by, and year after year, and I should not like to say how many unwary people (not to speak of birds and beasts by the thousand) were caught by the raiding flames and devoured by their greedy master. But as the years went by the giant grew very tired of his outcast life; and at last, one Christmas Eve, he lay down on the floor of his cave and moaned aloud,—“I wish I were dead!”

“Dead?” laughed a little flame in his ear. “Who ever heard of a dead Salamander?”

“I’m no Salamander,” said the giant.

“Well, you’re much the same thing, or you couldn’t live among us,” said the flame.

“And what if I were?” the giant went on. “The Salamander that used to keep you in is old and fat, and he can’t last for ever.”

“No,” broke in a large blue flame, “but the Salamander will last as long as we do, and so will you. One day we shall go right out, so that we can’t come in again,”—and the blue flame quivered sadly. “But that won’t be for hundreds of years yet,” he added more cheerfully.

“Hundreds of years!” said the giant to himself. “What a punishment!”

That night he did not whistle for the fiery pack to come and hunt with him as usual. His regular cave companions hovered about him in a puzzled way, wondering what the matter could be. The giant lay and thought. He thought of all the innocent folk he had destroyed, and grew ashamed of himself. He thought of the good mother he had left so wickedly, and actually began to cry. The hovering flames licked up the tears as they came, but that was no matter; they were real tears, and as they flowed the giant’s hard heart became softer and softer. At first he had only been sorry for himself, and had almost made up his mind to rush out and let the cool fresh air of heaven strike him dead. But now he was eager to do one kind deed before the end came, and he was miserable because he did not see how he could get a chance.

Suddenly a party of rollicking red flames dashed into the cave and asked the giant if he was ready for a hunt. There was a capital chance, they said. An Indian, who must have come from a distance or he would have known better, had pitched his tent half way up the mountain; he had got his wife and three children

with him, and they could all be caught together in five minutes.

The giant groaned, and begged to be let alone.



“The giant carried the tent right across.”

The flames were amazed and offended. “All right,” said they, “we’ll go and eat them ourselves. We’re tired of the bones and feathers you leave us, anyhow,” and off they were going.

“No,” cried the giant, a good idea coming into his head. “I will go, after all.”

He sprang into the midst of the flames, and they bore him up on their elastic arms and slid hissing down the mountain-side.

Awakened by the strange glare and noise, the Indian rushed out and saw a torrent of fire making straight for his little skin tent. He ran back to save his wife and children, but there was no time: the flames

were almost upon them.

The giant leapt from his chariot of living fire, which stopped short at his word of command. The Indian and his family suddenly felt themselves gathered up in their tent, as if by a pair of monstrous arms, and carried

down to the river's edge and right across to the other shore. There they were put gently down on the grass.

As soon as they could scramble out of the tent-folds they looked around to see their mighty rescuer, but nobody was to be seen. And that is not to be wondered at. The moment the giant had set the tent down, he began to shrivel up and disappear. It hurt pretty badly, shrivelling, and the giant made up his mind he was going to die; but in a few seconds, when there were only three inches of him left, the shrivelling stopped—the giant had become a fairy! He was not allowed to visit fairyland for many years; in fact, not till he had made up for his bad deeds by twice as many good ones; but he was a fairy all the same, and a diligent one at his work, though not so bright and cheerful as a fairy born.

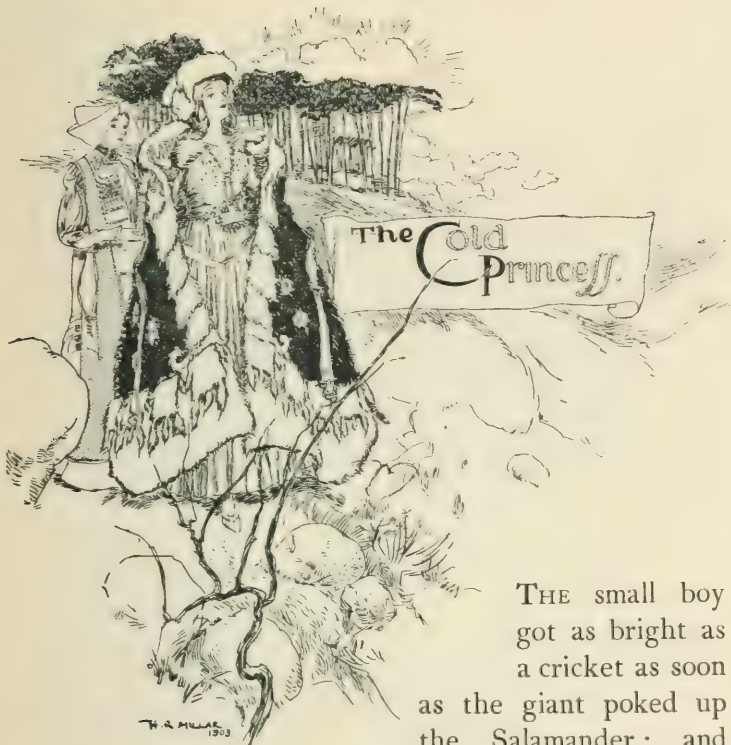
As for the Salamander, ever since the giant and the flames had struck their bargain he had squatted sulking and moping in the warmest corner of his cavern. By degrees the flames grew fewer and fewer, for many of them went so far out of doors that they had not the strength to get back, and the Salamander began to feel cold shivers run down his back, though you and I would have been toasted brown in two seconds, it was still so hot.

At last he was awakened from a doze by hearing a party of flames rush in, chattering with excitement and telling their friends that the giant was dead and gone. The Salamander was delighted. Now, he thought, he would have a chance to be master again. He leapt at the flames to drive them down into their old dungeon,

but he was so fat and clumsy that he tumbled over on his back and could no more get up again than a tortoise.

The sight was so ridiculous that the flames could not contain themselves. They rushed shrieking and roaring with laughter out of the cavern, and flew so far up towards the moon that they all went out before they could find their way home again. The old Salamander began to shiver and shake; the cold numbed his toes and crept under his skin and into his bones; and then his heart stopped beating,—and that was the end of the Salamander.





THE small boy  
got as bright as  
a cricket as soon  
as the giant poked up  
the Salamander; and  
when it was all over he

was kind enough to declare that it was "an Indian story after all, and a good one." "Ah! Ah! Ah!" said Ossawippi and Mustabec and all the Indians sitting along the wall.

"Mine is hardly an Indian story," said Rennie's mother, "but there's an Indian in it, and I rather think he's the hero; so perhaps you'll like it, Ossawippi."

Ossawippi was sure he would; and Mustabec was pretty sure too. The story was this:—

One wintry day a little baby princess arrived in the King of Freezeland's palace, and his majesty—as the custom of kings then was—invited all the fairies of his acquaintance to the christening. Not one did he forget. This was a pity, because there was one who ought to have been forgotten. She was the most beautiful of them all, and her heart was the softest—there was not a hard spot in it, and she could never bear to do anything that anybody would not like.

When all the other fairies had promised their gifts, Fairy Softheart glided up to the baby and said, in a voice like sunshine and honey,—“You little angel! When you are seventeen you shall have whatever you like best in all the world.”

This sounded very nice, and the christening party broke up in the gayest of spirits.

When the baby princess became a little girl she learnt her lessons very diligently, and she played very sweetly with the children of the noblemen who lived at court, and altogether behaved as a princess should—except in one particular. That, unfortunately, was a very particular particular. She hated the cold.

Now Freezeland happened to be a very cold country in winter. November never came to visit that country without Jack Frost riding on his back. At one wave of his wand Jack froze up the earth and drew a thick sheet of ice over every river and lake, and blew the

brown leaves whirling off the trees, and flung a beautiful thick white blanket of snow over everything. Then the children in the palace hurried on their moccasins and blanket tunics with many coloured borders, and pulled their caps down over their ears, and raced out to play in the snow. But the princess would not go with them. She only drew her gold-knobbed rocking-chair close up to the fire, and read stories about hot countries where the children dressed in cotton handkerchiefs and lived in palm-leaf tents all the time; and when her mother told her to go out and play with the rest, she came as near saying "I shan't" as a well-bred princess could. If she did go out she would only stand about shivering and run in again as soon as she got a chance.

"My dear," said the queen, "you will make yourself ill if you stick indoors so much."

"Ugh!" she said. "It makes me ill to think of going out."

"But, my darling," said the king, "think how very odd it looks for a princess of Freezeland to be afraid of the cold."

"I can't help it," she said. "I wish you would go and be king of some other country where that horrid Jack Frost never comes."

"You would not like it for long," said the king. "You would get dreadfully tired of it if you lived where it was hot all the time."

It was all of no use; the more they proved to her how good and useful and nice the winter was, the more she hated it.

On her seventeenth birthday she jumped up as soon as her clothes had been well warmed for her; but instead of dancing to the window and clapping her hands like other girls to see the soft fresh snow that had embroidered all the trees in the night, she dressed herself as close to the fire as she could get and hurried downstairs to see her birthday presents. The breakfast had been crowded up to one end of the table, and all the rest was covered with beautiful presents—all, that is, except one big place in the middle. "Because," her mother said, "Fairy Softheart will be coming to-day, and she is going to bring what you will like better than anything else in all the world."

"That would be summer," said the princess with a sigh.

Just then the door opened, and in flew Fairy Softheart. The princess ran up to her, and said,—

"Oh, you dear Fairy! What have you brought me?"

"I have brought what you like better than anything else in the world," said the fairy. "But I couldn't bring it right up to the palace, because, you know, the other people might not like it. If you come with me I will give it to you."

The princess could hardly eat her breakfast for excitement, and though she hated to leave the fireside, she put on all the furs that she could get, till she looked like an Eskimo, and followed the fairy out of doors.

"Oh, this horrid snow!" she said as they went

down the steps: "I wish you would catch that fellow Jack Frost and whip him back to where he comes from, so that he would never come back any more."

"Never mind, my dear," said the fairy; "I will do the next best thing. I will take you to a place where he never comes at all."

With that she took the princess's hand and skimmed through the air with her, as the princess had never learnt to walk on snowshoes. Over the river they went, and over the hill, till they stood looking down into a beautiful valley.

"Oh, how delightful!" cried the princess, throwing off her furs, for the air was soft and warm. And as she looked down into the valley at her feet, the warm south wind blew all the snow away and melted the river, and the grass grew, and the leaves came out on the trees; and there beside the river, in a gorgeous flower garden, stood the Palace of Summer. Its pillars were living palm-trees, with their rich green crowns waving over a roof of gossamer thatch. The princess ran from room to room, wondering at the marvellous chairs and couches and cabinets, all made of live shrubs, with rich-smelling flowers sprouting out of every corner; and when the warm wind came puffing through the gossamer walls and kissed her cheeks, she hugged herself for joy. Then she heard voices outside, and ran down to meet her father and mother, who had followed her as fast as they could to see the fairy's gift.

"It is a beautiful place, to be sure," said her father,

“and I hope you will like it; but you will have to come out into the snow to get here every time, you know.”

“Oh, don’t talk of the snow!” said the princess, shivering. “I will stay here all the time, so that I shall never have to see the horrid snow again.”

The king looked rather alarmed.

“It’s quite right,” said the fairy. “She shall enjoy herself to her heart’s content. It shall be always summer here.”

“If you say so I suppose it is all right,” said his majesty to the fairy; “but I am afraid I can hardly afford two sets of servants and two housekeeping bills every week.”

The fairy laughed softly.

“You can keep all your servants at home,” she said. “There would be no work for them to do if they came here.”

Even the princess looked a little downcast at this.

“I don’t mind making my own bed,” she said, “—not very much; but I’m sure I don’t know how to cook.”

“The beds make themselves,” said the fairy; “and the dinner grows all ready cooked.”

“But she will be dreadfully lonely,” said the queen, almost crying to think of her only daughter living away by herself, even in summer land.

“Ah, but you can all come and stay with me,” said the princess. “And I am sure you will enjoy the warmth, in spite of all you say about the delights of winter.”

So it was arranged, to keep the princess happy, that she should spend all her time in the Valley of Summer, where her friends and relations would take turns to stay with her.

After exploring the palace their majesties and the rest of the company sat down on cushions of moss at a wonderful dinner-table made of a multitude of inlaid squares of many-coloured woods. When they touched one set of squares, bowls of savoury soup grew out of the table; and when they had finished the soup the bowls shrivelled away into dust, which the south wind blew off the table and out of the window. Then the company touched another set of squares, which sprouted up at once into plates; and on the plates were the tastiest of vegetable chops, with potatoes growing round their edges and little springs of tomato sauce welling up in the middle. Another set of squares sprouted into sprigs of chocolate; another set blossomed into crystallised violets; and so on, as long as anybody was hungry. Then the fairy led the way out into the garden, where their majesties sipped coffee from the coffee-cup flowers. After a rather sleepy afternoon the grown-up folk all went home, leaving a couple of young duchesses to spend the first week with the princess.

The three girls slept beautifully that night on beds of dandelion down, and for a few days they enjoyed themselves immensely. Then one of the little duchesses happened to remember that there was a tobogganing party fixed for the next afternoon at the king's palace.

She did not dare to mention it to the princess ; but the more she thought of the grand sport her friends would be having on the snow, the more tired she was of the mid-winter summer ; and when the week came to an end the princess could not help seeing that her guests were delighted to be off.

Two more of her friends arrived that afternoon to stay with her, and for the first day they enjoyed themselves very much. But the next morning one of them said she was sure a mosquito had stung her in the night ; and in the evening, when they were all swinging and chatting in their hammocks out of doors, both the visitors began to complain of the insects. The fact was, the mosquitoes had just awoke and found out that summer had come ; and, though they felt it was a bit early in the year, they were soon going about their business as if it was really June, stinging and humming and humming and stinging till the two poor girls had their hands and faces covered with little red lumps.

Before that week was gone all sorts of tropical animals had found out that Valley of Summer and made themselves quite at home. So far as the parrots and monkeys were concerned, nobody cared, for they made the woods bright and lively, even if they did eat a lot of fruit. But when the scorpions began to arrive, and the tarantulas, and the poisonous snakes, and the centipedes, the princess's guests thought this was altogether too much of a good thing. Besides, the weather grew hotter and hotter all the time, till the heat made everybody ill except the princess.



Pretty soon the Valley of Summer got such a bad name in Freezeland that whenever her royal highness invited her friends to stay with her they began to make excuses. After three or four years of perpetual summer the princess found herself utterly deserted, except for an occasional visit from her father or mother; and they suffered so dreadfully from the heat that they could never stay more than a day at a time.

Once the princess got so lonely that she did venture back over the hills to her father's palace. It was in the middle of July, and all the people were going about in linen and muslin and fanning themselves; but it was so much cooler than what the princess was used to that she fled back as soon as she could to her sultry solitude.

The king and queen were very miserable because their daughter had cut herself off from them like this; so one night they made a journey to the mountain-top where Fairy Softheart lived, and went down on their knees, and begged her to take back the gift she had bestowed on her daughter.

The fairy frowned.

"The princess wouldn't like it," she said.

"But is there no way to make her like it?" said the queen. "We would do anything to make her warm and happy, if she would only come back to us. We would build a new wing to the palace, with the hottest kind of heating apparatus, and greenhouses and hot-houses, where it would never be cold——"

"Though then," the king added mournfully, "she

would have to stay indoors all the time, and it wouldn't be healthy."

"There is only one way that I know," said the fairy. "If you can find out the prince who has the warmest heart in all the world, and get him to fall in love with her and her to fall in love with him, she could live anywhere without feeling the cold."

Then the king made a proclamation, and sent heralds all over the world to say that any prince with a warm enough heart to make the princess fall in love with him should marry her and reign over the kingdom.

Now the kingdom of Freezeland lay midway between Europe, America, and Africa. The first prince to try was a white royal highness from Europe, and a very handsome young man he was; but as soon as he came to the door of the fairy palace the princess began to shiver, and when he shook hands with her she started as if she had touched an iceberg. He had got ready all the loving speeches he could think of, but as soon as he opened his lips the princess shuddered as if his breath was the north wind itself. At last she cut him short, and said she was sorry to seem rude, but she would be frozen to death if he went on any longer. With that she ran out into the sun, and he hurried away just as fast.

"If I had stayed there much longer," he said to himself as he climbed the hill, "I should have been roasted alive."

Next day an African prince arrived at the king's palace. The king did not like his black skin, but said

to himself, "At any rate, he comes from a hot country, and he ought to have a warm heart, so perhaps the princess will listen to him." But when the prince found that the country he would have to live in was frozen up for half the year he said to himself that, no matter how beautiful the princess might be, he really could never think of living in such a kingdom; so he only pretended to set off for the Summer Valley, and hurrying down to the sea, he got into his ship and sailed away home to Africa.

The black prince was hardly out of sight of land when a brown prince arrived—the son of the Emperor of the Red Indians. After paying his respects to the king and queen he climbed the hill and strode bravely down into the Valley of Summer. When the princess saw him coming she ran out and stood under the blazing sun to meet him—not because she was glad to see him, but for fear he would freeze her up as the white prince had done. But when he came up, and took both her hands in his, and she looked into his handsome brown face, she forgot all her fears; and he took her by the hand and led her gently up the hillside saying whatever came into his heart to say.

When they had been walking some time the princess noticed that the ground was white under their feet.

"That is very strange," she said. "I never saw snow in the Valley of Summer before."

"Do you feel cold, princess?" said the prince.

"No," said the princess; "that is the strangest part of it."

“Yet we have been out of the Valley of Summer a long time now,” said the prince, “and we are coming near your father’s palace.”

The princess started to shiver, but she really could not do it.

“How beautiful the snow is!” said the prince.

“Why, so it is,” said the princess; “and I never thought so before!”

So they walked and they talked till they came to the king’s palace. At the door the queen met them, and kissed them both.

“Do you think you can stay with us now?” she said to her daughter.

“I think I could,” said the princess, “if——” And she had no need to say any more.

She married the prince next day, and after that, no matter how cold the weather might be, or how cloudy the sky, the warmth of their two royal hearts made summer and sunshine wherever they went and as long as they lived.

## The Snow-Man's Bride.

How many more big and little story-tellings there were at Muskoma before the river awoke I really shouldn't like to say. The big ones were at the white folk's house, and most of the little ones in Ossawippi's. The last one was at the white folk's, and yet it was a very little one indeed, because the Chief thought he heard something, and ran out before there was time for a story and a half. So next morning Rennie put on his moccasins and jumped on his toboggan and slid down the village street to Ossawippi's house on the river bank. The sun was hot, because April had come; and the crisp dry snow was getting sticky and spongy.

The small boy found the Chief standing at his door looking hard at the river.

"Where are you going, Ossawippi?" said Rennie.

"I don't know that I'm going anywhere," said Ossawippi, without looking at the small boy. "It all depends."

"How?" said Rennie

"It all depends on the river," said the Chief; "I'm just listening."

"What are you listening at?" said Rennie, just as puzzled as he was before.

"The river, of course," said Ossawippi.

"I can't hear anything," said Rennie.

"That's because you've never heard it before," said the Chief. "The river's just beginning to wake up, and it's talking to itself,—just whispering in its sleep, and saying it wonders whether it's time to get up. It's so hard for a river to keep asleep in this hot sun. You'll hear it loud enough when it wakes up and yawns!"

Here Rennie remembered his message. "Mother says, would you like to come round to-night for tea and a story-telling, Chief? Please do, Ossawippi."

"Thank you," said Ossawippi, "but that all depends, too. If the river stays asleep till night, I'll come; but whenever it wakes and calls, I'll have to go."

"O dear!" said Rennie. "Bother the old river. Father says he believes the snow is going for good; but I hope it won't. We shan't have any more tobogganing; and we were going to make a snow-man this afternoon, but it's no use if he's going to melt."

"You can make a snow-man all right," said Ossawippi; "the snow's just right and sticky enough for that; but I hope he won't last very long."

That sounded unkind, and Rennie pouted.

"I'm going on with my work," said Ossawippi, "and if you sit still enough you can stay and I'll tell you a story—about the snow-man that ran away with the Chief's daughter."

"All right," said Rennie, swallowing down his pout and squatting on the door-step in the sun. The Chief squatted just inside the open door, and went on with his work and told this story at the same time:—

There was a tribe of Indians over yonder somewhere that were so fond of tobogganing they did hardly any work all winter. The young ones and the old ones, and the men and the women, they were always tobogganing. There was just one young man that wouldn't go tobogganing in the day-time, because he was going to marry the Chief's daughter in the spring. The Chief's daughter was named Snow-bird. She wanted such a fine lodge to live in, with white folk's furniture and all, that the young man had to work all day to get money enough to pay for the things. The young man's name was Strong-hand.

One evening the young man went to see Snow-bird and asked her if she would like to go out tobogganing by moonlight.

"No," said she; "I've been tobogganing with my sisters all day, and I'm tired. I wish you'd come tobogganing in the day-time with the rest of us, and pull my toboggan up the hill for me."

"I've got to work," said he.

"Oh, bother the work," said Snow-bird; "you needn't work so hard."

"I've got to," said he, "or I can't make money enough to get all the things you want."

She couldn't say anything against that; only she wished she could get a husband that could make money without working for it.

Snow-bird was so tired and cross that the young man didn't stay very long. When he went home he didn't go in, because there was a real little white snow-bird on the doorstep, and as soon as he came up the bird said,—“Why don't you make a snow-man for Snow-bird? She would like that, because he could pull her toboggan up the hill when you're too busy to go.”

The young man didn't see how a snow-man could pull toboggans up hills or do anything else except stand still and look stupid; but he began to make one, and the bird sat on the door-step, turning its head first on one side and then on the other to see that the snow-man was made just right.

The young man built up the legs good and strong and straight, putting one handful on top of another and pressing it down and round every time to make it stick. He put a big body on top of the legs, and patted it all round till it was hard and solid. He made two arms, bit by bit, pressing every bit on hard to make it stick. Then he made a head, with a big nose, and put big beads where the eyes ought to be, and stuck eagle's feathers in for hair.

“How will that do?” said the young man when he had finished.

“Very well indeed,” said the bird; “only you must give him one of your blankets for a coat.”

The young man took one of his blankets—though



he hadn't got many—and put it round the snow-man, and strapped it round the middle with a leather belt.

In the morning, when he opened his door there was no snow-man to be seen. But he didn't go round looking for it,—he just went on with his work. In the evening he went to see Snow-bird again, and asked her if she was very tired.

“Not a bit,” she said. “When we got to the tobogganing hill this morning a stranger was waiting there, and he took our toboggan up the hill every time for us, and pulled us up sitting on it too.”

“What was he like?” said Strong-hand.

“He was very handsome,” said Snow-bird; “he had a pale face and blue eyes, and he wore a long white blanket.”

She thought Strong-hand would be jealous; but he wasn't, because he knew it was only the snow-man that he had made.

“Where did he go when you all came home?” said Strong-hand.

“I don't know,” said Snow-bird. “I didn't see him go anywhere, but when we came away from the hill he wasn't there.”

That evening Snow-bird went tobogganing with Strong-hand, and he pulled the toboggan up the hill every time. But she wasn't satisfied.

“The pale-faced stranger pulled us up the hill on the toboggan,” she said,—“all three of us. Why don't you?”

Strong-hand pulled her up the hill on the toboggan every time after that; and still she wasn't satisfied.

"The pale-faced stranger pulled us up much faster than you do," she said; "I expect you are lazy."

So Strong-hand pulled the toboggan faster, and it made him very tired. When they got home to the village late at night he said he wouldn't come in, because he was tired and he had so much work to do next day.

In the morning the pale-faced stranger was waiting at the tobogganing hill again, and pulled Snow-bird and her sisters up the hill every time. When Snow-bird thought it was time to go home she asked the stranger to go with them. He shook his head, but he went with them to the door,—only he wouldn't go in.

"Well," said Snow-bird, "come back before the moon gets up, and take me tobogganing again."

When Strong-hand came to take Snow-bird tobogganing that night she had gone; so he went home again to get on with his work by moonlight.

Snow-bird went on tobogganing with the pale-faced stranger till the moon was nearly setting; and then she said,—“I don't want to marry Strong-hand, because he's so stupid. Do you know him?”

"Well, yes,—a little," said the stranger; "I had something to do with him once."

"He's working, working, working all the time," said Snow-bird.

"He did his work very well when he—when I had to do with him," said the stranger.

"I call it stupid to work like that," said she.

"Perhaps it was stupid of him," said the stranger.

"He wouldn't have done it, but for the snow-bird."

"O yes," said Snow-bird, "I know it's all for me, because I want fine things. Why shouldn't I? But I'd rather have a husband that was rich without working. Are you rich, Pale-face?"

"I make other people rich," said the stranger. "My brothers and I make all the riches that there are."

"Then I'll marry you," said Snow-bird.

"You won't like me very long," said the stranger.

"You needn't be afraid of that," said she.

"It's your own choice," said he. "I'll marry you in the morning if you get up early enough."

So Snow-bird got up very early in the morning, and the stranger was waiting at the door, and they married each other and went away together into the back country.

The pale-face pulled Snow-bird along on her toboggan; and every now and then they stopped to slide down a hill. Snow-bird enjoyed this very much; but at last she said,—

"Where are you going to take me?"

"To the north," said the stranger. "That's the only place where I can live. If I stayed here much longer my enemy would find me out and kill me."

"Who is your enemy?" said Snow-bird.

But he wouldn't tell her. So they went on together till noon, and then Snow-bird said she was hungry and wanted her dinner. The stranger shot some snow-birds

for Snow-bird to eat, and gathered sticks for her to cook them with, but when she stooped to light the fire he slipped away into the woods and only came back when she had finished her dinner and the fire was out.

"Why did you slip away like that?" said she.

"Because the fire is a friend of my enemy," said Pale-face.

Snow-bird wondered what he meant by that; but he wouldn't tell her.

"Well," said she, "I've saved some dinner for you," and she held out one of the birds.

He put out his hand to take it, but it was warm and he dropped it in a hurry. "Jump on your toboggan and let us be off," said he; and away they went.

When night came on he built her a wigwam, and brought in a heap of pine branches for her to lie on, and sticks for her to make fire with; but as soon as she stooped to light the fire he slipped away into the woods, and she saw no more of him till morning had come and the fire was out.

Away they went again, hurrying off to the north, but never going near any village, and seeing nothing but the snow and the sky and the woods. Seven days they travelled; but every time Snow-bird lit a fire Pale-face slipped away into the woods and didn't come back till the fire was out.

"Is your home much farther?" Snow-bird asked at last.

"Yes," said Pale-face, "much farther."

"Then I won't go on with you," she said. "Take me home again."

"No," said Pale-face; "you can go home if you like, but I can't go with you; I must hurry on to the north, or my enemy will catch me up."

"I believe you are a coward," said she.

"Perhaps I am," said he. "I am just what I was made."

Snow-bird was afraid to go home by herself, so she had to go on with him. On the eighth day it began to get warm—just like this one—and the snow was getting sticky.

"I can't pull you any longer," said Pale-face. "You will have to walk, and pull your own toboggan too."

Snow-bird was very angry, but when she said what she thought about him he didn't seem to hear her. All he said was "Hurry! Hurry!" and his voice was very weak.

When Snow-bird stopped for dinner that day, Pale-face gathered a very few sticks for her fire and slipped away as usual into the forest. When she had had her dinner he didn't come back. She waited a long time, and then went off to look for him. At last she found him leaning against a tree, with his head hanging down on his breast.

"What's the matter with you?" said Snow-bird. "Are you ill?"

"My enemy has caught me," said Pale-face in a soft whisper. "I am dying." And he sank down in a heap on the soft snow.

Snow-bird was terribly frightened, and ran out of the wood crying for help. She shouted and she

shouted, till suddenly she thought she heard someone answering; and very soon who should come running up but the young man who had worked so hard for her that he couldn't take her tobogganing in the day-time. She was so glad to see him that she looked as if she had never been angry with him in her life.

"Where is the stranger that you married?" said Strong-hand when they had made friends.

"He is dead," she said. "He leant against a tree over yonder and tumbled down in a heap. He said his enemy had come and caught him; but I didn't see anyone."

Strong-hand went with her into the forest, and she showed him the tree.

"I'm sure this is the tree," she said, "and here's his white blanket; but where can he have gone? I think his enemy must have carried him away,—only there are no tracks in the snow."

"His enemy comes through the air and never leaves tracks on the snow," said Strong-hand. Then he stooped and picked up two blue beads. "These are the stranger's eyes," he said.

"What do you mean?" said Snow-bird.

Then the young man told her all about it; and she was very much ashamed because she had married a snow-man.

"Will you let me take you home to your sisters?" said Strong-hand.

"Of course I will," she said; "and I'll marry you as soon as I get home, if you'll take me."

So they turned their faces to the south and walked together. The snow was melting fast, and it was heavy walking even on their snow-shoes; but Snow-bird never asked Strong-hand to pull her on the toboggan, except sometimes down hill in the woods where the trees kept the sun off the snow.

They went as fast as they could; but before they got home something had happened there, and I'll tell you what it was.

When Snow-bird's sisters woke up late and found that Snow-bird had gone, they went down to Strong-hand's house to ask him if he knew where she was. Strong-hand did not know, but he put on his snow-shoes and went off at once to follow her tracks. While the sisters stood watching him go, the mischievous little snow-bird flew down from a tree and perched on the door-step.

"What a clever sister you've got!" said the little bird.

"What do you know about her?" said they. "And why do you call her clever?"

"Strong-hand had to work hard to make money for her," said the bird; "but she has got somebody that makes money without working."

"Do you mean the pale-faced stranger?" said the sisters.

"Of course I do," said the little bird.

"Where did he come from?" said the sisters.

"He didn't come," said the bird; "he was made right here."

"What was he made of?" said they.

"Snow, of course," said the snow-bird.

"And can we get people like that by making them out of snow?" said the sisters.

"Of course you can," said the bird.

"And will they work for us, and pull us up the hills on our toboggans?" said the sisters.

"Of course they will," said the bird. "They'll do anything you like. And the bigger you make them, the more they'll do."

The sisters hurried away and told all the people in the tribe; and all the people started making snow-men on the hill behind the village. There wasn't enough snow on the hill, so they brought it up in toboggan-loads from the hollows where it had drifted deep. Everybody wanted a slave of his own, so everybody started to make a snow-man, and everybody tried to make one bigger than everybody else's. They only made the legs up to the knees the first day, and the knees were as high as the roofs of the houses. Then the people got ladders, and finished the legs on the second day. They were three days making the bodies, and two more days making the arms. They made those snow-men so monstrous big that they hadn't got ladders high enough to put the heads on. On the eighth day, when they had nailed more branches on to the tops of the ladders, and when they were just putting on the snow-men's heads, it began to get very hot—just like this—and the snow-men began to melt. They melted, and they melted, till



they tumbled over in heaps; and a lot of the people were buried under the snow-men, and would have got drowned in the snow, only it melted so fast that they scrambled out of it, all sopping and choking. And it melted so fast that it ran down the hill in a flood and washed away the houses into the valley, and the river picked them up and carried them away to I don't know where. And when Snow-bird and Strong-hand came home to the village there was no village to come home to, and the people were all living in wigwams. But Snow-bird said she didn't mind now what sort of place she lived in, so long as Strong-hand would marry her and live there too. And he did.

“Is that all the story?” said Rennie, as Ossawippi stopped talking and working all of a sudden and sat very quiet.

“Hush!” said Ossawippi. “Listen!”

And as they listened they heard a cracking and a creaking,—and then the river woke up and gave such a terrible roaring yawn that you would have thought all the thunder-bottles had been uncorked at once. The thick ice-bridge broke up in a hundred pieces, and they scrambled and slid up over each other and smashed down on top of each other like a football scrimmage. Then they all stopped dead still just as they were, in heaps and ridges, because the ice had jammed where the river got narrow a mile below; but all of a sudden the ice-jam gave way, and

the frozen river broke up again, and the pieces leapt up on top of each other, and banged each other about in the wickedest way,—all because they were in such a desperate hurry to be off on their travels, though they hadn't the least idea where they were going; which was just as well, because they were sure to be melted before they got there, poor things.

“The ice goes of itself, but the logs want a little help,” said Ossawippi. “I must be off up the river. So run away and tell your mother the stories go out of my head when the ice goes out of the river. Good-bye, little Sunrise!”











**YORK**  
UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARIES

BOOK CARD

YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THE LOSS OF THIS CARD

043424

01

COPY  
NO.

11 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60  
61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80

043424

